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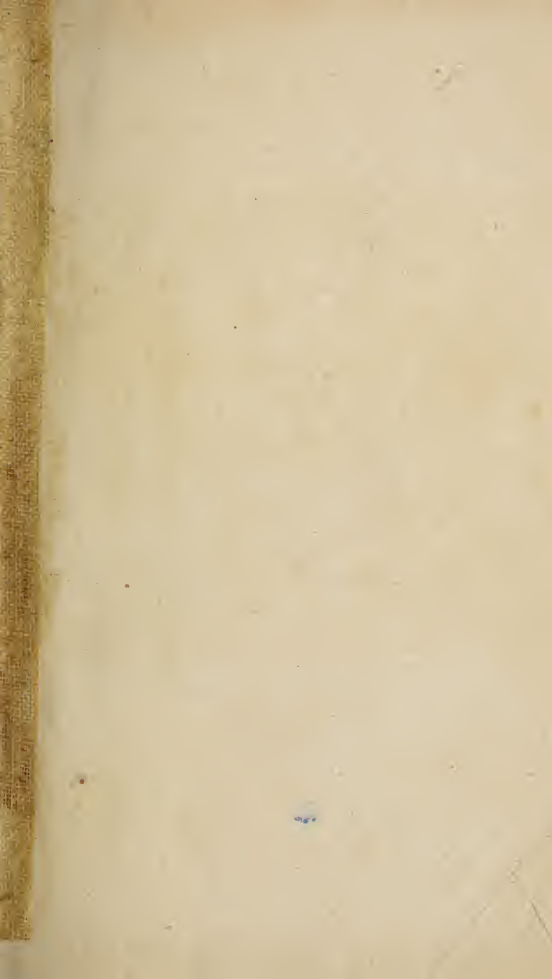
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Drawn & Eng.^d by R. Woodman, 105, Tottenham Court Road.

Rev.^d Joseph Irons.

Pub.^d Jan.^r 1, 1823, by M^r Gibbs, Grove Lane, Camberwell.

✓
ZION'S HYMNS,

COMPOSED BY

✓
JOSEPH IRONS,

FOR THE USE OF

THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION,

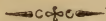
ASSEMBLING IN

GROVE CHAPEL,

CAMBERWELL.

FIFTH EDITION.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD AT HIS HOUSE;
ALSO BY R. BAYNES, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND WHARTON, WALWORTH.



1827. .

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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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PREFACE

TO THE

FIFTH EDITION OF ZION'S HYMNS.

“ Let the saints be joyful in glory ; let them sing aloud upon their beds : let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two edged sword in their hand !!

Singing is one of the most delightful exercises in which the saints of God can be engaged, and forms an interesting feature of public worship, inasmuch as it is intended to stir up the sacred emotions of the soul, by giving expression to the grace which is in the heart, and making melody unto the Lord.

When ransomed souls are taught and enabled to rejoice in the Lord, it is truly pleasant to hear them unite in expressing their joy in songs of praise; and when the language of their song is such as they are agreed in, while simplicity and godly sincerity characterizes their singing, the sacred harmony—the holy delight—the believing triumph of their souls afford a delightful foretaste of heaven; then indeed is the voice of rejoicing and salvation in the tabernacles of the righteous, and the congregation resembles that which surrounded the King of Israel, who all stood up to bless the Lord God of Israel, in the dedication of the temple ; or that holy throng which John saw, who stood before the throne, singing “salvation to our God. The joy of faith is proclaimed—The fervour of love is expressed, and the assurance of hope is cherished among the heaven-born race, whose singing is really an act of worship.

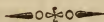
How different is this, from that solemn mockery in which unregenerate persons are entertained with music, and profane the most hallowed language to display human pride, or to obtain filthy lucre, until the high praises of God are changed into theatrical amusement, and the God-insulting practice impiously cloaked with the epithet SACRED !!!

Zion's songs should be held sacred for the use of Zion's sons and daughters, who only have just cause to sing, and who on'y are capable of praising God in their song; and I trust this little volume of Hymns will never become the mere word book of the devotee to music, but be honored to yet greater extent to the assisting of the Lord's people in the expressions of their love and gratitude to their covenant God: for this purpose it was written, and the blessing which has accompanied the former editions encourages the Author to hope and pray that many more of the household of faith may receive comfort in the use of this, and that the blood-bought church of Jesus may daily "increase her joy in the Lord."

No alteration is made in this edition, except typographical errors being corrected: it is simply a re-print of the truths in Rhyme, which the Author hopes ever to hold dear; and he prays that whenever they are sung or read, the Holy Ghost may condescend to make use of them, to exalt the triune God of Israel in the hearts of his hidden ones, and in the assemblies of his saints.

*Camberwell,
January 1, 1827.*

ZION'S HYMNS.



GOD.

HYMN 1. P. M.

- 1 ASPIRE my soul to yonder throne,
Where sits the infinite unknown,
The self-existent God;
Whose being, no beginning knows,
While matchless splendor round him flows,
And all things wait his nod.
- 2 'Tis his to fill immensity;
No object can escape his eye,
Nor thought his mind elude;
All things were by his wisdom plann'd;
All are supported by his hand;
And all at once are view'd.
- 3 Justice and mercy, truth and love,
Shine from his glorious throne above,
As Israel's cov'nant God;
In persons three—In essence one—
He is the sov'reign Lord alone,
And be his name ador'd.
- 4 With him is no futurity;
He stands enwrap't in purity;
Unchangeably the same:
The great first cause of all events,
He gives decrees, and ne'er repents;
And Holy is his name.

GOD.

HYMN 2. C. M.

Creator.

- 1 WHEN I survey the clouds and sky,
And earth with all her store,
Lost in astonishment, I try
Their maker to adore.
- 2 Huge mountains, climbing lofty height,
And insects, small and weak,
The rolling floods, and orbs of light,
Jehovah's praises speak.
- 3 A world, an atom, are alike
His workmanship and care ;
And both with vengeance he can strike,
Or both in mercy spare.
- 4 He dwells in his own entity,
And earth is but his span ;
Himself, a vast immensity,
Which creatures cannot scan.

HYMN 3. C. M.

Lofty One. ISAIAH lvii. 15.

- 1 MY soul, contemplate and adore
"The high and lofty one ;"
Whose eyes survey the nations o'er,
Who sits on heaven's high throne.
- 2 Justice, and mercy are his hands ;
Omniscient is his eye ;
His truth like marble pillars stands,
When worlds in ruins lie.
- 3 Majestic glory, is his dress ;
Eternal are his days ;
His very name is holiness ;
And wisdom marks his ways.

GOD.

- 4 High o'er all worlds, in sphereless space,
Where summit is unknown,—
Jehovah has his dwelling place,
Immensity his throne.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Condescending. ISAIAH lvii. 15.

- 1 AMAZING, condescending grace !
Pity, and love combin'd !
The God of heav'n will dwell, he says,
" In ev'ry contrite mind."
- 2 He views all worlds, and fills all space ;
Binds winds, and measures storms ;
Yet stoops, and makes his dwelling place,
In hearts of humble worms.
- 3 His contrite ones he will revive,
Nor let his mourners faint ;
For he has grace, and strength, to give
To ev'ry drooping saint.
- 4 Say, which perfections shine most bright,
Ye angels, if ye know,—
Those glories, of a topless height,
Or those that stoop so low ?

HYMN 5. C. M.

The same. EXODUS xx. 24.

- 1 AND will Jehovah condescend
To dwell with man below ?
Will he to our complaints attend,
And, blessings here bestow ?
- 2 " Yes," saith the Lord, ye saints, proclaim
The promise far and near,
" Where I record my gracious name,
" I'll come and ble-s you there."

GOD.

- 3 “ The grandest temple, humblest cot,
“ The prison, wood, or cave,
“ Where’er I cast my children’s lot,
“ There I will come and save.”
- 4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
O, come and bless us here,
Let pow’r divine attend thy word,
And let thy work appear.

HYMN 6. L. M.

Unchangeable. MAL. iii. 6.

- 1 YE sons of Jacob, chosen race,
Your God’s a God of sov’reign grace,
Who perfects what he has design’d,
And will not, cannot change his mind.
- 2 Tho’ rocks dissolve, and hills remove,
And heat melt elements above;
Tho’ thrones, and empires lie forgot,
God is the same, and changes not.
- 3 Men’s covenants, are often broke;
He ne’er retracts the word he spoke;
And tho’ his saints unfaithful prove,
He loves them with unchanging love.
- 4 Their comfort often ebbs and flows,
Their God no variation knows;
Their moon-light joys still wax and wane;
His glories like the sun remain.
- 5 This sacred truth my heart shall cheer,
Till sun and moon shall disappear;
And when the plains of bliss I range,
I’ll praise my God, who cannot change.

GOD.

HYMN 7. S. M.

Divine Sovereignty.

- 1 THE God of heav'n maintains
His universal throne ;
In heav'n, and earth, and hell, he reigns,
And makes his wonders known.
- 2 His counsels, and decrees,
Firmer than mountains stand ;
He will perform whate'er he please,
And none can stay his hand.
- 3 All worlds, his will controuls,
And his eternal mind
Fixes the destiny of souls ;
Takes this, leaves that behind.
- 4 Jacob by grace he sav'd,
Nor gives a reason why ;
But Esau's heart he left deprav'd ;—
And who shall dare reply ?
- 5 What, if the potter takes,
Part of a lump of clay,
And for himself a vessel makes,
And casts the rest away ?
- 6 Who shall resist his will ?
Or say, " what doest thou ?"
Jehovah is a sov'reign still,
And all must to him bow.
- 7 My soul shall still adore
My God in all his ways ;
His sov'reignty I can't explore,
But I will trust his grace.

GOD.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The same.

- 1 WHO shall dispute Jehovah's right
To universal sway ?
Sure all his children must delight
Their Father's will t' obey !
- 2 Rejoice my soul, thy Father reigns ;
Heav'n, earth, and hell, shall know
That what his sov'reign will ordains,
No pow'r can overthrow.
- 3 All worlds obey my Father's nod,
And his decrees fulfil ;
The arm of Israel's cov'nant God,
Performs his sov'reign will.
- 4 Then all is well, tho' man complains,
Through ignorance and pride ;
Since God my Father ever reigns,
I'll in his love confide.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Waiting to be gracious.

- 1 SO great the love, so rich the grace
Of Zion's cov'nant God,
He waits to save a ruin'd race,
With efficacious blood.
- 2 He waits, while they his grace defy,
Until th' appointed hour,
Fix'd in the council held on high,
To manifest his pow'r.
- 3 He waits t' exalt his gracious name,
And make his mercy known :
He waits, his wand'ers to reclaim,
And gather in his own.

GOD.

- 4 My God, and didst thou wait for me ?
To manifest thy love !
Henceforth my soul shall wait for thee,
To see thy face above.
- 5 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Though clouds may hide thy face :
I'll wait the wonders of thy will,
And sing thy matchless grace.

HYMN 10. C. M.

Divine faithfulness.

- 1 MY God, how faithful are his ways
To all his chosen race,
Ye heav'n-born sinners shout his praise,
And triumph in his grace.
- 2 Faithful to his decrees of love,
His cov'nant and his Son ;
Faithful to perfect that above,
Which grace hath here begun.
- 3 Faithful to ev'ry promise giv'n,
Though we unfaithful prove :
We'll sing, when we arrive in heav'n,
His faithfulness and love.
- 4 Faithful amidst ten thousand woes,
To comfort and defend ;
Faithful to vanquish all our foes,
And faithful to the end.

HYMN 11. C. M.

Jehovah Jireh.

- 1 NO more, my soul, let unbelief
Thy joy and peace devour ;
Jehovah-jireh sends relief,
For ev'ry trying hour.

GOD.

- 2 Dangers stand thick through all my way,
And foes on ev'ry side ;
Yet all is well—I'll watch and pray,
Jehovah will provide.
- 3 My strength may fail—my wants increase,
While sorrow swells its tide ;
But God, my God will never cease
To love me, and provide.
- 4 He saw me ruin'd, lost, and dead,
And did for me provide
A Lamb, to suffer in my stead ;
I'm spar'd, for Jesus died.
- 5 All grace in Christ for Abr'ham's seed,
And endless bliss beside,
Jehovah-jireh has decreed,
For ever to provide.

HYMN 12. S. M.

Divine Complacency.

- 1 JEHOVAH is our God,
Our portion and our friend :
Let christians sound his praise abroad,
And trust him to the end.
- 2 The LORD delights in saints,
And claims them for his own ;
Receives, and answers their complaints,
And marks down ev'ry groan.
- 3 Their feelings and desires
Are pleasant in his sight ;
And when their hope to him aspires,
He views it with delight.

GOD.

- 4 He calls them sons belov'd,
With them delights to dwell ;
His kindness they have often prov'd,
And of his love they tell.
- 5 Rejoice, ye favor'd throng,
For God delights in you !
Let love, and mercy be your song,
And heav'nly joys pursue.

HYMN 13. L. M.

My Father.

- 1 WHAT various names Jehovah bears !
What various forms his kindness wears,
But none so much my heart expands,
As when he as my Father stands.
- 2 Is God my Father ? he'll instruct,
And all my child-like steps conduct ;
And when I sin I must expect,
He'll with a Father's hand correct.
- 3 Is God my Father ? all my care
I'll bring to him, and leave it there ;
His wisdom, and his love I'll trust,
In sorrows, and in straits the worst.
- 4 Is God my Father ? then his love
Is fix'd on me, nor can remove ;
And, since he owns me as his child,
I can't be from his face exil'd.
- 5 God, as my Father, does engage,
To give me heav'n, when I'm of age ;
To this, my portion, I shall come :
My Father's dwelling is my home.

GOD.

HYMN 14. L. M.

"God is Love." 1 JOHN iv. 8.

- 1 THE King of Kings, who reigns above,
The self-existent, "God is love ;"
His essence, attributes, and name,
Boundless, unchanging love proclaim.
- 2 A depth unfathom'd, height unknown,
A breadth unmeasur'd, like his throne,
A length, no finite mind can reach,
A sum, that angels cannot teach.
- 3 This theme shall angel tongues employ ;
Here sinners find a source of joy,
While thro' the Saviour's blood they prove
This sacred truth, that "God is love."

HYMN 15. C. M.

Of him, through him, and to him are all things. ROM. xi. 36.

- 1 ARISE my soul, in songs to own
Thy faithful cov'nant God ;
Of him, thro' him, to him alone
Salvation now record.
- 2 *Of God the Father's Sov'reign choice,*
Of God the Saviour's grace—
Of God the Spirit's quick'ning voice,
Lives all the chosen race.
- 3 *Through God the Father's faithfulness,*
Through God the Spirit's might—
Through God the Saviour's righteousness,
We gain the realms of light.
- 4 *To God the Father praise belongs—*
To God the Son we'll sing—
To God the Holy Ghost the throng
Of Saints, shall glory bring.

HYMN 16. C. M.

The same.

- 1 OF Israel's cov'nant God I boast,
As part of Israel's stock,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are my eternal rock.
- 2 *Of* him belov'd before the fall—
Through him salvation came—
To him I owe my life, my all,—
All glory to his name.
- 3 *Of* him I gain a right to heav'n—
Through him I'm justified—
To him my helpless soul is giv'n ;
And with him glorified.
- 4 *Of* him I love to speak and sing—
Through him I've joy and peace—
To him my guilt and shame I bring,
And triumph in his grace.
- 5 *Of* him I daily grace receive—
Through him my joys abound—
To him I bow, in him believe,—
With him I shall be crown'd.
- 6 My Father's everlasting love—
My Saviour's precious name—
My Teacher's unction from above,
Let all the Church proclaim.



CHRIST.

HYMN 17. L. M.

Alpha and Omega.

- 1 WHEN I aspire to heav'n above,
Or through creation's limits rove ;
'Midst worlds, and spheres, and regions vast,
My Jesus is the first and last.
- 2 His name with sweet delight I view,
'Tis Alpha and Omega too ;
He drew creation's wondrous plan,
And finish'd what he first began.
- 3 When o'er his word my eye is cast,
There Jesus is the first and last,
And all the blessings there made known,
Their Alpha and Omega own.
- 4 The work of grace within my heart,
The comforts means of grace impart,
From first to last his glories show,
And lay free-will, and reason low.
- 5 Thus when the toils of life are past,
Jesus shall be the first and last,
And when I bow before the King,
I'll Alpha and Omega sing.

HYMN 18. L. M.

The Deity of Christ.

- 1 ON yonder high eternal throne,
Where dwells the infinite Three-one,
Jehovah Jesus holds his seat,
And worlds lie prostrate at his feet.

CHRIST.

- 2 His radiant glories, all divine,
Upon the heav'nly armies shine,
Each waits the orders of his word,
And by them all, he stands ador'd.
- 3 His Father's will, and his are one ;
And heav'n's vast kingdom is his own ;
He rules the nations, as he please,
And all things rest on his decrees.
- 4 Whate'er his Father hath, he claims :
His honors, attributes, and names ;
He spread the starry skies abroad,
And heav'n, and earth, proclaim him God.

HYMN 19. P. M.

Birth of Christ.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, and take thy flight,
On yonder town attentive light,
Where strangers crowd the inn ;
Into that humble stable peep,
And, if thou canst forbear to weep,
Some rapt'rous song begin.
- 2 There view the Infant long foretold ;
In his sweet countenance, behold
What radiant glories shine :
He, the great King of heav'n and earth,
Is God by nature, Man by birth,
Both human, and divine.
- 3 This Child, descending from the skies,
Was born to be a sacrifice
For guilty souls like mine :
His wondrous birth, and life, and death,
For ever shall employ my breath,
When I in glory shine.

CHRIST.

HYMN 20. P. M.

The same.

- 1 LO ! the son of God, assuming
Human nature, stoops to earth ;
Heav'nly hosts proclaim his coming,
And a Virgin gives him birth.
Angels tell us,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 2 Now the promise is fulfilling,
Jesus Christ, " the woman's seed,"
To redeem our souls, is willing
To perform what he decreed :
And the shepherds
Worship Christ in Bethlehem.
- 3 All the prophets to him pointed ;
Types, and sacrifices said,
That on Christ, the Lord's anointed,
Our offences should be laid :
To fulfil them,
Christ is born in Bethlehem,
- 4 Satan trembles, tho' he rages,
Bruis'd by Zion's mighty King ;
Saints shall, thro' eternal ages,
This triumphant anthem sing :
" Hallelujah,
" Christ was born in Bethlehem."

HYMN 21. P. M.

The same.

- 1 WHAT heav'nly vision now appears ?
What sound salutes the wond'ring ears
Of humble eastern swains ?
What news is this that angels bring ?
What sacred theme is this they sing,
In sweet seraphic strains ?

CHRIST.

- 2 "Glory to God," their voices sound,
And heav'n reflects it to the ground,
To gladden fallen man.
Lo! heav'n's eternal King assumes
Our ruin'd nature, and becomes
An Infant of a span.
- 3 O, Bethlehem! thou favor'd town,
Hast thou no room when Christ comes down,
And angels round him shout?
Shall angels witness such a scene,
Vile worms admitted to the inn,
And Jesus Christ shut out?
- 4 Thus, when to my sin-crowded heart,
The Saviour came, I said "depart,
"I have no room for thee;"
But O! how kind is his reply!
"I'll go, and in a manger lie:
"For I must ransom thee."

HYMN 22. C. M.

The same. LUKE ii. 32.

- 1 YE Gentile lands, far off from God,
Who dwell in nature's night,
See Beth'lem's Infant sheds abroad
Beams of celestial light.
- 2 Like heav'n's bright orb, his rays dispel
The clouds that veil the skies:
Sin has made earth a gloomy cell,
Christ makes it Paradise.
- 3 Hail, happy day, illustrious morn!
Let saints, and angels sing:
"Israel's almighty King is born,
Whose sceptre peace shall bring."

CHRIST.

- 4 Jesus, our Glory, and our Light,
Foundation, Treas'ry, Head,
Thy beams of grace divinely bright,
On all thy churches shed.
- 5 From north to south, from east to west,
Send forth thy light, and love :
O! let thy presence make earth blest,
Which makes a heav'n above.

HYMN 23. P. M.

Ark of the Covenant.

- 1 THE ark of the Lord,
With cherubims high,
Did Israel afford,
Both glory and joy :
Thus Jesus is giv'n,
An ark to the saints,
Who carries to heav'n,
Their songs and complaints.
- 2 In seasons, most dark,
To him they resort ;
By Jesus their ark,
New lessons they're taught ;
Thro' his mediation,
They draw nigh to God,
Obtaining salvation,
Thro' sprinkling of blood.
- 3 This ark does contain,
The cov'nant of grace ;
And bliss in its train,
It surely conveys,
To those whom he teaches,
With God to commune ;
Till each safely reaches,
To Canaan soon.

CHRIST.

- 4 This ark shall destroy,
 The dagon of sin ;
 And train us for joy,
 Whose names are therein ;
 It long since has rested,
 No more to remove ;
 And makes heav'n blessed,
 With treasures of love.

HYMN 24. C. M.

Ark of Refuge. GEN. vii. 1.

- 1 WHEN wrath divine pour'd forth the flood,
 God sav'd the chosen race,
 Within an ark of gopher wood ;
 An act of sov'reign grace.
- 2 Herein was Jesus typified,
 The Ark Jehovah gave ;
 In whom believers must abide,
 Secure from ev'ry wave.
- 3 No flood, nor deluge, can destroy
 The church in Jesus found,
 Salvation, with eternal joy,
 Shall compass them around.
- 4 Brought in by sweet constraining grace,
 Shut in by cov'nant love,
 Sav'd from the wreck of Adam's race,
 They gain the joys above.
- 5 There, when the waters are assuag'd,
 God's family shall sing ;
 Through all eternity engag'd,
 With Christ their God and King.

CHRIST.

HYMN 25. S. M.

Advocate. 1 JOHN ii. 1.

- 1 IN heaven's imperial court,
Where justice reigns and shines,
Truth makes a constant, strict report,
Of all the sinner's crimes.
- 2 But there's an Advocate,
Whom all the saints employ,
Who pleads their cause, secures their state,
And thus affords them joy.
- 3 Oft as their sins appear,
Before their Father's eyes,
Jesus, their Advocate draws near,
And pleads his sacrifice.
- 4 Their guilt has often stood
Like mountains to oppose;
But that blest ocean, Jesus' blood,
All mountains overflows.
- 5 The law its sentence reads,
And conscience owns it true;
Our Advocate his merit pleads,
And brings his clients through.

HYMN 26. L. M.

The same.

- 1 THE sinner's cause is often lost,
With all his labour, pain, and cost,
While he regrets, alas! too late,
That he employ'd no advocate.
- 2 No sinner's cause is worse than mine,
But Christ, my Advocate divine,
Appears before the throne of God,
And pleads the merit of his blood.

CHRIST.

- 3 The plea my Advocate can use,
Is such as justice can't refuse ;
For while he pleads my soul shall live,
And all the praise to him I'll give.
- 4 Not all that unbelief can say,
Shall fright my trembling soul away ;
I'll tell my Advocate my case,
And trust the riches of his grace.

HYMN 27. S. M.

Anointed.

- 1 SEE God's anointed Son,
A Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Exalted on his great white throne,
Where saints and angels sing.
- 2 Anointed, as the Head,
Of all the chosen race ;
On them he ever deigns to shed,
The unction of his grace.
- 3 Anointed to atone,
For all his people's guilt ;
Now he's a Priest upon his throne,
My soul ask what thou wilt.
- 4 Anointed for my sake,
To office, work, and name ;
His solemn oath he'll never break,
Nor put my soul to shame.

HYMN 28. L. M.

Altogether Lovely. CANT. v. 16.

- 1 LET Zion hear while I proclaim,
My precious Saviour's matchless name,
He's wise and holy, just and true,
And altogether lovely too.

CHRIST.

- 2 He's lovely from his head to feet,
His heart is love—his mouth most sweet ;
Angels and saints delight to sing,
Their altogether lovely King.
- 3 Essential deity he claims—
Reveals himself in lovely names—
He lives, and dies, and reigns for us—
He's altogether lovely thus.
- 4 His loveliness has won my heart,
Dear Jesus let us never part ;
I'll sound thy lovely name abroad,
My altogether lovely Lord.
- 5 Up to his throne, I soon shall go,
More of his loveliness to know ;
While ransom'd millions shall declare,
He's altogether lovely there.

HYMN 29. C. M.

My Beloved. CANT. v. 16.

- 1 JESUS, the glories of thy face,
My songs of praise record ;
I sing the overflowing grace
Of my beloved Lord.
- 2 Thou art the Father's chief delight ;
Thy beauty angels view—
Thou art all fair in Zion's sight,
And my beloved too.
- 3 Of thee, the ancient prophets wrote—
Of thee let Israel sing—
And heav'n's vast choir, in ev'ry note,
Praise my beloved King.

CHRIST.

- 4 Thy precious name shall joy impart,
To all that are thy own—
In life and death, O may my heart
Be my beloved's throne.

HYMN 30. P. M.

The same.

- 1 I WAS once a ruin'd debtor,
Sunk in guilt and misery ;
And when bound with chain and fetter,
Jesus saw and pitied me :
My beloved
Paid my debts and set me free.
- 2 I was once to God a stranger,
Prodigal—inclin'd to rove—
Jesus rescu'd me from danger,
And reveal'd his Father's love :
My beloved
Waits to dwell with me above.
- 3 I was once quite self deceived,
Dead in trespasses and sins ;
Jesus sav'd me—I believed—
Now my heav'nly life begins :
My beloved
Will complete his grand designs.

HYMN 31. L. M.

Bread of Life. JOHN vi. 48.

- 1 YE starving souls, who try to feed
On husks, which can't supply your need,
Behold ! the gospel table spread,
And Jesus is the living bread.

CHRIST.

- 2 This bread, which money can't obtain,
Will life impart and life maintain ;
It fills the hungry with delight,
And never cloy's the appetite.
- 3 This bread of life comes down from heav'n,
By sov'reign grace, 'tis freely giv'n ;
'Tis food and med'cine to the saints,
And oft revives the soul that faints.
- 4 No carnal mind this bread can taste,
But heav'n-born souls upon it feast ;
They much receive, yet crave still more,
And eat, and live for evermore.

HYMN 32. P. M.

Bridegroom. CANT. ii. 8.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of my beloved,
Skipping o'er the hills of guilt,
With divine compassion moved ;
Lo ! he comes whose blood was spilt ;
'Tis my Bridegroom,
All my hopes on him are built.
- 2 From eternity he lov'd me,
Took my nature to his own,
And when he has tried and prov'd me,
He will take me to his throne ;
With my Bridegroom
I shall share in joys unknown.
- 3 I am now with him united,
By the living faith he gave ;
With his presence I'm delighted,
And, he has engag'd to save,
For my Bridegroom
Lov'd me when I was a slave.

CHRIST.

- 4 For me, he has undertaken,
To me, all his wealth he gives,
Yea, his love remains unshaken ;
I shall live because he lives,
Heav'nly Bridegroom,
How thy name my soul revives !

HYMN 33. L. M.

Brightness of the Father's Glory. HEB. i. 3.

- 1 THERE'S not a ray of glory known,
Around the great Jehovah's throne,
Which my Redeemer does not wear,
Proclaiming his own Godhead there.
- 2 The Father's glories, all divine,
In Jesus meet—in Jesus shine—
Expressly like—and truly one,
Is God the Father, and the Son.
- 3 All pow'r and wisdom, love, and grace,
Are seen in our Immanuel's face ;
All glorious in the Father's view,
The brightness of his glory too.
- 4 The fulness of the Godhead dwells
In Jesus—and heav'n's chorus swells,
With hallelujahs to the Lamb,
While saints on earth adore his name.

HYMN 34. L. M.

Brazen Serpent. JOHN iii. 14.

- 1 UPLIFTED at the Lord's command,
Behold the brazen serpent stand,
That Israel's tribes may look and live,
And glory to Jehovah give.

CHRIST.

- 2 Thus Christ was preach'd to Jacob's race,
Thus gentile sinners taste his grace :
One look at Jesus crucified,
Will make the pangs of guilt subside.
- 3 Ye heralds lift him up on high—
Tell sinners they can never die
Who look by faith to Christ alone :
He loves them now he's on his throne.
- 4 Oft as I feel the serpent's bite,
A bleeding Saviour kept in sight,
Shall heal my wounds, remove the smart,
And life, and health, and peace impart.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Christ of God. LUKE ix. 20.

- 1 THE church triumphant round the throne,
Redeem'd with precious blood ;
In scenes of glory here unknown,
Adore the Christ of God.
- 2 The church on earth, renew'd by grace,
Confide in Jesus name ;
And as they run the heav'nly race,
The Christ of God proclaim.
- 3 My soul shall gaze upon his face,
In whom all glories shine ;
This precious truth just suits my case,
The Christ of God is mine.
- 4 Soon I shall join the heav'nly throng,
And in their pleasures share ;
Shouting in one eternal song,
The Christ of God is there.

CHRIST.

HYMN 36. P. M.

Consolation of Israel. LUKE ii. 25.

- 1 SINNERS sunk in degradation,
Ruin'd in yourselves, and vile,
What can give you consolation
Till the Saviour deigns to smile?
None but Jesus
Man to God can reconcile.
- 2 Read your awful condemnation,
In the broken law of God ;
Then go seek for consolation,
In the Saviour's precious blood :
None but Jesus
Can do guilty sinners good.
- 3 He has brought in full salvation,
For the objects of his love :
He is Israel's consolation,
This in all distress we prove :
None but Jesus
Can the load of guilt remove.
- 4 He shall have our adoration,
Heav'n shall with his praise resound,
Everlasting consolation,
In our precious Christ is found :
None but Jesus
By the ransom'd throng is crown'd.

HYMN 37. C. M.

Corner Stone. EPH. ii. 20.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, " behold I lay
" A tried foundation stone
" In Zion, that my children may
" Build all their hopes thereon.

CHRIST.

- 2 “ Elect and precious, firm and sure,
“ On this my church shall rest ;
“ And everlastingly endure,
“ With peace and safety blest.”
- 3 This corner stone supports the whole
Grand temple of the Lord :
Here then I'll trust my precious soul,
And sov'reign grace record.
- 4 This precious corner stone has prov'd
Unshaken, though much tried,
'Twill never, never be remov'd—
Here then I must confide.
- 5 This precious corner-stone, unites
The building all in one—
God in the edifice delights,
And there erects his throne.

HYMN 38. L. M.

Captain. HEB. ii. 10.

- 1 WHEN souls are freed from Satan's hand,
And join Emmanuel's sacred band,
A long, but certain war begins,
With mighty foes, and mightier sins.
- 2 Jesus, their Captain, leads the way,
And bids them fight and win the day ;
He gives them armour for the war ;
His presence strikes their foes with awe.
- 3 In Zion's camp, the trumpet 's blown ;
'Tis there our Captain's pow'r is known ;
There Jesus gives his sov'reign word,
And conquests great attend his sword.

CHRIST.

- 4 On Calvary our Captain stood,
And gain'd the vict'ry with his blood,
He fought, he bled, he fell, he rose,
And triumph'd o'er our num'rous foes.
- 5 Now, tho' the soldiers of the cross
Must fight, yet they sustain no loss :
Their Captain leads them to the field ;
And ev'ry enemy must yield.
- 6 Ye saints, your conquer'd foes pursue :
Your Captain's honor keep in view ;
Your mightiest foes he'll trample down,
Then place on you the conqu'ror's crown.

HYMN 39. C. M.

Conqueror. REV. xix. 13.

- 1 ZION, behold your conqu'ring Lord,
With his triumphant train,
Clad in a vesture, dipt in blood,
That flow'd when he was slain.
- 2 Exalted on his great white throne,
His blood-stain'd vest he shows ;
He gave his life for you t' atone,
And conquer all your foes.
- 3 Deck'd in his robe of crimson hue,
And grac'd with num'rous crowns,
He stands, and intercedes for you,
And God no longer frowns.
- 4 The blood that stain'd his garment thus,
Wash'd all our sins away ;
Obtain'd eternal life for us,
And crowns in perfect day.

CHRIST.

- 5 His vesture marks the conquest won,
And vict'ries yet to gain ;
All, who his sceptre will not own,
Shall by his sword be slain.

HYMN 40. C. M.

Christ Crucified. 1 COR. ii. 2.

- 1 WHERE Satan holds his cruel seat,
And guilt still swells its tide ;
To trembling souls, what news so sweet,
As Jesus crucified !
- 2 Angels adore with sweet surprise,
The Friend that lov'd and died ;
Justice beholds a sacrifice,
In Jesus crucified.
- 3 Ye heralds, go ; his death proclaim,
And know no theme beside ;
Invite the poor, the blind, the lame,
To Jesus crucified.
- 4 My soul survey that precious flood,
Which cleanses when applied :
And let thy trust be in the blood
Of Jesus crucified.
- 5 Let saints below, and saints above,
Behold his wounded side ;
And heav'n, and earth proclaim the love
Of Jesus crucified.

HYMN 41. C. M.

The same.

- 1 FEAR not ; ye trembling souls, who seek
For Jesus crucified ;
He knows your faith is low and weak,
But he has lov'd and died.

CHRIST.

- 2 Fear not, for you are in the hand
Of Jesus crucified ;
When sin, and hell, and earth, withstand,
You may in him confide.
- 3 Fear not, for you are known and lov'd
By Jesus crucified ;
Thousands his pow'r and grace have prov'd,
And shelter'd in his side.
- 4 Fear not, your precious souls are one
With Jesus crucified ;
In ev'ry state he knows his own,
And well protects his bride.
- 5 Fear not, for all that sought have found,
In Jesus crucified ;
Salvation free, a Saviour crown'd,
And sinners glorified.

HYMN 42. , L. M.

The same.

- 1 ALL glory to his precious name,
Who bore his people's guilt and shame ;
Who for them liv'd, and for them died,
The name of Jesus crucified.
- 2 Mercy and justice in him meet,
In him salvation is complete ;
The law is fully satisfied,
By Jesus Christ the crucified.
- 3 Herein we see eternal love,
And gain all blessings from above ;
A sight of Jesus crucified,
Exalts free grace, and humbles pride.

CHRIST.

- 4 Here then my trembling soul shall rest ;
And hope to be for ever blest ;
For ever sav'd, and glorified,
With Jesus Christ the crucified.

HYMN 43. C. M.

Christ lifted up. JOHN xii. 32.

- 1 COME ransom'd souls unite with me,
Exalt our glorious Lord ;
Tell of his death upon the tree,
And sound his praise abroad.
- 2 High over all he lives and reigns,
The everlasting God ;
Yet he endured toils and pains,
To save his church with blood.
- 3 To bear our curse he's lifted high,
And higher still to bless—
Ye heralds, lift him up, and cry,
“The Lord our righteousness.”
- 4 Higher and higher—higher still,
Lift up the sinner's Friend,
Till all whom God the Father will,
Shall to his sceptre bend.
- 5 Exalted Saviour, draw my heart,
And after thee I'll run,
Till time, and heav'n, and earth depart,
Then take me to thy throne.

HYMN 44. L. M.

Christ in You. COL. i. 27.

- 1 THIS is that glorious better part,
Most dear to each believer's heart ;
Christ Jesus dwelling in the soul,
The sov'reign monarch of the whole.

CHRIST.

- 2 Pursuant to eternal love,
He comes in mercy from above,
And enters by all-conqu'ring grace,
The hearts of all his chosen race.
- 3 There he subdues the pow'r of sin,
Brings all his Spirit's graces in ;
Renews, transforms, and stores it well,
And there he shall for ever dwell.
- 4 And does the Saviour dwell in me ?
Then I shall endless glory see :
He is my hope, in him I rest,
In Christ I am for ever blest.
- 5 The hope of glory ! O, how bright,
The realms of unbeckluded light ;
The full fruition of my God !
Reveal'd and promis'd in his word.

HYMN 45. C. M.

Days-Man. JOB. ix. 33.

- 1 CHRIST as my Days-man deigns to stand,
Between my soul and God ;
Upon both parties lays his hand,
Presenting precious blood.
- 2 He drew salvation's wondrous plan,—
He did his work alone ;
He, therefore, must be God and man,
This all his saints will own.
- 3 This is the Days-man God approves,
In whom he's satisfied—
Whom ev'ry ransom'd sinner loves,
E'en Jesus crucified.

CHRIST.

- 4 God trusts his honor in his hand,
And there I trust my soul ;
For both, responsible he stands,
To guard and save the whole.

HYMN 46. S. M.

Deliverer. 1 COR, i. 10.

- 1 **THUS** saith Jehovah's law ;
"The soul that sins, shall die ;"
Soon as our infant breath we draw,
Beneath the curse we lie.
- 2 No human pow'r, nor price,
Can rescue Satan's slaves ;
But Jesus, by his sacrifice,
Delivers, heals, and saves.
- 3 On wings of heav'nly love,
The great Deliv'rer came ;
He left the throne he held above,
To bear the sinner's shame.
- 4 He, storms of wrath endur'd,
And broke sin's cruel chains ;
Deliv'rance for his church secur'd,
And now for ever reigns.
- 5 Immutable his grace,
He hath, he doth, he will
Deliver all his chosen race,
And they shall praise him still.
- 6 My soul on him relies,
Deliv'rance to obtain :
The soul that trusts him never dies,
But shall the vict'ry gain.

CHRIST.

HYMN 47. C. M.

Deliverer.

- 1 HAIL! great Deliverer of souls,
Whose mighty potent hand
The pow'r of earth and hell controuls,
And nothing can withstand.
- 2 'Tis thine to break the fowler's snare,
And captive souls release;
The legal bond asunder tear,
And freedom crown with peace.
- 3 Ten thousand saints around thy throne,
Who in thy glories share,
With joy their great Deliv'rer own,
For thou hast brought them there.
- 4 Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are trav'ling to the skies:
I'll follow my Deliv'rer too,
And press toward the prize.

HYMN 48. L. M.

Door. JOHN x. 9.

- 1 HO! ye, whose longing souls would fain
To paradise admittance gain,
Hear Jesus saying, "I'm the Door;"
Come enter in, and stray no more.
- 2 No humble sinner is denied,
Such are receiv'd, and none beside;
The blind, the maimed, sick and poor
May enter in by Christ the Door.
- 3 No other entrance can be found,
To Canaan's safe and happy ground;
All, who the fields of bliss explore,
Must enter in, by Christ the Door.

CHRIST.

- 4 'Tis narrow, but expands its leaves,
And ev'ry coming soul receives ;
Ye trembling souls, approach this Door,
And enter, to go out no more.

HYMN 49. 7s.

Emmanuel. MAT. i. 23.

- 1 GOD with us ! O glorious theme !
Substance of the gospel scheme !
Prophets of this wonder spake ;
Sinners now the grace partake.
- 2 God with us ! believers sing ;
This is Zion's gracious King ;
Claiming heav'n's eternal throne,
Stooping, flesh and blood to own.
- 3 God with us ! mysterious fact,
He shall cov'nant work transact,
Conquer Satan, guilt remove,
And the sinner melt with love.
- 4 God with us, all worlds shall see,
From him earth and skies shall flee,
All who hate him he'll destroy,
All who love him crown with joy.

HYMN 50. C. M.

Express Image of the Father. HEB. i. 3.

- 1 IN Jesus' person, clear and bright,
The Father's glories shine ;
My faith beholds him with delight,
And sings, this God is mine.
- 2 Divine perfections are his own,
He is ador'd above,
He sits upon the Father's throne,
Proclaim'd the God of love.

CHRIST.

- 3 He built the world, he conquer'd hell,
He ransom'd me with blood ;
He rules and governs all things well,
He is the eternal God.
- 4 The Father's image, quite express,—
All glories are his own ;
His Godhead all the saints confess,
And bow before his throne.

HYMN 51. S. M.

Friend.

- 1 JESUS the sinner's Friend,
Demands my highest praise ;
His grace and love my steps attend,
His goodness crowns my days.
- 2 He found me mean and poor,
Among the sons of need ;
He bade me knock at mercy's door,
And on his fulness feed.
- 3 As often as I send
My sore complaints on high,
Constant and faithful is my Friend,
A helper ever nigh.
- 4 All hail thou gracious Lord,
Unchanging Friend indeed ;
My song shall thy rich grace record,
With all thy chosen seed.
- 5 When near the throne I dwell,
And drink full draughts of love ;
Thy friendship I'll for ever tell,
Among the saints above.

CHRIST.

HYMN 52. C. M.

Forerunner. HEB. vi. 20.

- 1 **FORERUNNER** of thy ransom'd few,
With joy thy steps we trace ;
Still keeping thee and heav'n in view,
Supported by thy grace.
- 2 The path thy sacred feet have trod,
We fain would travel now,
Till we appear before our God,
And in thy presence bow.
- 3 Though 'tis a rough and thorny way,
Since thou hast run before,
We'll follow on without dismay,
Gaze on thee, and adore.
- 4 Still pressing on to reach the prize,
Our great Forerunner holds
For us, beyond the azure skies,
Where endless joy unfolds.

HYMN 53. P. M.

Fountain. ZECH. xiii. 1.

- 1 **FROM** Calvary's brow
Where Jesus expired,
The Fountain flows now,
Which sinners required,
All sin and uncleanness,
And guilt to remove,
To raise them from meanness,
And fill them with love.

CHRIST.

2 This Fountain arose
In Jesus' dear breast,
It constantly flows
To make sinners blest ;
Its streams without ceasing,
Their virtue impart,
With comforts, increasing,
To each broken heart.

3 This Fountain, supplied
From Jesus' deep wound,
Has often been tried,
By sinners around;
And never yet failed
To pardon and melt,
But always prevailed
As soon as 'twas felt.

4 Come sinners, draw near,
Diseas'd, and impure,
You need not despair,
For Jesus will cure,
Tho' guilt like a mountain
Before you has stood,
'Tis lost in this Fountain,
The Lamb's precious blood.

HYMN 54. P. M.

Foundation. ISA. xxviii. 16.

1 ROCK of ages, strong Foundation,
By Jehovah's purpose laid ;
Built on thee for my salvation,
I shall never be afraid ;
Corner stone, elect, and precious,
By revolving ages prov'd,
All beside must be falacious,
Thou canst never be remov'd.

- 2 To destroy this grand Foundation,
Earth and hell with rage assail,
But, (O, source of consolation,)
Earth and hell shall not prevail.
I'll no longer be prevented
Building my eternal all
On this Rock, by grace cemented :
Thence my soul can never fall.
- 3 Foolish builders, this Foundation
Proudly, fatally refuse ;
To their endless condemnation,
Wood, and hay, and stubble use.
Jesus, thou art my Foundation,
On thee, only, I rely ;
Grant me an eternal station,
In thy temple, built on high.

HYMN 55. L. M.

Faithful. REV. xix. 11.

- 1 JESUS, my soul adores thy name,
Thy faithfulness I must proclaim :
The man that on thy word can rest,
Is truly safe, and truly blest.
- 2 Thine honor, and thy people's good,
Thy cov'nant bond, and precious blood,
Upon thy faithfulness depend ;
Thou wilt maintain it to the end.
- 3 Faithful in all thou didst engage,
Though creatures change, and devils rage,
Faithful to save, and bring to heaven,
All that of God to thee are given.

CHRIST.

- 4 My faithless heart I cannot trust,
But thou, dear Lord, art true and just ;
I'll on thy faithfulness rely,
Both while I live, and when I die.

HYMN 56. L. M.

Gift of God.

- 1 AMAZING love ! beyond degree !
Eternal, sov'reign, rich, and free,
Jehovah gave his only Son,
For rebels, ruin'd and undone.
- 2 My soul, hast thou this gift receiv'd ?
Hast thou in Jesus Christ believ'd ?
Then trace it up to love divine,
And claim eternal life as thine.
- 3 This pledge of love, this precious gift,
Above all fear my soul shall lift ;
I cannot perish, but shall prove
The joys of everlasting love.

HYMN 57. L. M.

The same. JOHN iv. 16.

- 1 O, LOVE divine ! thy pow'r how great,
What songs can reach thy topless height ?
No finite creature's mind can scan
Thy lengths, and breadths to fallen man.
- 2 Jehovah's bosom is thy throne :
The gospel plan is all thy own ;
To thee, the voice of praise we lift,
For Jesus is thy sov'reign gift.
- 3 A gift unparallel'd in worth ;
Heav'n's treas'ry drain'd, enriching earth ;
Wisdom and pow'r by love combin'd,
Bestow a Saviour on mankind.

CHRIST.

- 4 Astonish'd angels chaunt the theme,
And conquer'd devils hate the scheme ;
But men, (O vile degen'rate race !)
Refuse, neglect, despise the grace.
- 5 Was e'er such love, and mercy shewn ?
Or such ungrateful conduct known ?
No more, my God, may I oppose,
But take the gift thy love bestows.

HYMN 58. C. M.

The same.

- 1 WHAT wond'rous mercy, love and grace,
In Jesus meet and shine ;
Bestow'd on all the chosen race :
O, may this gift be mine.
- 2 'Tis rich and free, and suited well
For all to whom 'tis given ;
It saves the soul from sin and hell,
And safely brings to heaven.
- 3 This gift the token of his love,
He'll never take away ;
It will enrich us here, and prove
Enough through endless day.
- 4 Have I this gift? I can't be poor,
The pearl of price is mine :
Lord, give me Christ, I ask no more,
And glory shall be thine.

HYMN 59. C. M.

Head of the Church. COL. i. 18.

- 1 EXALTED on his glorious throne,
Dwells Zion's cov'nant Head ;
And sends his choicest blessings down,
For all the chosen seed.

CHRIST.

- 2 He is our *ruling* Head, alone,
In heav'n and earth he reigns;
'Tis his authority we own,
Whose blood removes our stains.
- 3 He is our *living* Head, in whom
His members ever live;
From him the special blessings come,
Jehovah deigns to give.
- 4 He is our *everlasting* Head,
For us exalted high:
Because he lives, he has once said,
That we shall never die.

HYMN 60. P. M.

Hiding Place.

- 1 ARISE my soul, dismiss thy fear,
To Christ thy Hiding Place draw near,
Take shelter in his side;
In him thou shalt securely dwell,
Amidst the rage of earth and hell,
And in his love confide.
- 2 Ten thousand monuments of grace,
Brought into Christ their Hiding Place,
By his constraining love;
'Midst storms and tempests safe abide,
Thither my soul shall flee to hide,
And his protection prove.
- 3 Then let the floods of sorrow roll,
And foes, or fiends attack my soul,
Here I securely rest.
In Jesus Christ my Hiding Place,
I'm holy—happy—sav'd by grace,
And with him ever blest.

CHRIST.

HYMN 61. L. M.

The same. ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

- 1 THIS world's a weary barren land,
A rugged path o'er scorching sand ;
But thro' this desert we must haste,
Before the joys of heav'n we taste.
- 2 To fright this trembling soul of mine,
Sinai and conscience, both combine :
The frowns of justice cloud the sky,
And raise the furious tempest high.
- 3 But lo ! on Calv'ry's summit, stands
The MAN, who, with extended hands
Invites me to his op'ning side,
And says, " come in, and safely hide."
- 4 Weary, and faint, with want, and heat,
My soul shall fly to this retreat :
This rock, defends from scorching beams,
And from it flows salubrious streams.
- 5 Within a Hiding-Place so good,
I'll fear no storms, I'll dread no flood ;
But smiling at the winds, and waves,
I'll bless his name, who loves and saves.

HYMN 62. C. M.

Husband. ISAIAH liv. 5.

- 1 LET heav'n-born souls in Christ rejoice,
And take him at his word ;
He says, O, listen to his voice,
" Thy Husband is the Lord."
- 2 Thy maker and thy Husband too,
Omnipotence and love,
Have stoop'd to take such worms as you
Up to his throne above.

CHRIST.

- 3 Tho' poor, and helpless, mean, and vile,
Your Husband knows it well;
See, how he meets you with a smile,
And says he'll with you dwell.
- 4 Tho' sin's enormous debt you see,
And feel your dreadful thrall,
Your marriage union sets you free,
Your Husband pays it all.
- 5 Soon he will take your spirit home,
The marriage supper give;
You shall no more from Jesus roam,
But with your Husband live.

HYMN 63. L. M.

Intercessor. HEB. vii. 25.

- 1 "FATHER, *I will*," the Saviour cries,
And gives himself a sacrifice,
"That where I am thy saints may be,
"In union with myself and thee."
- 2 "Father, *I will*," the Lord demands,
And spreads his interceding hands,
"*I will*, that all for whom I died,
"Be with me ever glorified."
- 3 On this, *I will*, I safely rest,
My Jesus pleads—I must be blest;
Soon shall my soul his glory see,
For still he lives and pleads for me.

HYMN 64. 7s.

The same.

- 1 PRAYING soul dismiss thy fear,
Joy and peace will soon appear;
To the throne of grace draw nigh,
Jesus intercedes on high.

CHRIST.

- 2 Come before thy Father's throne,
Make thy wants and sorrows known,
Never, never, doubt his love,
Jesus intercedes above.
- 3 Let the world and Satan frown,
This should never cast thee down ;
All is working for thy good,
Jesus intercedes with blood.
- 4 Do corruptions rise and rage ?
Learn from God's inspir'd page,
Reigning grace shall sin subdue,
Jesus intercedes for you.
- 5 He has made thy cause his own—
He is priest upon his throne :
Thou shalt gain eternal bliss,
Jesus intercedes for this.

HYMN 65. L. M.

Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, the name ador'd above,
The name that saints supremely love,
The name which devils most abhor,
The name whence sinners comfort draw.
- 2 JESUS, no name is half so sweet :
It makes angelic joys complete ;
Revives the trembling, contrite souls ;
And sins, and fears, and foes controuls.
- 3 JESUS, thy name is my delight,
My food, my med'cine, strength, and light ;
The armour, I would ever wear,
My pledge of heav'n, my glory there.

CHRIST.

HYMN 66. C. M.

King. REV. xix. 16.

- 1 HAIL ! King of kings, eternal God,
Monarch of earth and heaven ;
The kingdom purchas'd by thy blood,
Into thy hand is given.
- 2 Hail ! Prince of Peace ! thy sov'reign grace
Shall rule, with peaceful sway,
While all thy chosen, new-born race,
With joy thy word obey.
- 3 Thy laws are just, thy statutes pure,
No crown with thine can vie ;
Thy throne, for ever shall endure,
Thy subjects never die.
- 4 Jesus, my King, to thee I bow,
O ! rule this heart of mine ;
Lay each rebellious passion low,
And make me wholly thine.

HYMN 67. 7s.

King of Saints. REV. xv. 3.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy tribute bring,
Jesus reigns as Zion's King,
He shall conquer ev'ry foe,
And eternal peace bestow.
- 2 Jesus reigns, o'er earth and hell,
Governs all creation well,
Making all things work for good,
To the purchase of his blood.
- 3 Jesus reigns, in ransom'd souls,
All their raging sin controuls,
Plants his laws within their hearts,
And from thence he ne'er departs.

CHRIST.

- 4 Jesus reigns, in heav'n above,
Rests in his unchanging love—
Scatters blessings from his throne,
Conquers—keeps—and saves his own.

HYMN 68. L. M.

The same.

- 1 COME, heav'n-born souls, unite to tell
The glories which in Jesus dwell ;
His everlasting God-head sing,
And triumph in him as your King.
- 2 The heav'nly hosts adore his name,
Who bore his people's guilt and shame ;
All sacred beauties in him meet,
Come, bow and worship at his feet.
- 3 He's lovely in the realms above—
His loveliness believers prove—
He's lovely both in life and death,
O, let his praise employ your breath.
- 4 He reigns, and shall for ever reign,
No more let ransom'd souls complain;
But touch the sceptre of his love,
And wait to reign with him above.

HYMN 69. P. M.

Life. COL. iii. 4.

- 1 OF all the themes which tongues employ,
Or sources of sublimest joy,
Which men or angels know,
Christ, the believer's Life, is found,
The sweetest, most harmonious sound,
That to the ear can flow.

CHRIST.

- 2 'Tis he gives life to gospel news,
And he alone can life infuse
 To such dead souls as mine ;
All that is precious here below,
And all that glory can bestow,
 In Christ, our Life, combine.
- 3 Christ is my Life ; my soul still lives,
By virtue of the life he gives,
 Which he can well supply ;
This source of life can never fail,
Tho' all the pow'rs of hell assail,
 My soul can never die.
- 4 Roll swiftly on, my days and years,
Till " Christ, who is our Life appears,"
 With bright angelic train ;
Then, shall I see him as he is,
Be introduc'd to heav'nly bliss,
 And never sigh again.

HYMN 70. C. M.

Morning Star.

- 1 WHEN midnight darkness long prevails,
 To force the trav'ler's stay,
The Morning Star, with joy he hails,
 To light him on his way.
- 2 Just so, when nightly seasons mar
 The comfort of the saints,
Jesus, the bright and Morning Star,
 Dispels their sad complaints.
- 3 When first his sparkling form appears,
 Sweet harbinger of day,
The drooping pilgrim's heart he cheers,
 And drives his fears away.

CHRIST.

- 4 Cold as his nightly feelings are,
While light and darkness strive,
Soon as he sees the Morning Star,
His trembling hopes revive.
- 5 He girds his loins, and trims his lamp,
And upward speeds his way ;
Through legal fears, and sensual damp,
He reaches perfect day.

HYMN 71. P. M.

Master. MAT. xxiii. 3.

- 1 A Servant of sin,
By Satan enslav'd,
Alas ! I have been,
All over depriv'd :
But Jesus forgave me,
My prison-door broke,
And promis'd to save me,
To wear his bless'd yoke.
- 2 No master so kind
On earth can be found,
His service, I find,
With honor is crown'd ;
His work is most pleasant,
His servants all own,
When Jesus is present :
They can't work alone.
- 3 My Master is great,
His vineyard is large ;
He'll servants create,
But never discharge ;
His bounty engages
For life yet to come,
To give them their wages,
And find them a home.

CHRIST.

- 4 I love him so well,
I will not go free,
For ever I'll tell
He first loved me ;
When standing before him
To gaze on his face,
My soul shall adore him
For glory and grace.

HYMN 72. C. M.

Owned.

- 1 BEHOLD, Jehovah's equal Son
From heav'n to earth descend ;
Sinner, survey what he has done,
And own him as your Friend.
- 2 Ye saints, who know and feel his love,
Come sound his praise abroad,
Begin the chorus sung above,
And own him as your God.
- 3 Zion, rejoice, for Jesus reigns,
Your noblest tribute bring ;
Hail him, whose blood removes your stains,
And own him as your King.
- 4 My soul shall Jesu's grace record,
Which rais'd me from the fall,
Call him my Brother, Saviour, God,
And own him ALL in ALL.

HYMN 73. C. M.

Priest.

- 1 ORDAIN'D of God, ere time began,
Jesus in office stood ;
The great High Priest for sinful man,
Presenting precious blood.

CHRIST.

- 2 Upon his sacred breast, he wears
The names of all his saints ;
For them within the veil appears,
Presenting their complaints.
- 3 In outer courts he deigns to meet
The subjects of his grace,
And brings them to the mercy seat,
To see Jehovah's face.
- 4 See ! O, my soul, his merits rise,
Like incense to the throne ;
And his atoning sacrifice,
Brings full salvation down.

HYMN 74. S. M.

Peace of the Saints.

- 1 YE saints, belov'd of God,
The objects of his choice,
Proclaim your Saviour's grace abroad,
And in his name rejoice.
- 2 Though once, with God you strove,
Jesus has brought your peace,
Receives you in the arms of love,
And bids your terrors cease.
- 3 'Tis Jesus reconciles
Offending man to God,
'Tis through him God the Father smiles,
And seals my peace with blood.
- 4 A peace that cheers my heart,
Lifts me above the earth,
Bids all my doubts and fears depart,
And proves my heav'nly birth.

CHRIST.

- 5 This peace, by Jesus given,
Is felt by saints alone ;
The prelude, and the pledge of heaven,
Where all his charms are known.

HYMN 75. S. M.

Physician.

- 1 **AFFLICTED** souls who feel
Sin's painful, fatal wound :
Come, try "the good Physician's" skill,
For he can make you sound.
- 2 Cases most obstinate,
This "good Physician" cures ;
Come, seek his face, 'tis not too late,
While life itself endures.
- 3 Though you have oft deny'd
His love, with hearts perverse ;
"Physicians of no value" try'd,
And still grew worse, and worse ;
- 4 Yet hear the Saviour say,
"Come hither, helpless soul,
"Though you have nothing left to pay,
"I'll freely make you whole."
- 5 The poor, the lame, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the dead,
In Christ, "the good Physician," find
A balm for ev'ry need.
- 6 All that apply, are sure
His healing pow'r to gain ;
His blood alone, sin's wound can cure,
And life and health maintain.

CHRIST.

HYMN 76. L. M.

Plant of Renown. EZEKIEL xxxiv. 29.

- 1 ERE earth was form'd, or time began,
Or God had made the creature man,
Eternal purposes had sown
In heav'n, the plant of high renown.
- 2 It gain'd deep root in Paradise ;
It weathers all the storms that rise ;
In Zion, rears its stately head ;
And through the church its branches spread.
- 3 Its virtues thousands can proclaim ;
Nations, and princes, own its fame ;
With choicest fruit its boughs abound ;
In heav'n, and earth it lives renown'd.
- 4 Its sacred form, unfading stands ;
Its spring-like verdure still expands ;
When time and death, have run their round,
'Twill stand eternally renown'd.
- 5 Ingrafted in its sacred side,
Thousands of sinners safe abide :
O ! that my soul, may there be found,
And prove how justly 'tis renown'd.

HYMN 77. P. M.

Christ Precious. 1 PET. ii. 7.

- 1 TO speak my Saviour's name,
And set his glory forth,
To sound abroad his fame,
And estimate his worth ;
Would well employ th' angelic throng,
And shall engage my thankful tongue.

CHRIST.

- 2 His person, grace, and might,
His offices, and love,
Are sources of delight
To ransom'd souls above ;
In their loud songs I'll bear a part,
For Christ is precious to my heart.
- 3 My Brother, Surety, Friend ;
My Prophet, Priest, and King :
Faith's author, object, end :
Around his cross I'll cling ;
His precious blood redeem'd my soul,
He found me maim'd, and made me whole.
- 4 In comfort, and distress,
In freedom, and in thrall,
'Tis he alone can bless,
For he is all in all :
In life and death, O, may I find
My Jesus precious to my mind.

HYMN 78. L. M.

The same.

- 1 YES, thou art precious to my heart,
My Lord, my life, my better part ;
All cov'nant blessings in thee shine,
And I believe they all are mine.
- 2 How precious in thine acts of love—
How precious all its token's prove—
Still precious while I live or die—
Most precious when I reign on high !
- 3 What precious things thy doctrines bring,
Thy preciousness my soul shall sing :
'Tis precious to believe and love,
Till with my precious Christ above.

CHRIST.

HYMN 79. L. M.

Root.

- 1 IN all the names my Saviour wears,
In all the characters he bears,
His everlasting glories shine,
And faith exclaims this God is mine.
- 2 He is the Root, the vital source,
Whence cov'nant blessings take their course,
And flow in veins of quick'ning grace,
Through all th' engrafted chosen race.
- 3 He is the Root, conceal'd from view,
On which a full salvation grew,
With all the fruits of cov'nant love,
Of grace below, and bliss above.
- 4 He is the Root, despis'd of men,
As without comeliness, and mean ;
But precious to his ransom'd throng,
Their hidden life, their daily song.
- 5 O, may my soul in him be found,
Then shall my fruitfulness abound ;
And since my Root can never die,
I shall for ever live on high.

HYMN 80. L. M.

Rose of Sharon. CANT. ii. 1.

- 1 IN Sharon's fields, where flocks are seen,
And pastures grow in living green,
With heav'nly form, perennial blows,
Th' immortal efficacious Rose.
- 2 Beauty unrivall'd it assumes :
Its fragrance, all the air perfumes :
When this our drooping souls inhale,
Vigour, delight, and health prevail.

CHRIST.

- 3 "The Rose of Sharon" bears no thorns,
And Zion's garden well adorns ;
And heav'n itself, no fragrance knows,
But such as Jesus Christ bestows.
- 4 No bosom is so highly grac'd,
As that in which this Rose is plac'd ;
And without Jesus in my arms,
E'en Paradise would have no charms.
- 5 May but this heav'nly Rose be mine,
I'll part with all the flow'rs of time ;
And thro' eternity, I'll crave
No other boon, if Christ I have.

HYMN 81. P. M.

Receiver of Sinners.

- 1 JESUS the man whom men despise,
Exalted reigns above the skies ;
The God, in whom we live :
This Man, this God displays his love,
And stoops in mercy from above,
The sinner to receive.
- 2 Unmindful of their outward state :
The high, the low, the small, the great,
His loving heart invites :
Without upbraiding, he receives
Each sinner that in him believes :
In mercy he delights.
- 3 Come, trembling soul, with guilt opprest,
On Jesus' word of promise rest,
And banish ev'ry doubt ;
Come needy—guilty—as you are,
And hear the Son of God declare,
He will not cast you out.

CHRIST.

- 4 Thousands of sinners, vile as you,
He has receiv'd, and form'd anew,
And all their sins forgiven :
He still is willing to embrace,
All those who trust his sov'reign grace,
And own them heirs of heaven.

HYMN 82. C. M.

The same. LUKE XV. 2.

- 1 JESUS, the God who built the skies,
The realms of glory leaves,
Becomes a man, for sinners dies,
And sinners now receives.
- 2 Though sin's dark stain defile them much,
And guilt their souls oppress ;
Yet Jesus Christ receiveth such,
To purify and bless.
- 3 The Pharisees may proudly start,
But Jesus still receives
Repenting sinners to his heart,
And every woe relieves.
- 4 Come, then, ye outcasts, vile and poor,
This sacred truth believe ;
Since God invites you, doubt no more,
For Jesus will receive.
- 5 This Man, this God, now reigns on high,
And has this promise given ;
That all who on his grace rely,
He will receive to heaven.

CHRIST.

HYMN 83. C. M.

Rock of Ages.

- 1 CHRIST is the "Rock of Ages," high,
Where all my hope is fix'd ;
The smitten Rock, which yields supply
Of living streams unmix'd.
- 2 Christ is the Rock, from whence I see
Both friends and foes aright ;
Thither my soul would daily flee,
And thence maintain the fight.
- 3 Christ is my Rock, on him I build,
My life, my hope, my all ;
His promises shall be fulfill'd ;
He will not let me fall.
- 4 Christ is my Rock, he firm endures,
And all my burthen bears :
The soul that trusts him, he secures,
From sins, and foes, and snares.
- 5 Christ is my Rock, where lies my store,
Of grace, and glory vast ;
Since Christ is mine, I can't be poor,
But shall have heav'n at last.

HYMN 84. S. M.

Refuge. ISAIAH XXV. 4.

- 1 YE trembling souls, who bow
Beneath a load of sin,
A Refuge wide, stands open now,
Come freely enter in.
- 2 Deprav'd and vile indeed,
Justly deserving hell ;
But Christ your Refuge deign'd to bleed,
That you in him might dwell.

CHRIST.

- 3 The grace by which you know,
 Your danger, guilt and shame,
Bids you to this dear Refuge go,
 And trust in Jesus' name.
- 4 See! Justice ready stands,
 To aim the dreadful blow;
But Christ, your Refuge, spreads his hands,
 To shield your souls from woe.
- 5 This Refuge is secure,
 And its foundation strong;
Time's fiercest storms it will endure,
 And save the shelter'd throng.
- 6 All who take Refuge there,
 Are safe from every ill,
In cov'nant mercy largely share,
 And find protection still.

HYMN 85. P. M.

Refuge.

- 1 A HELPLESS, guilty race,
 Expos'd to death and hell,
 But sav'd by sov'reign grace,
 With Jacob's God to dwell;
Let heav'n and earth this truth record,
Our Refuge is in Jacob's God.
- 2 Jehovah's cov'nant love,
 And Jesus' wounded side,
 A glorious Refuge prove,
 In which our souls shall hide;
Begone ye doubts! away ye fears,
Our Refuge Jacob's God appears.

CHRIST.

- 3 In vain do foes assail,
Or sin and Satan roar,
They never can prevail,
We're safe for evermore :
For Jacob's God a Refuge proves,
To all the helpless souls he loves.

HYMN 86. C. M.

Righteousness.

- 1 YE souls condemn'd by Sinai's law,
And sunk in deep distress,
To Calvary look, and comfort draw
From "Christ our Righteousness."
2 This is the name by which he's known,
The name his saints confess :
Gaze on him, humble soul, and own
"The Lord our Righteousness."
3 A title just, a pardon seal'd,
A spotless wedding dress ;
Yea, grace and glory are reveal'd
In "Christ our Righteousness."
4 O, that my faith could Jesus claim,
No more should doubts depress :
Fain would I triumph in this name,
"The Lord our Righteousness."

HYMN 87. C. M.

Surety. HEB. vii. 22.

- 1 SWEET truth, Christ gave himself for me,
To bear my load of guilt ;
All I can want in him I see,
Who says, "ask what thou wilt."

CHRIST.

- 2 He gave himself, then I may take
His person as my own ;
His cov'nant he will never break,
But take me to his throne.
- 3 He gave himself, and took my sins,
O ! blest exchange for me ;
My heav'n in this blest truth begins,
And I shall glory see.

HYMN 88. C. M.

The same.

- 1 A DEBTOR to Jehovah's law,
My soul by nature stood :
And Justice was about draw
His sword, to shed my blood.
- 2 "Sinner, stand forth," he sternly cried,
"And pay me what you owe :"
"'Tis done," said Jesus, "for I died ;
"Loose him, and let him go."
- 3 "I am his Surety, I, the Lord :
"Behold my wounded side,"
He spake, and Justice dropt his sword,
And said : "I'm satisfied."
- 4 When first I heard my Surety's voice,
Engaging for my sake ;
It made my fainting heart rejoice,
And bade my songs awake.
- 5 Dear Surety, deign to take the praise
Of grace and love so vast :
Be thou my Surety, all my days,
And clear my soul at last.

CHRIST.

HYMN 89. S. M.

Sin Offering. HEB. x. 14.

- 1 ALL hail ! atoning Lamb,
Whose off'ring once for all,
Appointed by the great I AM,
Redeem'd us from the fall.
- 2 Thy efficacious blood,
By power divine applied,
Makes perfect all the Church of God,—
All that are sanctified.
- 3 No condemnation now,
Against the chosen race,
Perfect, for ever, Lord we bow,
And triumph in thy grace.
- 4 Here then my soul shall rest,
With Jesus' blood applied :
I'm ever perfect, ever blest,
And ever satisfied.
- 5 Yea more, I'll make my boast
In Jesus crucified,
And perfect with the heav'nly host,
I shall be glorified.

HYMN 90. C. M.

Servant. ISAIAH xlii. 1.

- 1 JESUS, in condescending love,
Thus makes his grace appear ;
He left the shining realms above,
To be a Servant here.
- 2 Though Lord of heav'n, he stoops to earth,
To do his Father's will ;
Poor, and despised, from his birth,
Yet Lord of glory still.

CHRIST.

- 3 Fatigue, and suff'ring, toil and pain,
He, as a Servant bore,
That all his church might live and reign,
With him for evermore.
- 4 He did the work none else could do,
Then he resum'd his throne;
Still keeping his designs in view,
And gath'ring in his own.

HYMN 91. S. M.

Shepherd. JOHN x. 11.

- 1 HARK! the good Shepherd's voice;
Calls to his trembling sheep:
He bids them constantly rejoice,
For he his flock will keep.
- 2 When justice with a frown,
Pursued them while astray;
The Shepherd his own life laid down,
The ransom price to pay.
- 3 He brings them to his folds,
And bids them stray no more;
In his own hand, the lambs he holds,
And feeds them from his store.
- 4 Christ, the good Shepherd, knows,
And calls his sheep by name;
He leads them forth, before them goes,
And puts their foes to shame.
- 5 The lost he'll seek, and save,
And gather them in love;
One fold they'll make, one Shepherd have,
In pastures green above.

CHRIST.

HYMN 92. C.M.

The same. PSALM xxiii.

- 1 GOD is my Shepherd, O! my soul,
Dismiss thy doubts and fears;
His hand shall all thy foes controul,
And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 God is my Shepherd, why so faint?
Since he has rich supplies,
For all the wants of ev'ry saint,
That on his love relies!
- 3 God is my Shepherd, all around
Shall see my table spread:
In pastures green, my soul is found,
And grace anoints my head.
- 4 God is my Shepherd, he'll restore,
The wand'rings of his sheep;
Dangers, and wants, I'll fear no more,
Since he my soul will keep.
- 5 God is my Shepherd, I'll rejoice,
Nor dread the vale of death;
Stay'd by his rod, cheer'd by his voice,
I'll yield to him my breath.

HYMN 93. 7s.

Man of Sorrows.

- 1 HARK! a voice from Calvary
Calls the wand'rer passing by;
"Say, was ever grief like mine?"
Asks the Suff'rer all divine.
- 2 Hear the dying Saviour's cries;
Fiercest anger on him lies;
Justice payment full requires;
Jesus suffers, groans, expires.

CHRIST.

- 3 Angels wonder at the sight ;
Heav'n's bright orb, withholds his light :
Earth, and hell, astonish'd view :—
Sinner, is it nought to you ?
- 4 Ne'er did sorrows equal his,
But they purchas'd heavenly bliss ;
Vanquish'd Satan, sin o'erthrew :—
Is this nothing, saints, to you ?
- 5 Yes, our thankful souls reply,
We behold on Calvary,
Pardon purchas'd, peace procur'd,
Grace bestow'd, and heav'n secur'd.

HYMN 94. C. M.

Sufferer Triumphant.

- 1 WHAT voice salutes my wond'ring ear,
From Calv'ry's rugged tree ;
Which rends the rocks, beclouds the air,
And bids the day-light flee ?
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," O, transporting word !
And can the news be true ?
" Yes," says my Saviour, " by my blood,
" I've finish'd all for you."
- 3 All law demands, and justice claims,
He answer'd with this word :
And on his heart he bears the names
Of all the sons of God.
- 4 Finish'd ! my heart leaps at the sound,
And on the truth relies :
The theme shall reach creation's bound,
And pierce the vaulted skies.

CHRIST.

- 5 Finish'd ! then I have nought to do,
But to believe, and love ;
This word the tempter's throne o'erthrew,
And tunes the harps above.

HYMN 95. S. M.

Sower. MAT. xiii. 3.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Sower goes,
And scatters precious seed ;
Anon, it rises up and grows,
And outlives ev'ry weed.
- 2 His skilful hand imparts
Vitality around ;
And though he sows on rocky hearts,
He makes the fruit abound.
- 3 The seed his hand has cast,
Lies buried in the fields ;
Though hidden long, it springs at last,
And a rich harvest yields.
- 4 By storms, or birds of prey,
It cannot be destroy'd ;
“ His word,” I hear the sower say,
“ Returns not to him void.”
- 5 Jesus, my heart behold ;
Sow it with seed divine ;
Bid it bring forth “ an hundred-fold,”
The glory shall be thine.

CHRIST.

HYMN 96. P. M.

Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 THE glories that adorn the sky,
When mid-day Sun is beaming high,
Without a cloudy frown,
Are faint and few, compar'd with thine,
O, Sun of righteousness divine!
Whose glories ne'er go down.
- 2 When on th' horizon of my soul,
Where darkness reign'd from pole to pole,
And wrapt up all in night,
Thy heavenly glories deign to rise,
Away the gloom of midnight flies,
And yields the sphere to light.
- 3 Majestic orb! thy rays can dart
Their influ'nce to the darkest heart,
And melt the frozen mind;
Can drive drear winter's form away,
Bring spring-like morn, and summer's day,
And send forth fruits refin'd.
- 4 Great source of light and life divine,
Arise, and let this heart of mine
Now feel a quick'ning ray:
Now fertilize this barren ground;
Make fruits of holiness abound,
And shine to endless day.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Shield. GEN. xv. 1.

- 1 THUS Jesus speaks, and charms my ear,
"I am thy Shield, dismiss thy fear,
"Let all your doubts be banish'd hence,
"And take me as your sure defence."

CHRIST.

- 2 " Let Satan's fiery darts be hurl'd,
" And flames consume the solid world ;
" Let Sinai's forked lightnings dart,
" I am thy Shield to guard thy heart."
- 3 O, that my faith could firmly hold
This heav'nly Shield, with ardour bold,
I then could every foe repel,
Invincible to earth and hell.
- 4 With sins, and fears, and fiends I'll fight,
My Shield shall put them all to flight ;
The conquest gain'd, I'll quit the field,
And triumph in my glorious Shield.

HYMN 98. C. M.

Son of David. MAT. xxii. 45.

- 1 O, SON of David, David's Lord,
Thy glorious names we sing ;
Thine everlasting love record,
And own thee as our King.
- 2 We sing the birth of David's Son,
With all our feeble pow'rs ;
His heav'nly majesty we own,
As David's Lord and our's.
- 3 As David's Lord his Godhead shone,
With lustre all divine :
He wears our nature on his throne :
In David's Son we shine.

HYMN 99. C. M.

Samaritan. LUKE x. 33.

- 1 NEAR Jericho a victim lay
Despoil'd, and left half dead ;
A priest and levite pass, but they
No blessing on him shed.

CHRIST.

- 2 A good Samaritan came there,
With love and pity mov'd ;
He heal'd, and sav'd with special care,
A friend and neighbour prov'd.
- 3 Thus Adam's race unpitied lie,
The law no mercy shows ;
But Jesus, full of grace, draws nigh,
And life divine bestows,
- 4 All hail ! Samaritan divine,
By whom alone we live ;
Thy precious blood, like oil and wine,
Both health, and comfort give.
- 5 The priest and levite shall not share
In our loud songs of praise ;
We'll sing thy love, and constant care,
Thro' everlasting days.

HYMN 100. S. M.

Treasure. MATTHEW xiii. 44.

- 1 HOW can my soul be poor ?
The pearl of price is mine ;
In Jesus all I want, and more,
Is stor'd by love divine.
- 2 His merit, grace, and love,—
His righteousness, and blood,
Enrich me now, my treasure prove,
And pay my way to God.
- 3 All heav'n itself contains,
Is treasur'd up in Christ ;
And, ev'ry ransom'd sinner gains
His bliss in new supplies.

CHRIST.

- 4 Jesus is full of grace,
A treasure all divine;
I'll lay my wants before his face,
And call his riches mine.
- 5 I would no more complain,
With treasure such as this,
I've grace bestow'd, and soon shall gain,
The stores of endless bliss.

HYMN 101. P. M.

Treasure.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and take thy pleasure,
As an heir of endless bliss :
Christ has now become thy Treasure,
Triumph evermore in this,
Jesus' fulness
Is thy wealth—thy cares are his.
- 2 He gives blessings, in full measure,
To the objects of his love;
Out of his exhaustless Treasure,
Grace for grace we daily prove,
Jesus' fulness
Gladdens all the saints above.
- 3 What though death shall make his seizure,
Pulling down my house of clay,
He can never touch my Treasure,
That is safe through endless day ;
Jesus' fulness
Can't be plunder'd—can't decay.

HYMN 102 S. M.

Tree of Life. REV. xxii. 2.

- 1 IN heav'nly pastures green,
Where living water flows ;
Jesus, "the Tree of Life," is seen,
And in full vigour grows.

CHRIST.

- 2 Majestic is its form;
 Eternal is its root,
It braves the rage of every storm,
 And yields abundant fruit.
- 3 This Tree for ever lives,
 And every month abounds
In fruit, by which the sinner lives,
 And leaves that heal his wounds.
- 4 All heav'n is well supplied,
 From Christ the living Tree;
Nor is its sacred fruit denied
 To such a worm as me.
- 5 O! that my faith could stretch
 Her wither'd hand on high,
From Christ, "the Tree of life," to fetch
 A constant, rich supply.

HYMN 103. C. M.

The same.

- 1 JESUS, "the Tree of Life," contains
 Within his leaves a cure,
Which, when the dying sinner gains,
 Eternal life is sure.
- 2 The deepest wounds that mortals feel,
 Or woes our souls deplore;
This "Tree of Life" has leaves to heal,
 And soundness to restore.
- 3 And if sin's malady remov'd,
 Returns with threat'ning rage;
These healing leaves may yet be prov'd,
 And will its power assuage.

CHRIST.

- 4 Here my sin-wounded, fainting heart,
Some secret help receives ;
Here I will stay and ne'er depart,
And trust these healing leaves.

HYMN 104. L. M.

The Apple Tree. CANT. ii. 3.

- 1 AMIDST all nature's wood below,
Where brambles, oaks, and cedars grow,
No plants are like the Apple Tree ;
Such my beloved is to me.
- 2 More beauteous far than all the rest ;
His nature, and his fruit the best ;
Deep-rooted, lofty, spreading wide,
Affording shade on every side.
- 3 O, the delight my soul receives,
When sitting down beneath his leaves ;
The Spirit like some heav'nly wind,
Brings down the fruit to cheer my mind.
- 4 Beneath his shadow I would stay,
To taste his fruit from day to day ;
Till to the topmost bough I climb,
And pluck the fruit of bliss sublime.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Vine. JOHN xv. 1.

- 1 IN Zion's garden stands a Vine,
The glory of the place ;
Its fruitful boughs, which verdant shine,
Are grafted in by grace.
- 2 If, like some trembling twig, I grow
On Christ the living Vine,
Up from the root his grace shall flow,
To give me life divine.

CHRIST.

- 3 O, may my soul her union prove
To Christ, the heav'nly Vine ;
For since the root can ne'er remove,
Each branch in heav'n shall shine.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Way. JOHN xiv. 6.

- 1 ENQUIRING souls, far off, astray,
And lost from wisdom's road,
Behold, in Jesus Christ the Way,
To happiness and God.
- 2 This Way, prepar'd by sov'reign grace;
Is mark'd with precious blood ;
The Way which prophets lov'd to trace,
And holy martyrs trod.
- 3 'Tis narrow, ancient, safe, and clean;
By every christian found,
But, none who love the world and sin,
Can tread the heav'nly ground.
- 4 Christ is the Way that God approves;
The only Way from hell ;
In which he brings the souls he loves,
With him on high to dwell.
- 5 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
By which I found this Way ;
O, help me now to mend my pace,
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 107. C. M.

His Word was with Power. LUKE iv. 32.

- 1 JESUS, my God, my Friend, my King;
Whom heav'n and earth adore ;
The wonders of thy word I sing;
But never can explore.

CHRIST.

- 2 Thy *word* in cov'nant undertook
To bring salvation in :
Thy *word* upon mount Calv'ry shook
The gates of hell and sin.
- 3 Thy pow'rful *word* can intercede,
And grace divine impart ;
Can change the soul, supply its need,
And sanctify the heart.
- 4 Thy sov'reign *word* knows no controul :
Its conquests none can tell :
Its triumphs reach from pole to pole,
To heav'n, to earth, and hell.
- 5 Summon'd by thee, all worlds shall come,
From seas and tombs shall start ;
Thy *word* shall welcome christians home,
And bid thy foes depart.

HYMN 108. L. M.

Wonderful.

- 1 WHAT wonders in my Saviour meet !
His head—his hands—his side—his feet
Present to my astonish'd view,
Eternal glories, ever new.
- 2 Poor and despis'd—yet rich and lov'd—
Humble to death—his throne unmov'd—
A servant—and a sov'reign Lord—
Revil'd, and murder'd—yet ador'd.
- 3 Pardon and life are his to give—
He died that all his church might live—
Became a curse, yet deigns to bless ;
He is the Lord our Righteousness.

CHRIST.

- 4 He had not where to lay his head,
Although the worlds were by him made ;
He hunger'd—though he thousands fed—
Sinless—and yet for sin he bled.
- 5 The Father's co-eternal Son—
The Friend of sinners (though undone)
The portion all believers crave—
He's Man to suffer—God to save !

HYMN 109. L. M.

Water of Life.

- 1 COME, thirsty souls,—and be supplied,
From Jesus' smitten bleeding side,
Whence living waters daily flow;
Through all this desert land below.
- 2 All Israel here shall drink and live,
Joy, peace, and bliss these waters give ;
All that partake of Jesus' grace,
Are his peculiar chosen race.
- 3 Blest rock, in Jesus Christ I see,
The living waters flow for me ;
A never failing rich supply,
That I may drink and never die.

HYMN 110. C. M.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

HEB. xiii. 3.

- 1 ERE time began, my Saviour stood
Responsible for me—
The same when call'd to shed his blood,
Upon th' accursed tree.

CHRIST.

- 2 My everlasting cov'nant Head,
Who was, and is the *same*,
Before all time—when time was fled—
All glory to his name.
- 3 My Head and Husband, when I lay
Deep sunk in guilt and shame—
He changes not through endless day;
For ever he's the *same*.
- 4 On me he set eternal love—
For me he shed his blood—
In me by grace—for me above,
He is th' unchanging God.

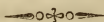
HYMN 111. P. M.

"Behold the Man." JOHN xix. 5.

- 1 "BEHOLD the Man," from heav'n descend;
The Man on whom all worlds depend,
Wearing a crown of thorn :
Behold the God in manhood cloth'd,
To sinners kind, by sinners loath'd,
The object of their scorn.
- 2 "Behold the Man," O, christian, see
The Man that groan'd, and died for thee :
Behold him, and admire :
With rev'rence for his sacred name,
With love enkindled to a flame,
Let all our souls aspire.
- 3 "Behold the Man," ye sons of men,
Who, soon on clouds will come again,
And worlds shall him surround.—
Approach the wounds, your sins have made,
And pardon seek, from him whose head,
Once, with rude thorns was crown'd.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 The Man who bore your sins and mine,
In whom all excellences shine,
Holds pardon in his hand :
He wears no thorns, nor mock-robe now :
Heav'n, earth, and hell before him bow,
And wait his dread command.



HOLY SPIRIT.



HYMN 112. C. M.

Creator.

- 1 CREATION'S charms, and each delight,
That nature's form has gain'd,
Sprang from the dark chaotic night,
Where wild confusion reign'd.
- 2 The Spirit mov'd upon the face
Of water, earth, and air ;
Assigning each its work and place,
And they his power declare.
- 3 He bid the solid earth appear,
And bound the swelling wave ;
Enkindled fire, and breath'd the air,
And life to nature gave.
- 4 The midnight shades his hand withdrew,
And fix'd the hours of night ;
Then bade the mid-day sun break through,
With radiant beams of light.
- 5 Thus, in my dark chaotic soul,
He mov'd with power divine,
Its jarring passions to controul,
And with new light to shine.

HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 113. C. M.

The same.

- 1 WHAT mighty acts of God-like power
Are seen in nature's frame;
Earth's massy hills, and heav'n's high tower,
Omnipotence proclaim.
- 2 But nobler work demands my praise,
Where greater power's display'd;
Jehovah hath, by sov'reign grace,
A new creation made.
- 3 From Adam's ruin he selects
The stones which in him fell;
And temples for himself erects,
In which he deigns to dwell.
- 4 The work begun he'll ne'er forsake;
Though earth and hell oppose;
His name and honor are at stake,
To save the men he chose.
- 5 This thought shall cheer my darkest hour,
My God will not forsake;
He new creates me by his power,
And he'll to glory take.

HYMN 114. L. M.

The same.

- 1 MY thoughts, Jehovah's works survey
In heav'n, in earth, in seas, and say
Which of his wonders best proclaim,
The power and wisdom of his name.
- 2 Mark well that penetrating grace,
That quickens all the chosen race,
Subdues the vile, imparts the good,—
This work is worthy of a God.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 To new create such souls as mine,
Demands both skill and power divine ;
None but a God can sin controul,
None but a God convert a soul.
- 4 Where'er he has the work begun,
He never leaves it till 'tis done ;
Though sin and Satan raise their storms,
The Holy Ghost his work performs.
- 5 Ye saints, awake your loudest songs ;
To you this confidence belongs :
God has to you his Spirit given,
And he will bring you safe to heaven.

HYMN 115. C. M.

Preceptor. JOHN xiv. 26.

- 1 WHEN God, the Spirit, comes to men,
To sanctify and teach,
He finds them stubborn, dull, and vain,
And destitute of speech.
- 2 But by his power, he soon imparts,
Perception to the mind ;
Opens their ears, and melts their hearts,
And gives a taste refin'd.
- 3 He takes them to the lowest seat,
And shows them what they are ;
Then brings them to the Saviour's feet,
To learn new lessons there.
- 4 He bids them Sinai's law attend,
And all its curses read ;
Then Calv'ry's rugged hill ascend,
And see the Saviour bleed.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 'Tis he, who does to profit teach ;
Makes babes and idiots wise ;
And all that learn of him shall reach
A throne above the skies.

HYMN 116. 7s.

Remembrancer. JOHN xiv. 26.

- 1 **KIND** Remembrancer of Christ,
Who his precious blood appliest,—
Now thy promis'd work fulfil,
To reveal the Saviour's will.
- 2 Jesus paid our dreadful debt,
Yet his love we oft forget :
Come thou Spirit of the Lord,
Send thine influence abroad.
- 3 Let his love and grace be brought
To each mind, and fill each thought ;
Let its sweet remembrance stay
In our hearts, from day to day.
- 4 While we tarry here below,
More of Jesus make us know ;
Testify of him we love,
Till we see his face above.

HYMN 117. C.M.

Comforter. JOHN xii. 26.

- 1 **WHEN** Zion's sons in sorrow mourn,
And foes and fears oppress ;
Their cries Jehovah will not scorn,
Nor leave them comfortless.
- 2 He sends his Spirit to impart
A sense of pard'ning love,
Drives doubts and darkness from the heart,
And hills of guilt remove.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 The saints in every trying hour,
Shall by his power receive
Some cheering ray, some vital power,
Their sorrows to relieve.
- 4 He stoops to earth and comfort brings ;
Tells of a Saviour's love ;
Then points us to eternal things,
And lifts our hearts above.

HYMN 118. S. M.

The same.

- 1 THE God of Israel knows,
The sorrows of his saints ;
And as their Comforter bestows
A balm for their complaints.
- 2 He breaks the heart of stone,
And wakes the dead in sin :
'Tis he that makes the Saviour known,
And heals the wounds within.
- 3 He comforts drooping souls,
And living water gives,
Innate depravity controuls,
And tempted saints relieves.
- 4 In contrite hearts he dwells,
However mean th' abode ;
Of thrones, and harps, and glory tells,
And cheers them on the road.

HYMN 119. S. M.

The Spirit's Sealing.

- 1 IT is the Lord reveals
To sinners, what they are,
And all the souls his Spirit seals,
Who in his mercy share.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 When he this work performs,
He melts the sinner's heart ;
Then stamps his likeness on us worms,
Which never shall depart.
- 3 This sacred seal is wrought
In Jesus' precious blood ;
The sealed shall to heav'n be brought,
For they are own'd of God.
- 4 Lord set thy seal on me—
Let me thy image bear,
That when thy saints thy glory see,
I may be with them there.

HYMN 120. P. M.

Witness. ROM, viii. 16.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, heav'nly witness,
Whose almighty unction darts,
Life to souls once dead, and fitness
For the heav'nly state imparts ;
Bear thy witness,
To thy work in all our hearts.
- 2 Witness to our souls of Jesus,
Let us now his grace record :
Thou, and thou alone, canst ease us ;
Shed the Saviour's love abroad,
And bear witness,
That we are the sons of God.
- 3 Witness every frame and feeling,
Every want, and every woe ;
And the blood of Christ for healing,
On our helpless souls bestow :
Holy witness,
Let us cov'nant blessings know.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Witness in us, for us, by us,
With thine agency divine ;
Nor in that great day deny us,
When the saints in glory shine ;
Then bear witness,
Of our souls, that they are thine.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Agency with the Word.

- 1 O! What unfading beauties shine
Upon the sacred page!
There Jesus' glories, all divine,
My wond'ring eyes engage.
- 2 Within this ocean, God's own word,
Lie heav'nly pearls conceal'd ;
And, by the Spirit of the Lord,
The treasures are reveal'd.
- 3 The preacher can but reach the ear ;
He penetrates the soul,
Deposits cov'nant blessings there,
And new creates the whole.
- 4 The word 's a letter from above,
Seal'd with the Saviour's blood ;
Each line contains the Father's love ;
The Spirit wrote each word.
- 5 'Tis by his agency alone,
That every saint receives
The word, by which the heart of stone
Is melted, and believes.

HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 122. L. M.

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost." ACTS. xix. 2.

- 1 HO! ye whose anxious seeking minds,
To new pursuits new vigour binds,
This question, sure, concerns you most :
"Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?"
- 2 He comes, and with a powerful ray,
He drives the love of sin away :
Those he wounds deepest love him most ;
"Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?"
- 3 Where'er he comes, he comes to dwell,
And christians like his presence well ;
He fits them for the heavenly host ;
"Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?"
- 4 With love of sin, and cursed pride,
The Holy Ghost will not abide ;
He scorns the Pharisee's vain boast :
"Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?"
- 5 Dear Lord, before thy throne I bow ;
Decide this question for me now ;
Let me this heav'nly guest receive,
And never more thy Spirit grieve.

HYMN 123. 7s.

Invoked.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, heav'nly dove,
Breathe upon us from above,
And with sweet celestial fire,
Zeal inflame, and love inspire.
- 2 On this congregation pour
Heav'nly blessings, like a shower :
Streams of grace upon us shed ;
Teach the living, raise the dead.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Bid each groundless doubt depart ;
Bind up every broken heart,
Warm the frozen, cheer the faint ;
Feed and comfort every saint.
- 4 Every soul do thou engage ;
Every christian's grief assuage ;
Be our counsellor and guide ;
Lead to Jesus crucified.

HYMN 124. P. M.

The same.

- 1 NOW may Jesus send his Spirit,
With a copious shower of grace,
And apply his blood and merit
To our souls within this place ;
Paul may plant, Apollos water,
God alone can increase give,
May some new-born son or daughter,
Now by grace begin to live.
- 2 Careless sinners Lord awaken,
On the dead new life bestow,
And the souls that are mistaken,
Undeceive before they go :
Give some comfort to the mourners,
Take our unbelief away ;
While on earth we are sojourners,
Strength proportion to our day.
- 3 May the precious gospel fountain,
Life and healing now impart,
Let it overflow each mountain,
And descend to every heart :
Water all thy sacred garden,
Nourish every tender vine,
Give thy saints a sense of pardon,
And the glory shall be thine.

HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 125. C. M.

The same.

- 1 BLESSED Spirit own this sacred hour ;
And warm the preacher's heart :
Let every hearer feel thy power,
Ere from thy house we part.
- 2 Direct thine arrows to the souls
Of unconverted men ;
And, while thy servant truth unfolds,
May some be born again.
- 3 Give to thy saints a foretaste sweet
Of thy eternal rest ;
Each seeking soul now deign to meet,
And make each mourner blest.

HYMN 126. L. M.

The same. EZEK. xxxvii. 9.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, heav'nly wind,
Breathe on thy slain among mankind,
Bid the dry scatter'd bones revive,
And make the dead in sin alive.
- 2 Behold how cold and dead we lie,
Send quick'ning unction from on high ;
No sinner in this vale can live,
Till thou the breath of life shalt give.
- 3 Like rushing wind thy power controuls,—
Thy still small voice can comfort souls :
O, breathe upon our souls to-day,
And thus thy sov'reignty display.
- 4 Awake, O, wind, and raise the dead,
Blow fragrance from our Cov'nant Head,
Refresh the trees of righteousness,
And all thy saints with comfort bless.

HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 127. C. M.

The same.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit now descend,
To own thy sacred word ;
Now glorify the sinner's Friend,
And his rich grace afford.
- 2 O, testify of Jesus here,
To every broken heart ;
His righteousness and strength bring near,
And bid each fear depart.
- 3 Come manifest his love to us,
His finished work make known ;
O ! glorify the Saviour thus,
And gather in his own.

HYMN 128. L. M.

The same. ISA. xxvi. 19.

- 1 NOW, Lord, thy Spirit's unction give,
And let thy dead begin to live :
Be it according to thy word,
New life to sinners now afford.
- 2 Are they not thine, though lost and dead ?
Art thou not still their cov'nant Head ?
O, quicken thy dead men by grace,
Raise up an holy heav'n-born race.
- 3 Rais'd up in Christ, O, let us prove,
The height and depth of cov'nant love ;
In heav'nly places sit and sing,
The glories of our conqu'ring King.
- 4 Ere long our slumb'ring dust shall rise,
To join our souls above the skies ;
Then shall our hallelujahs tell,
How Jesus vanquish'd death and hell.

HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 129. C. M.

The same.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, let me know
The love of Christ to me ;
Its conqu'ring quick'ning power bestow,
To set my spirit free.
- 2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length ;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is thine office to reveal
The Saviour's wondrous love ;
O, set upon my heart thy seal,
And bless me from above.
- 4 Thy quick'ning power to me impart ;
And be my constant guide ;
Remove my sorrows—warm my heart,
And be thou glorified.

HYMN 130. P. M.

The same.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, now deliver
All thy saints from slavish fear ;
Thou, of comfort, art the giver,
Rest upon thy people here :
By thine unction,
Bring the Saviour's fulness near.
- 2 Let thy mighty operation,
Every contrite heart revive :
And reveal that full salvation,
By which ruin'd sinners live ;
May thine unction
Pardon, peace, and comfort give.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 'Tis by thy divine anointing,
Ransom'd sinners know the Lord ;
Gospel truths, to Jesus pointing,
Strength, delight, and joy afford,
When thine unction
Rests upon the preached word.
- 4 Come, O come, almighty Teacher,
Let thy people feel thy power ;
On the hearers, and the preacher,
Send a rich refreshing shower,
Of thine unction
In this consecrated hour.

HYMN 131. S. M.

The same.

- 1 OUR souls adore thee, Lord,
For giving means of grace ;
Thy written, and thy preached word
Within this sacred place.
- 2 But gospel means alone,
Can never satisfy ;
O, send thy Holy Spirit down,
With blessings from on high.
- 3 We wait his promis'd aid,
Nor can our souls aspire,
To feast on Christ our living Head,
Without his holy fire.
- 4 O, touch the preacher's tongue,
As with a living coal ;
Enlighten all the ransom'd throng,
And bless each heav'n-born soul.

HOLY SPIRIT:

HYMN 132. P. M.

The same.

- 1 AT Zion's blest gates,
Where Jesus is known ;
Behold, his church waits,
And looks to his throne :
Jehovah the Spirit,
The Saviour reveals,
Applying his merit,
He wounds and he heals.
- 2 He raises the dead,
Gives sight to the blind,
Imparts living bread,
And peace to the mind ;
The joy of salvation,
By him is restor'd,
And rich consolation,
In Jesus the Lord.
- 3 Blest Spirit descend,
With unction divine,
While we shall attend,
This message of thine ;
And let it be crowned
With mighty success,
And thou shalt be owned,
As present to bless.

HYMN 133. 7s.

The same.

- 1 COME, thou blessed Spirit, come,
And conduct thy people home ;
As our Teacher, and our Guide,
Evermore with us abide.
- 2 We are in a desert land,
Foes appear on every hand ;

HOLY SPIRIT.

For thy promis'd aid we pray,
Strength proportion to our day.

3 Lead us through this vale of tears—
Save us from surrounding snares—
Make the precious Saviour known,
And conduct us to his throne.

4 Conquer every inbred sin—
Strengthen us with might within ;
Every thought, and step direct,—
Prove that we are God's elect.

5 Carry on thy work of grace,
Till we see our Father's face—
Sprinkle us with precious blood,
And we'll praise thee as our God.



THE CHURCH.



HYMN 134. S. M.

God's Building. 1 COR. iii. 9.

1 LO! heaven's great architect,
Who form'd the earth and skies,
A holy temple does erect,
Where ruin'd nature lies.

2 Its sacred base is laid
On an eternal rock ;
Though storms, and floods, and foes invade,
It well endures the shock.

3 God takes the meanest sons
Of Adam's fallen race :
And forms them like well polish'd stones,
Cemented by his grace.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 In vain do kings conspire,
To cast this building down,
It gathers strength, it rises higher ;
For 'tis Jehovah's own.
- 5 Shelter'd by cov'nant love,
And God's decrees its walls,
Unshaken it shall stand above,
When earth's huge fabric falls.

HYMN 135. C. M.

Founded on a Rock.

- 1 A BUILDING fair while Atheists mock,
The Church of Christ shall rise ;
Its firm foundation is a Rock,
Which every wave defies.
- 2 While some with basis laid in sand,
Their tow'ring structures rear,
The Church on Christ its Rock shall stand,
Nor floods, nor tempests fear.
- 3 Should all the powers of earth and hell,
Against the Church engage,
Jesus the Rock, secures it well,
From all their power and rage.
- 4 Then let the earth and skies retire,
And nature feel the shock :
Let worlds consume, and time expire,
Jehovah is our Rock.

HYMN 136. S. M.

The Tabernacle of God.

- 1 WHAT condescending love!
Jehovah dwells with man ;
Reveals his glories from above,
And shews his gospel plan.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 His tabernacle stands,
A witness for his name;
Here praying souls lift up their hands,
And Jesus' love proclaim.
- 3 Here will Jehovah dwell,
To manifest his grace :
Here will he rescue souls from hell,
And they shall see his face.
- 4 The altar, and the priest,
The off'ring and the fire ;
The paschal lamb, the gospel feast,
What more can we desire ?
- 5 Here then may I abide,
And meet Jehovah here ;
Gaze on my Saviour's wounded side,
Adore, and love, and fear.

HYMN 137. S. M.

God's Husbandry. 1 Cor. iii. 9.

- 1 FROM nature's barren land,
Beheld a spot inclos'd ;
Planted by an Almighty hand ;
Of fruitful trees compos'd ;
- 2 This husbandry must thrive.
Water'd by heav'nly grace,
All that Jehovah plants, shall live,
And well adorn their place.
- 3 'Tis safely wall'd around,
With purposes divine ;
Jehovah keeps his chosen ground,
He loves his chosen vine.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 The tend'rest weakest saint,
Is his peculiar care ;
He rains down blessings when they faint,
And none can perish there.
- 5 Here may I verdant stand,
And very fruitful prove ;
And grow, when prun'd by Jesus' hand,
In Paradise above.

HYMN 138. S. M.

The little Flock. LUKE xii. 32.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the Shepherd's voice,
Who with his flock appears ;
He bids the tender lambs rejoice,
And banish all their fears.
- 2 Though little here below,
You shall to glory rise :
" Fear not," your Father will bestow
A kingdom in the skies.
- 3 " Fear not ye little flock,"
Whom Jesus Christ redeems ;
'Tis your's to feed beside that Rock,
Which sends forth living streams.
- 4 " Fear not ;" though lions roar,
Your Shepherd guards you well ;
Soon you shall hear their noise no more
But in your kingdom dwell.
- 5 " Fear not ;" believe his word ;
You are to Jesus given ;
'Tis " the good pleasure " of the Lord
To bring you safe to heaven.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 139. P. M.

The Burning Bush. EXOD. iii. 2.

- 1 BEHOLD a Bush that burns with fire ;
Turn, and the wond'rous sight admire,
And sound abroad its fame :
Envelop'd by the vivid blaze,
It sends forth heat, and light displays,
Yet lives amidst the flame.
- 2 Thus has the Church, from age to age,
Surviv'd amidst satanic rage ;
No power her form can crush :
Her beauty, and her strength remains,
And lustre in the furnace gains ;
For God is in the bush.
- 3 Not Egypt's thrall, nor Bab'lon's flame,
Nor tyrants of tremendous name,
Can Zion's strength impair :
The furnace may have seven-fold power,
But not one saint can it devour,
For God is with them there.
- 4 The humble bush, the christian name,
Stands unconsum'd amidst the flame,
And Jesus' power displays :
Love's holy fire still blazes high ;
All other fires it shall outvie,
And burn through endless days.

HYMN 140. C. M.

Inhabitants of the Rock. ISA. xlii. 11.

- 1 FROM Zion's Rock, I hear a song,
Where souls securely dwell ;
With joyful notes the heaven-born throng
Their Saviour's honors tell.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 This Rock is deep, and firm, and high ;
Inhabited by saints,
And smitten to afford supply
To every soul that faints.
- 3 From Zion's Rock, the christian's eye
A glorious vision gains ;
Explores the realms above the sky,
And scorns these sensual plains.
- 4 This Rock's inhabitants, their doubts
And fears may send away ;
Their prayers and their triumphant shouts
Fill Satan with dismay.
- 5 Inhabitants of this great Rock,
Dear Lord, our souls would be ;
Then 'midst earth's final, fatal shock,
We'll sing new songs to thee.

HYMN 141. C. M.

Chosen of God. JOHN xv. 16.

- 1 ZION survey the wond'rous grace,
The God of heav'n displays :
He chose us out of Adam's race :
Awake, and sing his praise.
- 2 We did not, would not choose the Lord,
Until th' appointed hour,
When Jesus shed his love abroad,
With sweet constraining power.
- 3 He chose, because he lov'd to choose,
But ah ! my stubborn heart
Refus'd him, while I could refuse,
And often said depart.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 But when his saving grace I knew,
I made the Lord my choice :
Jesus, created me anew,
And I'll in him rejoice.

HYMN 142. L. M.

The same.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, with cheerful voice ;
Jehovah says you are his choice ;
In the great council held above,
He fix'd on you his boundless love.
- 2 He still pursues the men he chose,
Though they are bent his love t' oppose ;
Till conquer'd by Almighty grace,
They prostrate fall before his face.
- 3 All he has chosen, he ordains ;
They bring forth fruit : their fruit remains ;
Whate'er they ask God will bestow ;
Whene'er in Jesus' name they go.
- 4 He never will revoke his choice ;
In this blest truth his saints rejoice ;
For all he chooses, choose him too,
And he will bring them safely through.

HYMN 143. L. M.

Object of Love.

- 1 JEHOVAH'S love, first chose his saints ;
Love listens now to their complaints ;
Love paid their debt incurr'd by sin ;
Love breaks their hearts, and enters in.
- 2 Thus Father, Son and holy Dove,
The Three in One, a God of love,
Engag'd in cov'nant for our sake :
This three-fold cord can never break.

THE CHURCH.

3 'Tis held in God our Saviour's hand :
Suspended by his own command,
It reaches to the gates of hell,
And rescues souls, with him to dwell.

4 Nor sin nor Satan can devour
The soul that feels its vital power ;
It will not, cannot lose its hold :
Eternal joys it will unfold.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The same.

1 WHAT sacred theme is that, inspires
In every saint, a song ;
And with celestial ardour fires,
The bright angelic throng ?

2 Jehovah's love swells every note,
And sounds from every chord ;
Through distant worlds, and lands remote,
And echoes back to God.

3 He lov'd his saints ere time began,
And gave them to his Son ;
Yea, love contriv'd his cov'nant plan,
And cov'nant work has done.

4 He lov'd his people when they lay
Beneath sin's cruel yoke ;
'Twas love, that stoop'd their debt to pay,
And love their fetters broke.

5 Unchanging love, alone, could bear
With so perverse a race ;
It gives them heav'n, it takes them there,
And tunes their harps to praise.

THE CHURCH.
HYMN 145. C. M.

The same.

- 1 WHAT boundless, and unchanging love,
God has bestow'd on saints ;
'Tis this shall tune their harps above,
And banish their complaints.
- 2 Love plac'd their souls in Jesus' hand,
Who rescu'd them from hell :
By his unchanging love they stand,
And with him hope to dwell.
- 3 'Twas love that brought them to his feet,
And melted down each heart :
His love shall make their bliss complete ;
And ne'er from them depart.
- 4 The drawings of his love shall bring,
Their souls up to his throne :
Of his eternal love to sing,
With rapture here unknown.

HYMN 146. C. M.

Predestinated.

- 1 AMAZING love ! transcendant grace !
Redemption's scheme displays ;
In God's predestinated race,
To his eternal praise.
- 2 His sons, by him, were all foreknown,
And register'd above ;
Predestinated to a crown,
By everlasting love.
- 3 On this eternal, fix'd decree,
All things in time depend ;
Salvation, perfect, full, and free,
And glory without end.
- 4 'Tis God's predestinating love
Transforms the chosen race ;

THE CHURCH.

Prepares the Church for joys above,
And crowns triumphant grace.

HYMN 147. P. M.

The same.

- 1 ARE the saints predestinated,
By the purposes of grace ?
They can never be frustrated,
God will have his chosen race ;
In his kingdom,
All his saints shall see his face.
- 2 Are the saints predestinated,
To a kingdom and a crown ?
Then they shall be new-created,
God will send his Spirit down,
To transform them,
To the image of his Son.
- 3 Are the saints predestinated,
To their mansions built above ?
This rich blessing emanated
From Jehovah's sov'reign love ;
His affection
Never, never shall remove.
- 4 Yes, we are predestinated !
'Tis asserted by the King :
With this precious truth elated,
We will of his mercy sing.
Home to glory
Jesus will his subjects bring.

HYMN 148. L. M.

The same.

- 1 I SING the gracious fix'd decree,
Pass'd by the great ETERNAL THREE,
In council held in heav'n above :
The Lord's predestinating love.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 All that concerns the chosen race,
In nature, providence, and grace ;
Where they shall dwell—and when remove,
Fix'd by predestinating love.
- 3 Their calling, growth, and robes they wear,
Their conflicts, trials, daily care,
Are, for them, well arrang'd above,
By God's predestinating love.
- 4 In this let Zion's sons rejoice,
Their God will not revoke his choice ;
Nor sin, nor death, nor hell, can move
His firm predestinating love.
- 5 This is our bulwark of defence,
Nor foes, nor fiends shall drive us hence :
In life, and death, and realms above,
We'll sing predestinating love.

HYMN 149. 8s.

Covenant Security. ISA. liv. 10.

- 1 MY soul her rich portion surveys,
Which covenant mercy bestows,
And labours to speak forth his praise,
Whose kindness no fickleness knows.
- 2 The mountains and hills he will melt ;
The sea, and the skies shall depart ;
But those who his kindness have felt,
He'll never, no never desert.
- 3 Though earth from its basis must fall,
And heaven's arch'd roof shall remove ;
His promise he will not recall ;
It flows from unchangeable love.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 The armies of Satan below,
With earthly alies may combine ;
The world and its trifles may go ;
I'll glory that Jesus is mine.

HYMN 150. L. M.

The same.

- 1 TH' Eternal three a council held,
Ere time began, or man rebell'd ;
And in unchangeable decrees,
Enroll'd the covenant of peace.
- 2 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, stood forth,
Engag'd to bear his Father's wrath,
His people's mighty debt discharge,
And set their captive souls at large.
- 3 'Twas love, this peaceful cov'nant will'd,
And Christ its various parts fulfil'd ;
In him 'twill stand for ever sure,
When hills and mountains are no more.
- 4 This covenant sweet peace imparts,
To humble souls, and broken hearts :
Nor can its sacred bonds be broke,
Though devils rage, and sins provoke.
- 5 Its sacred blessings shall extend,
From age to age, and never end ;
The Church below and Church above,
Live on Jehovah's cov'nant love.

HYMN 151. L. M.

The same.

- 1 FIRM as the lofty throne of God,
Abides th' unalterable word,
Which heaven's eternal counsel gave,
Sin to destroy, the Church to save.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 What scripture promises record,
Must stand ; for God fulfils his word :
He'll burn the earth, and dry the seas,
But never alter his decrees.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, with all your host
Expire ; this word is still my trust ;
It has a quick'ning, saving power,
And will support my dying hour.
- 4 Eternal ages, vast abyss !
Shall mark the love and faithfulness,
Of him whose covenant and word,
Shall everlasting joy afford.

HYMN 152. C.M.

Covenant Love.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul and join the song,
Which swells the choir above ;
No theme so well employs the tongue,
As Jesus' cov'nant love.
- 2 When o'er the wond'rous scheme of grace,
In Bible truth I rove ;
I see the worst of Adam's race,
Are sav'd by cov'nant love.
- 3 My Surety's work, my Father's word,
For ever firm shall prove ;
The Spirit's graces all afford
Sweet proofs of cov'nant love.
- 4 My life, and strength, and joy, and peace,
My hope of bliss above—
My union with the Prince of Peace,
All flow from cov'nant love.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 Here then I'll sit, and live, and die,
Nor once from hence remove :
Yea, when I sit with Christ on high,
I'll sing of cov'nant love.

HYMN 153. S. M.

Owned of God.

- 1 ZION, belov'd of God,
No more to doubts incline :
Hear the sweet accents of his word :
"Fear not, for thou art mine."
- 2 "Ere chaos heard my voice,
"Or stars began to shine,
"Thou wast the object of my choice,
"And ever shall be mine."
- 3 "I bought thee with my blood ;
"I save when foes combine;
"I'll conquer, though thou hast withstood,
"And make thee wholly mine."
- 4 O, that my soul could claim
A priv'lege so divine ;
I would exult in Jesus' name ;
"I'm his, and he is mine."

HYMN 154. L. M.

Owned, and owning Christ.

- 1 HARK ! O, my soul, it is the voice
Of Jesus, listen and rejoice !
He speaks, the sentence is divine,
Fear not, believer, thou art mine.
- 2 Created, chosen, bought with blood ;
Thou dost, thou shalt belong to God ;
Lord 'tis enough, I am thy own,
And thou wilt take me to thy throne.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Ere since I fell before thy face,
And sought the riches of thy grace ;
Thy conquests, blessings, work divine,
And my surrender, prove me thine.
- 4 Now Lord I'll triumph in thy love :
All thine shall reign with thee above :
In life and death I'll sing of this,
Thy saints shall reign with thee in bliss.

HYMN 155. L. M.

Gathered to Christ,

- 1 JEHOVAH bids his heralds go—
The blessed Gospel Trumpet blow—
And Israel's outcasts, dead in sin,
By sov'reign grace are gather'd in.
- 2 The dear Redeemer knows his own,
Views them with pleasure from his throne,
And gathers all his chosen band,
Of every tribe, from every land.
- 3 Though lost, and ruin'd, lame and blind,
He leaves not one of them behind—
They cost no less than precious blood ;
And he will bring them home to God.
- 4 The Father sent him forth to save,
All that in covenant he gave :
Responsible for every soul,
He gathers in, and saves the whole.

HYMN 156. C. M.

They shall come.

- 1 THE people of Jehovah's choice,
Are register'd on high,
And they shall hear his sov'reign voice,
And by his grace draw nigh.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Far off, deprav'd, and prone to stray,
But they shall surely come,
For cov'nant love marks out the way,
And brings the outcasts home.
- 3 Yes, they shall come, 'tis heaven's decree,
They shall to Jesus bow—
This precious *shall come* conquer'd me,
And gives me comfort now.
- 4 I wander'd from him while I could,
Till *shall come* stopt my feet ;
And now, through Jesus' precious blood,
I shall come to his seat.

HYMN 157. L. M.

The same.

- 1 ALL hail, thou great Redeemer, hail !
We know thy promise cannot fail ;
Thy ransom'd family shall come,
To their prepar'd eternal home.
- 2 Shall come ! this truth demands a song,
From all the blest returning throng ;
Satan must yield his long held prey,
When Jesus bids them come away.
- 3 Nor sins, nor doubts, nor foes can keep
The least of Jesus' ransom'd sheep—
They shall come to his sacred fold,
Whom he engag'd to save of old.
- 4 His name, his honor, and his blood,
Are pledg'd to bring them home to God ;
And all his church shall come, and prove
Jehovah's free unchanging love.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 158. S. M.

The same. ISAII. XXXV. 10.

- 1 JESUS redeem'd his saints,
From everlasting woe :
And he attends to their complaints,
While trav'ling here below.
- 2 He paid the ransom price,
In his most precious blood ;
Thus freed from slavery and vice,
They shall return to God.
- 3 Whatever may oppose,
They shall return, and come
To Zion, where true pleasure grows,
To their eternal home.
- 4 They shall obtain delight,
And everlasting joy—
They shall possess the realms of light,
And sin no more annoy.
- 5 Sorrow and sighs shall flee
Away from their abode ;
And their transported souls shall see
Their Saviour, and their God.

HYMN 159. S. M.

Gospel Provision. MAT. xxii. 4.

- 1 WHAT sweet melodious voice
Is this salutes my ear ?
“All things are ready !”—Man rejoice,
And to this feast draw near.
- 2 No more your substance waste,
On vanities and toys :
“All things are ready !” come, and taste
Of pure and solid joys.

THE CHURCH.

3 All God and heaven require,
And all that sinners need,—
All is prepar'd that saints desire :—
Come, hungry souls, and feed.

4 Millions of souls have shar'd,
In this delightful feast ;
And yet there is enough prepar'd,
For millions more to taste.

HYMN 160. S. M.

The Church's Invitation.

1 YE blessed of the Lord,
Whose souls hate every sin ;
Why should you longer stand abroad ?
Since Jesus says, “ come in.”

2 Your souls have often shar'd
In blessings from above :
Your Father has his house prepar'd ;
“ Come in,” and taste his love.

3 Can you his kindness doubt ?
No, you can trust his grace ;
Then wherefore stand you still without ?
“ Come in,” and see his face.

4 Do many scruples rise ?
Does Satan bid you stay ?
“ Come in thou blessed,” Jesus cries,
Then why should you delay ?

5 Christ and his church invite,
And you would glory win ;
In heavenly things your souls delight ;
“ Ye bless'd of God, come in.”

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 161. C. M.

The same. GENESIS xxiv. 31.

- 1 "COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
"Why standest thou without?"
Receive the comforts of his word,
And banish every doubt.
- 2 "Come thou with us," to Christ's abode ;
We'll take you by the hand ;
Christ will support us on the road,
And give the promis'd land.
- 3 We 're glad to hear what God hath done,
And glad the change to see :
With joy and gladness still go on,
Till glory gladdens thee.
- 4 And when we leave the church below,
Made free from every sin,
And, to the church triumphant go,
Our God will say, "come in."

HYMN 162. C. M.

The same. NUM. x. 29.

- 1 WHEN souls from Satan's bondage freed,
To Canaan urge their way ;
Inviting all the sons of need :
"Come thou with us," they say.
- 2 "Come thou with us ;" for Israel's God
Has spoken good to saints ;
He will perform his sacred word,
And banish their complaints.
- 3 "Come thou with us : " why shouldst thou stay
To feed on husks and toys :
Since Jesus condescends to say
He'll give substantial joys ?

THE CHURCH.

- 4 "Come thou with us : " we'll do thee good,
While trav'ling on the road :
Our God will daily find us food,
And give us his abode.

HYMN 163. S. M.

We will go with you.

- 1 YES, we will go with you,
In Jesus blest employ ;
To prove his loving-kindness true,
And his sweet smiles enjoy.
- 2 Yes, we will go with you,
Along the heavenly road ;
Till Jesus brings us safely through,
Up to his blest abode.
- 3 Yes, we will go with you,
In all the means of grace ;
Till our Redeemer's face we view,
In yon celestial place.
- 4 Yes, we will go with you,
Led on by Jesus' hand,
To sing the song that 's ever new,
In our Immanuel's land.

HYMN 164. C. M.

" Yet there is Room."

- 1 YE trembling souls, with guilt oppress'd,
Attend the gospel's sound :
In Jesus' arms, and on his breast,
There's room for sinners found.
- 2 Thousands his boundless love can tell,
And prove the statement true ;
Who, while they in his bosom dwell,
Exclaim, " there's room for you."

THE CHURCH.

- 3 David, Manasseh, Peter, Saul,
And Magdalene can shew,
How they were sav'd from sin and thrall,
And say, "there 's room for you."
- 4 See Christ invites, and calls you home :
Angels stand beck'ning too ;
The church with open arms says, " come,
" There yet is room for you."

HYMN 165. S. M.

Zion's Increase.

- 1 ZION, behold thy sons
And daughters, as foretold,
In order stand, like polish'd stones,
Or jewels set in gold.
- 2 Zion aloud rejoice,
At trophies newly won,
While saints proclaim with cheerful voice,
What God for them has done.
- 3 Zion, expand thine arms ;
Receive the new-born race ;
Attracted by the Saviour's charms,
And saved by his grace.
- 4 Zion, adore thy King,
Whose sov'reign grace, alone,
New converts from the world can bring,
And claim them for his own.
- 5 Zion, unceasing pray,
Till Satan's banners fall ;
Till Jesus shall his sceptre sway,
And be ador'd by all.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 166. L. M.

"He must increase."

- 1 LET every land a tribute bring,
To Jesus our Almighty King ;
His power and sov'reignty confess,
And trust his finish'd righteousness.
- 2 His Kingdom form'd of Adam's race ;—
His throne, the throne of truth and grace ;
His name, his honor and his peace,
Extending wide must still increase.
- 3 "He must increase," for heaven's decree
Has made him Lord of earth and sea :
"He must increase," till at his feet
His conquer'd enemies submit.
- 4 "He must increase," by gath'ring in
His ransom'd tribes, from death and sin ;
Till thrones and powers, and empires fall,
And Jesus shall be all in all.
- 5 "He must increase," till time expires,
Then he will grant his saints' desires ;
Burn up the world, and rend the sky,
And reign to all eternity.

HYMN 167. C. M.

"Thy Kingdom come."

- 1 WHEN Jesus Christ his sceptre sways,
To bring his wand'ers home ;
Each heav'n-born soul with fervour prays,
Lord let thy kingdom come.
- 2 Its righteousness, and peace, and joy,
Thou hast bestow'd on some ;
And all thy foes thou wilt destroy,
Then shall thy kingdom come.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Employ thy power, reveal thy grace,
And make gainsayers dumb ;
Send forth thy truth to every place,
Thus let thy kingdom come.
- 4 Thy ransom'd throng must be brought nigh,
Though far from thee they roam ;
Reign, mighty Lord, thy people cry,
And let thy kingdom come.
- 5 In us and for us, Saviour reign,
Till we arrive at home ;
We hail that day, and cry again,
Thy glorious kingdom come.

HYMN 168. P. M.

Extending.

- 1 SEE, from Zion's fountain, rises
Life's rich stream, whose rolling tide
All impediments despises ;
Rising high and spreading wide,
It dispenses
Life from Jesus crucified.
- 2 Barren sands, and lofty mountains,
Open channels for its course ;
And all other streams and fountains,
Dry away before its force :
This is daily
Well supplied from Christ its source.
- 3 Flow ye waves to every nation,
Every tribe, and every tongue,
Till the blessings of salvation,
Visit all the ransom'd throng,
And the Saviour's
Praises through the earth are sung.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 Jesus, let thy gospel river
Spread its blessings all around ;
Loudest songs to thee the giver,
Shall throughout thy church resound :
And for ever
Lord of all thou shalt be crown'd.

HYMN 169. C. M.

Betrothed to Christ.

- 1 I SING the everlasting love
Of Jesus to his bride,
The bond of union form'd above,
Which none can put aside.
- 2 He lov'd and chose her for his own,
Amazing act of grace !
She loves and bows before his throne,
When he reveals his face.
- 3 Yes, he betroth'd his Church in love,
And will not change his mind ;
Nor can he once unfaithful prove,
He 's ever just and kind.
- 4 Delightful union !—happy bride !
Christ and his Church are one ;
'Tis his to cherish and provide,
Her life is Christ alone.

HYMN 170. L. M.

Union with Christ.

- 1 BLEST union ! form'd by love divine,
Christ says I'm his, and he is mine ;
His choice he never will revoke,
Nor let his cov'nant bond be broke.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Here 's love ! I'll tell it all around ;
A God—a worm in union found !
Jesus, the monarch of the skies,
Owns me as precious in his eyes.
- 3 Yes, I'm united to the King,
And of his glories I must sing ;
He takes my guilt, gives me his grace,
That I may live in his embrace.
- 4 Yes, Jesus and my soul are one,
I've life and bliss in him alone ;
Because he lives, I live to prove,
His sov'reign everlasting love.

HYMN 171. C. M.

The same.

- 1 AND is my soul and Jesus one ?
Is he my cov'nant Head ?
Was it for me he left his throne,
Obey'd the law, and bled ?
- 2 And is my soul and Jesus one,
In everlasting ties ?
O, matchless mercy—grace unknown,
And love that never dies !
- 3 And is my soul and Jesus one ?
Betroth'd to him in love ?
Will he so vile a sinner own,
And faithful to me prove ?
- 4 And is my soul and Jesus one ?
Does he possess my heart ?
Then he will take me to his throne,
For we can never part !

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 172. 7s.

The same.

- 1 ONE with Christ ! O blissful thought !
We are by his Spirit taught ;
On his fulness now we live,
Grace for grace we thence receive.
- 2 One with Christ ! ye saints rejoice,
As the objects of his choice ;
He will every want supply,
While he lives we cannot die.
- 3 One with Christ ! for ever one !
Debts are paid, and work is done :
Grace and glory both are given,
We are on our way to heaven.

HYMN 173. C. M.

No Separation. ROMANS viii. 39.

- 1 BLEST truth! the church and Christ are one,
In bonds the most secure :
No separation can be known,
While endless years endure.
- 2 No separation ! is proclaim'd,
In God's unerring word :
Christ is not of his bride ashamed,
Then let her own her Lord.
- 3 No separation ! cheers my heart,
And bids my fears subside ;
My soul and Jesus cannot part,
For me he liv'd and died.
- 4 No separation ! precious thought,
Then Christ is with me here ;
And home to heaven I must be brought,
For Jesus Christ is there.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 No separation ! this decree
Of everlasting love,
Is fix'd by the ETERNAL THREE,
And never can remove.

HYMN 174. C. M.

Precious to Christ. ISAIAH xliii. 4.

- 1 NOW let Jehovah's cov'nant love
To saints, employ my breath ;
Its constancy shall always prove
The same, in life and death.
- 2 Belov'd and precious in his sight,
Before all worlds they stood ;
Their souls were always his delight,
They cost him precious blood.
- 3 Yes, they are precious while they live,
And precious when they die ;
So precious, that to them he'll give
Most precious crowns on high.
- 4 So precious, that his grace and power
Conspire to make them blest ;
So precious at their dying hour,
He takes them to his breast.
- 5 So precious, that he has engrav'd
Their names upon his hand ;
So precious that they shall be sav'd,
And in his presence stand.
- 6 Hear, O my soul, what Jesus saith,
Nor tremble to depart ;
For all his saints, in life and death,
Are precious to his heart.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 175. C. M.

Preserved in Christ.

- 1 HOW safe are all the chosen race,
Preserv'd in Christ their Head;
Before he calls them by his grace,
And after calling led.
- 2 Preserv'd in Christ, and taught to love
His name, his saints, his word :
Preserv'd to gain a throne above,
And praise and love the Lord.
- 3 Preserv'd, when earth and hell oppose,
Preserv'd in life and death,
Preserv'd, when wrath destroys their foes,
And vict'ry crowns their faith.
- 4 Preserv'd 'midst Satan's fiery darts,
Through all this wilderness :
Preserv'd from vile depraved hearts,
For everlasting bliss.

HYMN 176. C. M.

Church Union.

- 1 GREAT King of saints, before whose face
The highest angel bows ;
Fix in this church thy dwelling-place,
And hear our solemn vows.
- 2 Let heaven our union record,
And God himself approve,
And rich supplies of grace afford,
To perfect us in love.
- 3 Like a well-marshall'd troop, may we
Engage with Zion's foes ;
Each take his part, and all agree,
Satan and sin t' oppose.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 As holy brethren may we stand
Unblamable in love ;
Built up and nourish'd by thy hand,
To join the church above.
- 5 Here let thy word be cloth'd with power
To wound, and wounds to heal :
And heavenly blessings, like a shower,
May saints and sinners feel.
- 6 Awake, awake, O arm of God :
Let Zion's sons increase :
Go on to conquer by thy word,
Till conquest ends in peace.

HYMN 177. C. M.

The same.

- 1 LET party names no more be known,
Among the ransom'd throng ;
For Jesus claims them for his own,
To him they all belong.
- 2 One in their cov'nant Head and King,
They should be one in heart ;
Of one salvation all should sing,
Each claiming his own part.
- 3 One bread, one family, one rock,
One building, form'd by love,
One fold, one Shepherd, yea, one flock,
They shall be one above.
- 4 One city, rul'd by laws divine ;
" Peace be within her walls ;"
Zion shall in full glory shine,
When Satan's empire falls.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 178. C. M.

Congratulation.

- 1 HAIL, happy souls, belov'd of God,
Before the world began ;
Come, sound Jehovah's grace abroad,
And tell his love to man.
- 2 Come, claim your portion, own your King,
Come live upon your God ;
Of wealth, and life, and honour sing,
And cov'nant love record.
- 3 Thrice happy souls, look up and run,
With joy the christian's race ;
Your happiness is but begun,
Go on to Christ's embrace.
- 4 There, in the fulness of his love,
Your happy souls shall rest,
Absorb'd in Jesus' charms above,
To be for ever blest.

HYMN 179. C. M.

Communion.

- 1 HAIL, fellow citizens, all hail !
Come, urge your humble claim
To all that heaven's decrees entail,
And bless your Sov'reign's name.
- 2 Strangers, and foreigners we stood,
Far off—a rebel race ;
But Jesus brought us nigh by blood,
And made us free by grace.
- 3 Now, introduced by Zion's King
To his own household, saints,
Enjoy your priv'leges and sing,
Till songs shall drown complaints.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 Put on your costly royal dress,
On royal bounties live ;
Love all that wear Christ's righteousness,
And glory to him give.
- 5 No more estrang'd, far off, unknown,
But organized in love :
Wait, look, and long to gain the throne,
And dwell with Christ above.

HYMN 180. C. M.

The same. MAT. iii. 16.

- 1 THE holy souls who fear the Lord,
And love the Saviour's name,
Draw comfort from his sacred word,
And his rich grace proclaim.
- 2 They often to each other speak,
Of Jesus' dying love ;
Each other's special welfare seek,
And mutual comfort prove.
- 3 Christ is to them a theme most sweet,
His glory, truth and grace,
His life, his death, his work complete,
And smilings of his face.
- 4 Their holy intercourse, imparts
New fervour to their souls,
Revives their faith, warms all their hearts,
And sorrow's flood controuls.
- 5 Jehovah hears, and well approves,
And writes down every thought ;
Such heaven-aspiring souls he loves,
They shall to heaven be brought.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 181. P. M.

Temple. 1 COR. iii. 16.

- 1 SEE, my soul a structure, rising
From the wreck of Adam's race :
'Midst ten thousand foes, despising,
'Tis the work of sov'reign grace ;
Blessed Temple
Here Jehovah shows his face.
- 2 By eternal love contrived,
Built with precious polish'd stones,
All its glory is derived
From the blood which there atones :
In this Temple
God himself our worship owns.
- 3 Here's the ark, the priest, and altar,
Incense, bread, and holy fire ;—
Sacrifice for each defaulter ;—
All that God and heaven require :
Sacred Temple
God and man thy walls admire.
- 4 Oh ! my soul art thou united
To the Temple of the Lord ?
Then he has in thee delighted,
And thou shalt his love record :
In his Temple
Be his holy name ador'd.

HYMN 182. L. M.

City of God.

- 1 BELOVED City, chosen ground,
Wall'd with salvation all around :
Let all thy gates with praises ring,
JEHOVAH JESUS is thy King.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Set on the hill of sov'reign love,
Angels admire thee from above :
While devils rage, and men despise,
Thy glory and thy fame shall rise.
- 3 Thy citizens are born of God,
Thy statutes are Jehovah's word,
Thy sure provision cov'nant grace,
Thy faithful watchmen seek thy peace.
- 4 City of truth, I love thee well,
With thy blest citizens I'll dwell :
I love thy law—I love thy King—
He lov'd me first,—his love I'll sing.

HYMN 183. P. M.

Glorious things spoken of the City of God.

PSA. lxxxvii. 3.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
Jesus' word cannot be broken,
Let us sound his fame abroad :
King immortal,
Praise his name with one accord.
- 2 'Tis his purpose, will, and pleasure,
Ever in his church to dwell ;
There to open all his treasure,
And supply his people well :
He defends them
From the rage of earth and hell.
- 3 Converts born, and freedom granted,
Zion shall in safety rest ;
For her King gives all that 's wanted,
At each citizen's request :
Jesus reigning
Makes his church completely blest.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 Happy souls who know and fear him,
Citizens, by grace made free,
Daily favour'd to draw near him,
Where he is you soon shall be ;
In his beauty,
We shall soon King Jesus see.

HYMN 184. C. M.

Bless thine inheritance. PSALM xxviii. 9.

- 1 BLESS thine inheritance, O God,
Thy lov'd, and chosen race,
The purchase of the Saviour's blood,
The subjects of thy grace.
- 2 Bless them with every promis'd good,
Which cov'nant love provides ;
Bless them with bread of life for food,
And living streams besides.
- 3 Bless them with liberty and peace ;
Bless them with light and love ;
Bless them thro' time, till time shall cease,
And with thyself above.

HYMN 185. L. M.

God's care of his Church.

- 1 WHEN clouds around our Zion rise,
And mortals dare our Christ despise ;
God's remnant is his special care,
Though peel'd and scatter'd, here and there.
- 2 They are th' election of his grace,
Though but a remnant of our race ;
For ever dear to Jesus' heart,
And with them he will never part.
- 3 The choice of his eternal love,
Shall reign with Jesus Christ above ;
He calls, and conquers them by grace,
And they shall see his lovely face.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 186. L. M.

Zion's Prosperity.

- 1 BLEST be the God of sov'reign grace;
Who owns his word within this place ;
Pours out his Spirit like a shower,
And makes poor sinners feel his power.
- 2 Here hungry souls have oft been fed,
With sav'ry meat, and living bread ;
Truth, cloth'd with power, unfolds free grace,
And sanctifies the chosen race.
- 3 Here gospel liberty is known,
While gospel fruits are daily shown ;
Here pleasures like a river flow,
And Jesus sees his kingdom grow.
- 4 Here God the Father's love is nam'd—
Here God the Saviour is proclaim'd—
Here God the Spirit sets his seal,
And souls, once dead, begin to feel.
- 5 Here, then, we'll sound Jehovah's praise,
Glad to behold, and feel his grace—
Joy in the wonders he has done,
Still praying, LET THY WORK GO ON.

HYMN 187. L. M.

God glorified in his Church.

- 1 WHEN Jesus' mighty sov'reign grace,
Transforms and saves the chosen race ;
The glories of the Godhead shine,
Through all the scheme of love divine.
- 2 The Father's choice is thus reveal'd—
With Jesus' blood the man is seal'd—
The Spirit's power is felt and known—
And God is glorified alone.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Proud rebels tremble at his voice,
Believers wonder and rejoice,
The church extends on every side,
And Israel's God is glorified.
- 4 Lord, let thy triumphs still go on;
Arrest—renew—bring in thine own;
Complete thy church as Jesus' bride.
And be for ever glorified.

HYMN 188. P. M.

Exhorted to aspire, ISAIAH lii. 1.

- 1 AWAKE! awake! ye saints of God,
Redeem'd and cleans'd with precious blood,
In Christ pronounced just:
Your beauteous garments daily wear,—
Let your true dignity appear,
And shake yourselves from dust.
- 2 Why should this world delight you so?
Why grovel in the dust below?
Your portion is in heaven.
O, hear your glorious Bridegroom say,
"Rise up my love and come away,"
Eternal life is given.
- 3 Akin to Jesus—heirs of bliss,
Haste through this dreary wilderness,
Regardless of its toys:
A few more steps will bring us through,
Then we shall Jesus' glories view,
In everlasting joys.

HYMN 189. L. M.

Distinction from the World.

- 1 SHALL Zion's sons forget their birth,
And join the slaves of sin on earth?
Forbid it Lord! thy people cry,
For we are thine by every tie.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Let mighty grace within us reign,
Our high distinction to maintain ;
A holy seed—a chosen race,
Destin'd to dwell in thine embrace.
- 3 Can Jesus' friends, and Jesus' foes,
So well agree as not t' oppose ?
As well might light and darkness meet,
As God and Mammon hold one seat.
- 4 Lord, let thy ransom'd church be freed,
From all that are the serpent's seed ;
And all thy saints, through sprink'ling blood,
Be kept still living near to God.

HYMN 190. C. M.

Anticipating Heaven.

- 1 A HELPLESS sinner, sav'd by grace,
O'ercome by sov'reign love :
Father, I long to see thy face,
And dwell with thee above.
- 2 Just on the verge of death I stand,
Still waiting to be gone,
Away from earth, to Christ's right hand,
A partner of his throne.
- 3 My seat, my crown, my hârp of gold,
All wait till I arrive ;
There I shall Jesus' face behold,
And with him ever live.
- 4 Strange ! that my soul should cleave to dust,
With death and heaven so nigh ;
Begone, vain world, my spirit must,
Aspire to dwell on high.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 Yes, I shall leave this cage of clay,
When Jesus bids me come ;
To reign with him in endless day,
My everlasting home.

HYMN 191. C. M.

The same.

- 1 JESUS, thy presence here below,
Is life itself to me ;
But still I wait and long to know,
What perfect spirits see.
- 2 Freed from distress, and sin and hell,
They gaze on Jesus' face ;
Wrapt up in Deity, they dwell,
And sing redeeming grace.
- 3 The fulness of their joys above,
My heaven-born spirit craves,
All flowing from eternal love,
And borne on crimson waves.
- 4 Ten thousand pleasures I shall taste,
With Jesus Christ on high,
And every one of them shall last,
To all eternity.

HYMN 192. C. M.

unto him that loved us, &c. REV. i. 5.

- 1 SING unto him who lov'd and bled,
Ye heaven-born sinners sing ;
'Twas Jesus suffer'd in your stead,
Own him, your God and King.
- 2 He wash'd us in his precious blood,
From every guilty stain ;
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with him reign.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Sing of his everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows ;
Sing to him here, then sing above,
Of all that he bestows.
- 4 To him that lov'd us, when deprav'd,
Yea, guilty, blind, and poor ;
To him that lov'd, and died, and sav'd,
Be glory evermore.

HYMN 193. C. M.

Preserved. ACTS xxvii. 44.

- 1 ON life's tempestuous ocean, glides
A vessel built by God :
'Midst rocks, and shoals, and swelling tides,
She spreads her sails abroad.
- 2 Her mariners Jehovah chose,
Her pilot is the Lord ;
She touches islands as she goes,
Sinners to take on board.
- 3 Truth is her compass, love her sail,
And heavenly grace her store :
The Spirit's influence the gale,
That wafts her to the shore.
- 4 Nor winds, nor waves her progress check,
Her course, she must pursue :
And though she often fears a wreck,
She's sav'd with all her crew.
- 5 On boards, and broken pieces tost,
And death each hour at hand :
Yet none who trust to Christ, are lost,
But all come safe to land.

THE CHURCH.

- 6 Each soul to Christ the Lord is given,
And purchas'd with his blood :
The vessel is insur'd in heaven,
And God will make it good.

HYMN 194. L. M.

Because I live ye shall live also. JOHN xiv. 19.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Prince of life and grace,
To all the ransom'd heaven-born race ;
“ Because I live, your souls shall live,”
“ For I will grace and glory give.”
- 2 Dear Jesus how thy charming voice,
Makes my poor guilty soul rejoice ;
’Tis sov’reign love my sin forgives,
And I shall live, for Jesus lives.
- 3 Nor law, nor curse, nor sin, nor death,
Can alter what my Saviour saith ;
His voice my trembling soul revives,
I live because my Jesus lives.

HYMN 195. C. M.

The Church above.

- 1 **ON** Zion’s hill there stands a throng,
Redeem’d of Adam’s race :
Christ is the burden of their song,
And they behold his face.
- 2 Once, they were sunk in guilt and woe,
In mis’ry and disgrace :
But now the Saviour’s love they know,
And see his glorious face.
- 3 While on their heavenly pilgrimage,
They mourn’d their tardy pace ;
But Jesus did his word engage,
That “ they should see his face.”

THE CHURCH.

- 4 They are the objects of his love,
The subjects of his grace :
And now they dwell in heaven above,
Where they behold his face.
- 5 Their triumph, now, is made complete,
Hosannas fill the place :
They cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,
And gaze upon his face.

HYMN 196. C. M.

The same. JOHN. xiv. 2.

- 1 IN yonder realms, where Jesus reigns,
Upon his Father's throne ;
Each ransom'd soul a mansion gains,
And claims it as his own.
- 2 Built on his purposes of love,
Prepar'd by hands divine,
Within the Father's house above,
Where endless glories shine.
- 3 There in the Saviour's kind embrace,
His chosen tribes abide,
Still gazing on his lovely face,
And his once bleeding side.
- 4 Is there, dear Lord, a place for me,
Prepar'd and freely given ?
Where Jesus is, I long to be,
For there I find my heaven.

HYMN 197. C. M.

The same.

- 1 TO God's right hand, where joys abound,
And pleasures never die,
Where Seraph's songs harmonious sound,
I cast a wishful eye.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 The joy, the ecstasy, the love,
The glories of the place,
And all the pleasures known above,
Shine forth in Jesus' face.
- 3 Though in the churches here below,
A taste of heaven is sweet;
To that above I fain would go,
Where pleasures are complete.
- 4 Here sins, and doubts, and fears annoy,
And lessen my delight;
There fulness dwells of peace and joy,
Nor clouds obstruct the sight.
- 5 When my transported soul shall quit
This cumb'rous load of clay,
With saints and angels I shall sit,
And sing as loud as they.

HYMN 198. S. M.

Watchman. ISAIAH lxii. 6.

- 1 HARK! Zion's Monarch calls
His church, his constant care;
Appoints salvation for her walls,
And sets his watchmen there.
- 2 He bids them lift their voice,
And never hold their peace,
Until Jerusalem rejoice,
And through the earth increase.
- 3 Fearless and bold they stand,
In Jesus' precious name;
Attentive to their King's command,
And all his truth proclaim.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 When Zion's foes invade,
Her watchmen sound th' alarm;
And when her children are afraid,
They point to Jesus' arm.
- 5 Made faithful to their trust,
They cannot, will not, spare,
Their King is holy, true and just,
To recompence their care.

HYMN 199. C. M.

"For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace. ISA I. lxii .1.

- 1 ENOUGH to make the dumb to sing!
And who can hold is peace?
When God shall full salvation bring,
And Zion shall increase.

- 2 It shall go forth, it is decreed,
Bright as the shining sun:
Ye saints, behold your Surety bleed,
And sing, "the work is done."

- 3 Salvation as a lamp that burns,
Goes forth in gospel grace;
It melts and warms, illumines and turns,
The ransom'd chosen race.

- 4 I will not, cannot, hold my peace,
Till God the Holy Ghost
Sends forth salvation all of grace,
And calls the ransom'd host.

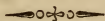
- 5 It shall go forth, and burn and shine,
Till time itself shall cease;
I'll preach it, sing it, call it mine,
And never hold my peace.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 200. L. M.

Economy of Grace. TITUS ii. 11, &c.

- 1 IN council held in heaven above,
God fix'd upon his church, his love ;
Redemption's scheme so great and kind,
Gain'd birth in his eternal mind.
- 2 Thus gospel grace with God began,
And brought salvation down to man,
Reveals the Saviour to the heart,
New cov'nant blessings to impart.
- 3 Where'er it comes with saving power,
Satan, and sin can reign no more ;
A holy principle is given,
And holiness prepares for heaven.
- 4 Since grace and glory are the same,
Except in their degree and name ;
If I the work of grace can prove,
It will be perfected above.
- 5 O, may this grace appear to me ;
May this salvation set me free ;
All worldly lusts may I deny,
And holy live, and holy die.
- 6 Grace brings salvation from above,
The gift of everlasting love ;
Complete and perfect, just and pure,
Hence all the church must be secure.
- 7 The Father's honor he'll maintain,
And Jesus shall for ever reign ;
The Spirit's unction shall be given,
And all the church brought home to heaven.



BAPTISM.

HYMN 201. C. M.

Apostolic Commission. MAT. xxviii. 19.

- 1 WHEN Christ ascended to the skies,
He bid his saints proclaim
His glorious gospel, and baptize
All nations in his name.
- 2 Th' apostles, at their Lord's command,
With zeal their course pursue ;
Preach and baptize in every land,
Adults and infants too.
- 3 We tread their steps, their privilege prize,
And thus obey our Lord :
Our tender infants we baptize,
And teach them Jesus' word.
- 4 We bring them to the Saviour's church,
Nor rob them of their right ;
Since he has said, that many such
Shall dwell before his sight.

HYMN 202. C. M.

An Ancient Rite.

- 1 WHEN Israel's tribes from Egypt freed,
Were brought to Canaan's land,
They circumcis'd their infant seed,
By a divine command.
- 2 The Jewish church did not neglect
This precept to obey ;
And shall the christian church reject,
And cast their babes away ?
- 3 No, Lord, it is thy gracious will,
Children should be baptiz'd ;
And we obey thy precepts still,
Although they are despis'd.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Accept th' obedience of our hands,
And bless our infant race ;
And while we teach them thy commands,
O, save them by thy grace.

HYMN 203. C. M.

Scripture Examples.

- 1 JEHOVAH, Jesus, sov'reign Lord,
Who was an infant born,
We love the precepts of thy word,
Which well thy church adorn.
- 2 Elkanah knew thy holy will,
And Hannah fear'd the Lord :
We follow their example still,
And give this child to God.
- 3 Joseph and Mary dedicate
The holy, promis'd seed ;
We their example imitate :
May God approve the deed.
- 4 Stephanus, and the Jailer too,
Good Abra'm's priv'lege prize ;
Cornelius, we with Lydia view,
And our dear babes baptize.
- 5 The sign, alone is our's to give ;
Thine is the cleansing grace ;
Prepare this infant, Lord, to live
Forever near thy face.

HYMN 204. C. M.

Design of Baptism.

- 1 OBEDIENT to thy written word,
While faith on thee relies,
We now appear before thee, Lord,
This infant to baptize.

BAPTISM.

- 2 Its soul, like our's, is stain'd and dyed,
Pollution dwells within ;
But sprinkling blood, by thee applied,
Will make it pure and clean.
- 3 The sacred emblem now we use,
With water we baptize :
Do thou thy Spirit's grace diffuse,
Our faith to realize.
- 4 We dedicate it as thy word
Appoints, with wat'ry sign :
Baptize it with thy Spirit, Lord,
And make it wholly thine.

HYMN 205. S. M.

The same.

- 1 SIN, like a pois'nous flood,
In Eden's bow'r began ;
And mingles with all human blood,
The babe, the youth, the man.
- 2 No rite that man applies,
The leprosy can cure ;
The Holy Spirit must baptize,
To make the sinner pure.
- 3 His influence pour'd out,
Like water shed abroad,
Makes guilty sinners clean throughout,
And fit to dwell with God.
- 4 The infant passive lies,
The emblem to receive,
The Holy Spirit must baptize,
Ere we in Christ believe.

BAPTISM.

- 5 Jesus, this babe receive :
And sprinkle with thy blood ;
Pour out thy Spirit ; let it live,
To be a child of God.

HYMN 206. L. M.

Christ's Injunction. MARK x. 14.

- 1 "LET little children come to me,"
(Said Jesus) "and my glory see :"
Your Lord's command, ye saints obey,
Bring them, and help them on their way.
- 2 "Forbid them not," the Saviour cries,
"I'll not their infant days despise :"
Attend his voice, admire his charms,
And bring your children to his arms.
- 3 While Jews, and Infidels refuse
His easy yoke, O ! let us choose
The precious means of gospel grace,
And claim them for our infant race.
- 4 This holy ordinance we prize :
And, while our infants we baptize,
Upon the Saviour's love we rest ;
In his dear arms they must be blest.

HYMN 207. S. M.

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 JESUS, our God and King,
Whom Infidels despise,
To thee, our infant seed we bring,
And in thy name baptize.
- 2 Their nature is impure,
Contagion dwells within ;
O ! let thy blood effect a cure,
And cleanse away their sin.

BAPTISM.

- 3 All rites and forms are vain,
Without thy special grace :
And will thy Holy Spirit deign,
To bless our infant race ?
- 4 Behold our waiting faith,
Upon thy word relies,
Expecting as the scripture saith,
Thy Spirit to baptize.
- 5 While we apply the sign,
O ! send thy Spirit down,
To sprinkle them with blood divine,
And seal them for thy own.

HYMN 208. 7s.

** Adult Baptism.*

- 1 LORD, behold thy servants wait,
At thine ordinance though late ;
Past neglect they now confess,
Wilt thou now accept and bless ?
- 2 Though their parents did refuse
Such a priv'lege, they now choose
Gospel blessings to embrace,
Use the sign and trust the grace.
- 3 While on them we water pour,
Let them feel thy Spirit's power ;
Heavenly blessings deign to shed,
Like the emblem on the head.
- 4 Saviour, let us realize,
As when John did thee baptize,
Holy unction from above,
Pledge of thy unchanging love.

*This hymn is written for the Baptism of such as were
not baptized in infancy.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 209. C. M.

The same.

- 1 GREAT God, behold, thy servant stands
Within thy house of prayer,
Proclaims his love to thy commands,
And hopes to meet thee there.
- 2 Beloved Saviour, deign to own,
This ordinance of thine ;
Send showers of heavenly blessings down,
And comforts all divine.
- 3 Eternal, Spirit now descend,
Thy sov'reign grace impart ;
Apply the blood of Christ our Friend,
And thus baptize each heart.



THE LORD'S SUPPER.



HYMN 210. S. M.

Banquet of Love. CANT. ii. 4.

- 1 HOW shall I speak the praise
Of Christ the Prince of peace ;
Who brings me to his house, and says,
“ Come banquet on my grace.”
- 2 His love prepar'd the feast ;
His blood he gives for wine ;
O, matchless grace ! his welcome guests,
Are helpless souls like mine.
- 3 Love's banner is unfurl'd ;
Dear Jesus deign to bring
My soul, away from this vain world,
To banquet with the King.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 211. C. M.

The same.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy holy name,
For banquetings like this,
Which kindle in our hearts, a flame,
Akin to heavenly bliss.
- 2 Jesus, our grateful souls adore
Thy hand, which brought us in ;
We pray for grace to love thee more,
And hate the monster, sin.
- 3 The banner of thy sov'reign love
Display within our sight,
Till, banqueting with thee above,
We taste unmix'd delight.

HYMN 212. C. M.

Communion with Christ.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command we meet
Around thy sacred board ;
Now, while we worship at thy feet,
Thy heavenly smiles afford.
- 2 Shew us thy hands, and feet, and side ;
And fix each wand'ring heart
Upon a Saviour crucified,
Nor let it thence depart.
- 3 Bid treach'rous unbelief be gone ;
Make slavish fear subside :
Let faith rely on Christ alone ;
And Christ with us abide.

HYMN 213. 7s.

The same.

- 1 CHRIST our condescending Lord,
Bids his saints his death record ;
Thus we at his table meet,
To obtain communion sweet.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 While we take the bread and wine,
Saviour, give us joys divine;
Be thou present with us here,
Every christian's heart to cheer.
- 3 Give to faith thy flesh for food;
Let us drink thy precious blood;
Manifest thyself to us,
While we wait before thee thus.

HYMN 214. L. M.

Communion with Saints.

- 1 LET songs of praise our souls employ,
While we this feast of love enjoy;
Let every heart prepare a tune,
While we with Christ and saints commune.
- 2 A family whose bond is love,
And near akin to those above,
We of their spirit would partake,
And love the saints for Jesus' sake.
- 3 We all on one foundation build;
And with one Spirit we are fill'd;
We have one hope, and one abode:
O! for one heart while on the road.

HYMN 215. L. M.

A sight of Calvary.

- 1 WHAT heavenly joys our souls delight,
When faith, unfetter'd, takes her flight
To Calv'ry's hill, in fix'd amaze,
Upon her bleeding friend to gaze:
- 2 Those groans, and pains, and dying cries,
That burst the tombs and veil'd the skies,
Procur'd our pardon, quell'd our foe,
And life, and peace and heaven bestow.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' veins,
Removes all guilt, extracts all stains ;
Affords refreshment to the saints,
And banishes their sad complaints.

HYMN 216. P. M.

Salvation.

- 1 SEE, my soul, salvation flowing
From Jehovah's cov'nant love ;
Pardon, peace, and life bestowing,
In abundance from above.
Guilty sinners
Shall the promis'd mercy prove.
- 2 Jesus Christ has undertaken
To redeem the chosen race ;
Yea, his love could not be shaken,
When he suffer'd in our place :
He is faithful
To the subjects of his grace.
- 3 We commemorate his dying,
Yet we triumph that he lives—
Hears the soul for mercy crying,
And that mercy freely gives :
His atonement,
Every contrite heart revives.
- 4 His rich blood he deigns to sprinkle,
On the sin-polluted heart,
Leaving neither spot nor wrinkle ;
He has borne our curse and smart,
Jesus suffer'd,
And his suff'rings life impart.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 Now, no more a victim bleeding,
But exalted on a throne ;
Ever living, interceding,
Waiting to receive his own.
All he ransom'd,
Shall be jewels in his crown.

HYMN 217. C. M.

The same.

- 1 DAUGHTERS of Zion tune your lyres,
And strike each sacred chord ;
Our theme the loftiest note requires,
Salvation to the Lord.
- 2 Once we were sunk in guilt and shame,
A ruin'd helpless race ;
But, pardon'd in Immanuel's name,
We now are sav'd by grace.
- 3 Objects of God the Father's love,
Redeem'd by God the Son,
Taught by the Spirit from above,
Jehovah's grace we'll own.
- 4 Does unbelief dispute our right ?
Close to the cross we'll cling ;
There put our slavish fears to flight,
And full salvation sing.

HYMN 218. L. M.

Atoning Blood.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL news salutes my ears,
To banish all my slavish fears :
Christ, on the great atoning day,
Took all his people's sins away.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 And has he thus remov'd all mine ?
Yes, if I'm blest with life divine,
And sprinkled with atoning blood:
Then Jesus is my Lord, my God !!
- 3 Yes, in his blood my sins were drown'd,
And with my Lord I shall be crown'd ;
To sing through everlasting day,
My Jesus took my sins away.
- 4 I trust in Jesus crucified ;
O may his blood be now applied,
To seal my pardon—quell my fear,
And give a glimpse of glory here.

HYMN 219. C. M.

He hath done all things well.

- 1 ON Zion's hill I love to stand,
And there with rapture tell,
The wonders of my Saviour's hand :
“ He hath done all things well.”
- 2 He ransom'd all the chosen seed—
He spoil'd the powers of hell—
Accomplish'd all that God decreed,
“ And hath done all things well.”
- 3 'Twas he that broke my stubborn heart,
And in me deigns to dwell ;
He bid my slavish fear depart :
“ He hath done all things well.”
- 4 Let heaven and earth this truth proclaim ;
My soul no more rebel ;
Accept his work, adore his name,
“ Who hath done all things well.”

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 When I appear before his face,
This truth the choir shall swell,
He brought me here by sov'reign grace,
“He hath done all things well,”

HYMN 220. L. M.

Loving-kindness.

- 1 FATHER, my soul delights to trace,
In my Redeemer's glorious face,
Thy loving-kindness, rich and free,
From everlasting fix'd on me.
- 2 This is the source of all my joy,
Which hell and sin can ne'er destroy ;
In life, and death, my soul shall sing,
The loving-kindness of my King.
- 3 I'm number'd with the chosen race—
I'm justified, and sav'd by grace—
Yea, own'd by Christ, an heir of bliss—
What wondrous loving-kindness this.
- 4 'Tis better, far, than life to me,
It binds me to th' eternal Three ;
And when this mortal life is o'er,
Thy loving-kindness I'll adore.
- 5 Till then, my soul shall daily rest,
Upon my dear Redeemer's breast,
And view, in his atoning blood,
The loving-kindness of my God.

HYMN 221. 7s.

Gethsemane.

- 1 COME, my soul, cast off despair,
To Gethsemane repair,
Hear the suff'ring Surety cry,
“Father let this cup pass by.”

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Wrath divine upon him lay,—
All his foll'wers fled away,—
Hear him utter with a groan,
“Father, let thy will be done.”
- 3 This was love beyond degree,
Jesus agoniz'd for me,
Bore my guilt—tremendous load!
Sav'd me with his precious blood.
- 4 Yes, my Saviour suffer'd thus,
To redeem me from the curse;
He has vanquish'd death and hell,
I shall ever with him dwell.
- 5 Lord, I take this bread and wine,
Hoping, trusting, thou art mine—
Living on thy cov'nant love—
Waiting for thee from above.

HYMN 222. 7s.

Welcome Guests.

- 1 JESUS, Master of the feast,
Is my soul a welcome guest?
May I with the saints of God,
Eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood?
- 2 I am altogether vile,
Wilt thou on a traitor smile?
All I have is dung and dross,
I've no hope but in thy cross!
- 3 But I read, thy grace is free,
Lord bestow that grace on me;
Thou hast taught me I'm undone,
Perfect what thou hast begun.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 I am guilty—lost, and poor,
None can need a Saviour more ;
On his finish'd work I rest—
Surely I'm a welcome guest !
- 5 Yes, I may approach his board,
Welcom'd by my gracious Lord ;
He has conquer'd me with love,
I shall reign with him above.

HYMN 223. P. M.

Self dedication.

- 1 LORD, how thy love awakes our joys,
We are the people of thy choice,
Redeem'd with blood divine :
And new-created by thy grace,
T' enjoy thyself and show thy praise,
Rejoicing we are thine.
- 2 No more let earth engross our heart,
We would from every idol part,
And only live to thee.
O, sprinkle us with precious blood,
Grant us sweet fellowship with God,
And bid the tempter flee.
- 3 Behold thy blood-bought children, Lord,
Assembled round thy sacred board,
Waiting to see thy face :
O, deign to bless this sacred hour,
And let us feel the life and power,
Of soul transforming grace.
- 4 Are we not thine by special ties ?
Then grant us grace in rich supplies,
To glorify thy name ;
To walk as children of the light,
To keep our garments always white,
And cov'nant love proclaim.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 224. C. M.

The same.

- 1 DISCIPLES of the Son of God,
Ourselves we now confess ;
We eat his flesh and drink his blood,
And wear his righteousness.
- 2 No more let earth's alluring toys
Our heaven-born souls debase ;
In Jesus we have heavenly joys,
As subjects of his grace.
- 3 By him created priests and kings,
With him we soon shall reign ;
We would not stoop to meaner things,
Nor with the world remain.
- 4 Our souls aspire to scenes of bliss,
We wait for glorious crowns,
Beyond this dreary wilderness,
Its flatt'ry, and its frowns.
- 5 Joint heirs with Christ, by second birth,
Eternal life is given ;
Away, ye vanities of earth,
We're on our way to heaven.

HYMN 225. P. M.

Christ's love to his Church.

- 1 JESUS saw his church elected,
And betroth'd her as his own ;
She shall never be rejected,
But be partner of his throne ;
How he lov'd her !
Long ere time or sin were known.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Jesus saw his church, when falling,
Into ruin and disgrace ;
When her state was most appalling,
Stood as Surety in her place :
How he lov'd her !
Thus to magnify his grace.
- 3 Jesus saw his church, enslaved,
In her guilt, and far from God ;
But, resolv'd she should be saved,
Interpos'd his precious blood :
How he lov'd her !
Thus to suffer for her good.
- 4 Jesus saw his church, when straying,
Brought her back by sov'reign grace ;
Now he sees her watching—praying—
Waiting to behold his face :
Still he loves her !
And in heaven prepares her place.

HYMN 226. P. M.

“Exalt your Lord.”

- 1 YE favour'd saints of God,
Redeem'd with precious blood,
Free grace record ;
In Jesus crucified,
For evermore confide,
For you he liv'd and died,
Exalt your Lord.
- 2 He lov'd your souls so well,
He rescued you from hell,
And life restor'd ;
Sing of his sov'reign grace,
His blessed footsteps trace,
Still gazing on his face,
Exalt your Lord.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 To him all glory give,
Upon his fulness live,
And trust his word ;
Low at his footstool fall,
Upon him daily call,
And own him Lord of all :
Exalt your Lord.
- 4 By all the host of heaven,
And sinners here forgiven,
Christ is ador'd ;
To our all-glorious King,
We will our tribute bring,
And thus for ever sing,
Exalt our Lord.

HYMN 227. P. M.

Praising Christ.

- 1 NOW let our hearts unite,
To praise the Saviour's name,
Let ransom'd souls delight
His triumph to proclaim ;
Till heaven and earth shall hear our songs,
" Salvation to our God belongs."
- 2 He gave us to his Son,
In everlasting love ;
And lo ! our Lord came down,
His faithfulness to prove ;
Obey'd and suffer'd—died and rose,
In triumph over all our foes.
- 3 Now he 's exalted high,
And from his glorious throne,
He hears his people cry,
And claims them as his own ;
He bears them all upon his breast,
In him we are completely blest.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 For ever justified,
In his atoning blood,
We shall be glorified
In presence of our God:
Ere long we shall our Jesus see,
For where he is his saints must be.

HYMN 228. S. M.

The same.

- 1 COME happy souls, unite
This wondrous love to sing;
Bring forth your tribute with delight,
And glorify your King.
- 2 Upon our cov'nant Head,
All our transgressions lay;
He suffer'd for us, groan'd, and bled,
The mighty debt to pay.
- 3 Upon th' accursed tree,
The sinner's Surety died,
That all his people might go free,
Completely justified.
- 4 There's no hand-writing now,
Against the chosen race;
We will before King Jesus bow,
And triumph in his grace.
- 5 Long as we tarry here,
His name shall be our boast;
And when before him we appear,
We'll try to praise him most.

HYMN 229. S. M.

Appropriation.

- 1 "THIS do," the Saviour says,
"In mem'ry of your Lord:"
His church the kind command obeys,
And we his love record.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 The robe, and thorny crown,
 The cruel nails and spear,
 His grief, beneath his Father's frown,
 We would remember here.
- 3 For us the Saviour bore
 The cross, with all our guilt;
And Justice now can ask no more:
 Our Surety's blood was spilt.
- 4 Jesus to thee we bow,
 And sing thy dying love;
We ask some drops of comfort now,
 And wait for more above.

HYMN 230. P. M.

Passover. 1 COR. v. 7.

- 1 OUR Jesus was slain,
 To save us from hell:
 He broke Satan's chain,
 And with us he'll dwell:
 Our blessed Passover,
 Was slaughter'd for us,
 From sin to recover,
 And cancel the curse.
- 2 His merit and blood,
 Protection shall give,
 His flesh is our food,
 For by him we live;
 Our Passover eaten,
 Though bitter the herbs,
 Our portion will sweeten,
 When sorrow disturbs.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 No sword shall destroy,
Where Christ is within,
His blood he'll employ,
To save us from sin;
Our Passover's given,
From Egypt we'll go,
And travel to heaven,
Its sweetness to know.

HYMN 231. P. M.

Lamb. JOHN i. 29.

- 1 "BEHOLD the Lamb of God,"
"That takes away our sin;"
His wondrous death record,
And heavenly songs begin;
Come, eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
'Tis heavenly fare, delicious food.
- 2 Ye hungry souls draw nigh,
For you the Lamb was slain,
And God will not deny,
The food you would obtain:
This feast is made by sov'reign love,
A foretaste of the joys above.
- 3 My faith beholds the Lamb,
And on his death relies,
His flesh and blood I claim,
As my great sacrifice;
I'll live upon him and adore,
His grace and love for evermore.

HYMN 232. L. M.

This Cup.

- 1 BEHOLD this cup now fill'd with wine,—
That Jesus drank was wrath divine;
'Twas fill'd with sins, and brim'd with woes,
But this with blessings overflows.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 His cup was vengeance from above,—
But our's contains celestial love;—
His, made him groan, and sweat, and die,
But our's brings life eternal nigh.
- 3 We take this cup, and drink the wine:—
Lord take our hearts for they are thine;
We never more would from thee rove,
But live, and die absorb'd in love.

HYMN 233. C. M.

Calvary.

- 1 HERE I behold my bleeding King,
And wonder at the sight;
His everlasting glories sing,
And cherish new delight.
- 2 He hung on yonder blood-stain'd tree,
Beneath his Father's frown,
To gain eternal life for me,
And send its pledges down.
- 3 There Justice struck the fatal blow,
And Mercy caught the blood,
To sprinkle on my conscience now,
And bring me near to God.

HYMN 234. C. M.

Precious Blood.

- 1 WHAT sacred fountain yonder springs
Up from the throne of God,
And all new cov'nant blessings brings?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
- 2 What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bond-man stood,
And has my soul at freedom set?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

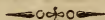
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins, just like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
- 4 What voice is that which speaks for me,
In heaven's high court for good,
And from the curse has made me free?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
- 5 What theme, my soul, shall best employ
Thy harp before thy God,
And make all heaven to ring with joy?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

HYMN 235. S. M.

Blood of sprinkling. HEB. xii. 24.

- 1 AMIDST the throne of God,
A glorious cov'nant lies,
Secur'd, and seal'd with sprinkling blood,
On which my faith relies.
- 2 Ye angels round the throne,
New songs of praise begin,
The blood of sprinkling now makes known,
A remedy for sin.
- 3 Hark! saints, a voice on high,
Now pleads and pardons too,
The blood of sprinkling speaks, draw nigh,
And hear it speak for you.
- 4 My soul, let sorrow cease,
Nor fear the Tempter's dart,
The blood of sprinkling gives me peace,
And purifies my heart.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 236. C. M.

Apprehended by Christ.

- 1 THE sinner's pathway downward tends ;
Perverse are all his ways,
Till Christ in mercy apprehends,
And then the rebel prays.
- 2 When first he brings his crimes to view,
And shows the law's demands,
While conscience says, "the charge is true,"
The sinner trembling stands.
- 3 But hark! the Saviour's welcome voice,
Bids him, "look up and live;"
"I apprehend thee as my choice,
"Pardon and life to give."
- 4 The trembling soul revives again,
At such a cheering word;
And follows after to attain
The kingdom of the Lord.
- 5 With cheerful steps he mends his pace,
And Zion's hill ascends :
He follows after till through grace,
He glory apprehends.

HYMN 237. S. M.

Encouraged. HEB. vii. 25.

- 1 YE souls oppress'd with fear,
Whom gloomy doubts enslave,
The Gospel's sacred accents hear;
Jesus alone can save.
- 2 His perfect sacrifice,
Is every christian's boast;
He saves the soul that to him flies,
Unto the uttermost.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 The uttermost! how sweet
These sacred accents sound;
The uttermost of Satan's seat,
And all creation's bound.
- 4 The uttermost of sin,
Where its worst victims lie;
Jesus from thence, our souls will bring,
To reign with him on high.

HYMN 238. C. M.

The same.

- 1 BLEST truth, in which my soul can boast,
Though guilty and deprav'd;
I'm not beyond the uttermost,
And therefore shall be sav'd.
- 2 The uttermost of law demands,
My glorious Surety paid;
The uttermost of heaven's commands,
He has for me obey'd.
- 3 'Tis from sin's uttermost abyss,
His grace has made me come;
And to the uttermost of bliss,
His grace shall bring me home.
- 4 I'll sing of Jesus' uttermost,
Because it meets my case;
And when I join the heavenly host,
This theme shall fill the place.

HYMN 239. C. M.

The same.

- 1 COME, humble souls, with guilt oppress'd,
No longer yield to doubt;
"Come," says the Saviour, "to my breast,"
"I will not cast you out."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 "Though you have long my grace withstood,
"And are defil'd throughout ;
"I'll cleanse, and save you by my blood,
"And never cast you out."
- 3 "I broke sin's power, I made you pray,
"What are your fears about ?
"Believe me, sinner, when I say,
"I will not cast you out."
- 4 "When first you bow'd before my feet,
"Angels began to shout ;
"My work of grace I must complete,
"I will not cast you out."
- 5 O, for a strong heroic faith,
To conquer every doubt ;
I'll credit what my Saviour saith,
He will not cast me out.

HYMN 240. 7s.

All-sufficient grace. 2 COR. xii. 9.

- 1 HUMBLE sinner, mourning soul,
O'er whose bosom sorrows roll,
'Tis for you the Saviour says,
"Mine is all-sufficient grace."
- 2 Dost thou grieve an evil heart ?
Or some cursed fiery dart ?
Do not yield to slavish fear,
All-sufficient grace is near.
- 3 Art thou full of wants and woes ?
Or does unbelief oppose ?
Does thy Jesus hide his face ?
Trust his all-sufficient grace.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Can no case with mine compare ?
Do not yield to black despair,
For the worst of Adam's race,
Christ has all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 241. L. M.

The same.

- 1 WHEN guilt and sorrow press me down,
Or this unfriendly world shall frown,
I'll hasten to my hiding place,
In Jesus' all-sufficient grace.
- 2 When darkness veils my troubled mind,
And I no help in creatures find,
May I but see my Saviour's face,
I shall obtain sufficient grace.
- 3 My soul can all things do, or bear,
When all-sufficient grace is near ;
O, may I in my Jesus see,
There's all-sufficient grace for me.
- 4 Sufficient grace shall sin subdue,
And make me more than conqu'ror too ;
Then, with the ransom'd heavenly throng,
Rich grace shall be my endless song.

HYMN 242. S. M.

Blessed Mourners.

- 1 BLEST are the mourning souls,
Whose sins produce their grief,
O'er whom guilt's awful torrent rolls,
Who sigh to gain relief.
- 2 Such sorrow comes from God,
And marks a change divine :
Ye blessed mourners, read his word,
Where beams of mercy shine.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 He, who this promise spake,
No sinner will deceive:
Ye mourning souls, the comfort take,
Which Jesus deigns to give.
- 4 He pardons all your sin,
By his amazing love;
He'll make your comforts here begin,
And perfect them above.

HYMN 243. C. M.

Blessed Poor.

- 1 HEAR what the voice of Jesus saith,
To Adam's ruin'd race,
"Blest are the poor," who live by faith,
Upon Jehovah's grace.
- 2 The poor in spirit, know and feel,
Their hunger and distress;
Then to the Father they appeal,
And Jesus deigns to bless.
- 3 The poor in spirit, deep in debt,
Have nothing left to pay;
But are by Christ at freedom set,
And blest from day to day.
- 4 Blest with a robe, with wealth and food,
With pardon life and peace;
Freed from the curse by precious blood,
Their bliss shall never cease.
- 5 Lord make me feel that I am poor,
And helpless, and distrest;
Supply my wants from cov'nant store,
To make me truly blest.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 244. C. M.

The same.

- 1 HAIL! happy poor, in Jesus blest,
Your Father has bestow'd
A kingdom of eternal rest,
And grace upon the road.
- 2 'Tis your's, the gift of cov'nant love,
Secur'd by precious blood ;
A kingdom which no power can move,
And stor'd with every good.
- 3 Ye blessed poor, come claim your right,
The kingdom is your own ;
And while you taste its rich delight,
Set Jesus on the throne.
- 4 Thus own the kingdom, and the King,
Till with him you shall reign ;
Then you shall grace and glory sing,
And ne'er be poor again.

HYMN 245. C. M.

Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 LORD, I'm a sinner, vile and poor,
But prostrate at thy feet ;
Behold I knock at mercy's door,
And for my life entreat.
- 2 By nature guilty, curs'd, and dead,
Deserving wrath and hell ;
But Christ, the sinner's Surety bled,
Because he lov'd them well.
- 3 'Tis Mercy ! Mercy ! Lord, I crave,
Nought else can reach my case ;
O meet me, Lord, forgive, and save,
By rich and sov'reign grace.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Father, I bring no other plea,
No other plea is given:
But Jesus liv'd, and died for me,
And this secures my heaven.

HYMN 246. L. M.

Day of small things. ZACH. iv. 10.

- 1 WHEN God begins a work of grace,
Upon the hearts of Adam's race,
He will perform, and make it rise,
Though Satan, and the world despise.
- 2 At first we feel it small and weak,
We cannot act, nor scarcely speak;
But humble groans, and broken sighs,
Jehovah says, he'll not despise.
- 3 The humble christian's fervent prayer,
Ascends to heaven, and enters there;
The soul from whence such breathings rise,
Is born an heir of Paradise.
- 4 Who shall despise the sons of God,
Whom Jesus purchas'd with his blood?
Who shall condemn what God approves?
Or hurt the soul that Jesus loves?
- 5 Soon we shall pass yon pearly gate;
The work, once small, will then be great;
And, while all heaven upon it gaze,
'Twill fill our hearts with endless praise.

HYMN 247. C. M.

The same. PSALM. cxix.

- 1 LORD, canst thou look on one so small,
And worthless as I am?
Wilt thou permit a worm to call
Upon thy holy name?

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 I'm small in faith, and hope, and love,
And small in my own eyes ;
How small my zeal and knowledge prove !
And how my foes despise !
- 3 But though I'm small, thy love is great ;
On that my soul relies ;
Pity a helpless sinner's state,
And listen to my cries.
- 4 If Jesus' righteousness be mine,
'Twill make me truly great ;
Clad in this robe, my soul shall shine,
Within his temple gate.

HYMN 248. S. M.

Little Faith. MAT. xiv. 31.

- 1 "O THOU of little faith,"
On seas of trouble toss'd,
Depend on what the Saviour saith,
And you can ne'er be lost.
- 2 He bids you to him come ;
Why should you yield to fear ?
The winds may blow, and billows foam,
But Jesus Christ is there.
- 3 Ye doubting souls, he saves
From Tophet's dreadful brink ;
Then trample on the boist'rous waves ;
He will not let you sink.
- 4 Though storms of sorrow rise,
And winds contrary prove,
Yet "wherefore dost thou doubt?" he cries,
"Mine is unchanging love."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 "I did at first impart,
 "The little faith thou hast ;
"Then doubt no more, I'll ne'er depart,
 "But ever hold thee fast."

HYMN 249. S. M.

Faith's Sufficiency.

- 1 YE saints who yield to fear,
 While sins and doubts invade,
The Saviour's kind injunction hear,
 And wait his promis'd aid.
- 2 The soul that to him prays,
 He says he will not leave ;
"Be not afraid," since Jesus says,
 'Tis only to believe."
- 3 "Lord help me to believe,"
 Is the poor sinner's cry :
"Fear not, for faith is mine to give,"
 Is Jesus' kind reply.
- 4 Come, and from Christ receive,
 A full supply of grace ;
"Be not afraid, in him believe,"
 And you shall see his face.

HYMN 250. C. M.

Faith pleading. PSALM. cxix. 117.

- 1 OPPRESS'D with guilt, beset with snares,
 To thee, dear Lord, I call ;
On thee, I cast my woes and cares ;
 And canst thou let me fall ?
- 2 I seek thy grace, and trust thy power,
 While earth is my abode ;
Uphold me in each trying hour,
 In Zion's narrow road.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Others who ran, or seem'd to run,
Have fallen in their race :
Thou hast thy work in me begun,
Uphold me by thy grace.
- 4 Though bitter sorrows fill my cup,
And loads of guilt oppress ;
I'm safe if Jesus holds me up,
And joyful if he bless.
- 5 " Hold thou me up," shall be my cry,
While I have life and breath ;
And O ! may Jesus Christ be nigh,
To hold me up in death.

HYMN 251. C. M.

Faith examined.

- 1 WHOSE sacred voice, is this which says,
" Dost thou believe in me ?"
'Tis his, who well deserves my praise,
To whom by faith I flee.
- 2 " Dost thou believe in God's own Son,"
And on his grace rely ?
Your's is eternal life begun,
And you shall never die.
- 3 " Dost thou believe ? who vainly thought,
By works to get to heaven ?
Then sure thou art by Jesus taught,
And he this faith has given.
- 4 Dost thou believe ? alas ! say some,
" Faith's marks we cannot find :"
Then rise, to Christ its author come,
And leave your doubts behind.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 If sin you hate, and o'er it grieve,
And mourn a heart deprav'd,
If Christ you love : you him believe,
And shall by him be sav'd.

HYMN 252. C. M.

"Do ye now believe?" JOHN xvi. 31.

- 1 **IMPORTANT** question ! Christ enquires,
Do ye believe in me ?
Dear Lord, my inmost soul desires,
To know and trust in thee.
- 2 Life, death, and glory, heaven and hell,
Upon this question pend ;
No hope is found since Adam fell,
But in the sinner's Friend.
- 3 He, precious Saviour, will receive,
And save the chosen race ;
For he enables to believe,
By his own Spirit's grace.
- 4 Lord, I would now believe, and claim,
Thy fulness as my own ;
For all who trust thy precious name,
Shall reach thy glorious throne.

HYMN 253. S. M.

Faith's Exercise. ISA. i. 10.

- 1 **BLEST** souls ! who fear the Lord,
Who mourn the want of light,
Who yield obedience to his word,
Yet walk in gloomy night.
- 2 Trust his unchanging love,
Who walks behind the cloud ;
Though heaven, and earth, and seas remove,
Thy hurt is not allow'd.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Trust him when sorrows rise,
And providences frown ;
Thy cov'nant God, who built the skies,
Will send thee comfort down.
- 4 Trust in thy Father's hand,
All thy concerns below ;
His purpose shall unshaken stand,
Though storms and tempests blow.
- 5 With Jesus trust thy soul,
And on his cov'nant think ;
He who can winds and waves controul,
Will never let thee sink.
- 6 Trust him in life and death,
In light and darkness too ;
For he who hath redeem'd thee, saith,
He'll bring thee safely through.

HYMN 254. L. M.

Faith's Importance.

- 1 SHALL mortals gain the realms of bliss,
By their imperfect righteousness ?
Impossible ! for faith alone,
Can please our God, or reach his throne.
- 2 Faith, all its strength from Jesus draws,
And does exploits in Jesus' cause ;
It fights, it conquers, gains a crown,
It claims all heaven, and brings it down.
- 3 Faith clings to Jesus' blood-stain'd cross,
Counts all things else but dung and dross ;
It cleanses hearts the most deprav'd,
And none without it can be sav'd.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 255. P. M.

The same.

- 1 WHILE in this desert land,
Amidst ten thousand snares,
With foes on every hand,
And overwhelmed with cares,
What can my feeble soul protect,
But faith, the faith of God's elect ?
- 2 This grace, a standing gains
Upon the glorious rock,
The war with sin maintains,
And guards the little flock ;
Its life and strength in Jesus dwell,
By him it conquers earth and hell.
- 3 Behold ! the mountains move,
And flames lose all their power,
The saints deliv'rance prove,
Nor lions dare devour ;
The faith which purifies the heart,
Stems sorrow's flood, bids fears depart.
- 4 It walks, though in the dark,
It fights with potent foes,
It burns, though but a spark,
For Christ its life bestows ;
Dear Lord increase this faith in me,
Which saves the soul, and honors thee.

HYMN 256. C. M.

Faith acting on Christ.

- 1 ON yonder lofty, rugged tree,
A bleeding victim hangs ;
And faith exclaims, " it was for me,
"He bore those dying pangs."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Enrob'd in majesty divine,
And full of sov'reign grace,
Faith gazes, and exclaims, " he's mine !
" And I shall see his face."
- 3 Faith lives upon him and adores,
Still working by his love ;
Faith conquers all things, all explores,
And often soars above.
- 4 Faith purifies the foulest heart,
And holds the Saviour fast,
While Jesus does its strength impart,
And crowns its work at last.

HYMN 257. S. M.

The same.

- 1 'TIS faith in Christ removes
The mountains form'd by guilt,
Bursts every cloud, each promise proves,
As on the Saviour built.
- 2 It scorns earth's flatt'ring toys,
Too mean to feast the mind ;
But claims in Jesus lasting joys,
Substantial and refin'd.
- 3 If I this faith possess,
I'll every doubt repel,
And fearless cross the wilderness,
With Christ in heaven to dwell.

HYMN 258. L. M.

The same.

- 1 WHEN Jesus hides his lovely face,
And I no light or comfort find,
The tempter tells me I've no grace,
And thus distracts my anxious mind.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 But why, my soul, this sad distrust ?
Why listen to the tempter's lies ?
The soul that Jesus died for, must
Be very precious in his eyes.
- 3 And surely Jesus died for me,
Or why is sin my daily grief ?
The blood that stain'd the sacred tree,
Alone can give my soul relief.
- 4 Yes, Jesus bled and died for me,
Or I should ne'er have felt his love :
And since the SON has made me free,
I shall enjoy his smiles above.
- 5 Dear Jesus thou didst die for me,
And though my sins should hide thy face,
I'll wait till I thy count'nance see,
And trust the riches of thy grace.

HYMN 259. C. M.

The same. JOB. xix. 25.

- 1 "I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,"
Nor can he ever die ;
My Jesus, grace and glory gives,
And brings salvation nigh.
- 2 "I know he lives," who undertook
To rescue me from hell,
Who wrote my name in life's fair book,
And governs all things well.
- 3 "I know he lives" to intercede,
For souls that seek his face,
And well supplies their every need
From his own stores of grace.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 "I know he lives," exalted high,
He lives my sins to kill;
The soul that trusts him shall not die,
But live to do his will.
- 5 "I know he lives," and lives for me,
He lives within my heart,
He lives to make death's terrors flee,
And endless life impart.

HYMN 260. C. M.

Life of Faith. GAL. iii. 11.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, earth cannot give,
A taste of true delight;
By faith, in him who lov'd thee, live,
Be strong in Jesus' might.
- 2 The life of faith will arm the soul,
Against ten thousand foes,
The rage of earth and hell controul,
Whenever they oppose.
- 3 The life of faith is life divine,
'Tis heaven begun below;
May but this precious life be mine,
I'll all things else forego.
- 4 'Tis peace in war, in storms 'tis calm,
'Tis riches to the poor;
It brings, for every woe, a balm,
And points to heavenly store.

HYMN 261. L. M.

Faith's Claim.

- 1 HAIL! ransom'd souls, ye heav'n-born race,
Who have believ'd in Christ through grace;
By him made free from death and sin,
You shall an endless life begin.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Lift up your heads with sacred joy,
Jesus will all your sins destroy ;
And though they still maintain their strife,
In him we have eternal life.
- 3 We have it now in Christ our Head,
For he has suffer'd in our stead :
And all who in his name believe,
From him shall endless life receive.
- 4 We live, because our Jesus lives,
Life is the sacred boon he gives :
And all who trust in his dear name,
He will as precious jewels claim.

HYMN 262. C. M.

Faith's Anticipation.

- 1 YE favour'd saints, a chosen race,
Who tread a thorny road ;
By faith, survey your resting place,
Your undisturb'd abode.
- 2 'Tis costly, pleasant full of fruit,
Purchas'd with Jesus' blood,
Prepar'd, your large desires to suit,
And given by your God.
- 3 Born heirs to an inheritance,
And only minors here ;
Gird up your loins, with zeal advance,
Till you in heaven appear.
- 4 Above the reach of every foe,
Your souls shall safe abide ;
But while you travel here below,
Your faith must needs be tried.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Soon Jordan's mighty flood you'll cross,
And leave your sins behind;
Be stript, and yet sustain no loss,
But rest and glory find.

HYMN 263. L. M.

Hope.

- 1 O, SACRED balm for human woe,
A hope that treads on things below;
'Tis in the gospel treasure found,
And makes my happiness abound.
- 2 While in time's prison-house confin'd,
'Tis gospel hope supports my mind;
Despair can never seize my breast,
For hope still points to endless rest.
- 3 Hope will not make my soul asham'd,
While I'm with love to Christ inflam'd;
It is the helmet of my head,
I'll wear it till my fears are dead.

HYMN 264. S. M.

The same.

- 1 IF I am bound for heaven,
My name on high enroll'd,
By winds and waves I may be driven,
But hope maintains her hold.
- 2 With rocks on every hand,
And by huge billows toss'd;
Yea, 'midst vast shoals of legal sand,
My hope shall not be lost.
- 3 My voyage must be short,
The haven must be nigh;
By heavenly winds I shall be brought,
To that fair port on high.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 "Good hope," of heavenly form,
Will like an anchor prove,
It shall outstride the fiercest storm,
And be absorb'd in love.

HYMN 265. L. M.

Saved by Hope.

- 1 LAUNCH'D on a sea where troubled waves,
With angry tossings swell and foam;
'Tis gospel hope from shipwerck saves,
Till time shall waft the vessel home.
- 2 When life's contrary winds arise,
With keen perplexing heavy gales,
A hope well fix'd above the skies,
Against the sharpest storm prevails.
- 3 Billows of disappointment roll,
Along the restless tide of time;
But gospel hope bears up the soul,
Till an eternal calm shall shine.
- 4 Jesus, my hope is fix'd on thee,
No calm below do I expect;
But I am safe, though out at sea,
Thou wilt not let my soul be wreck'd.

HYMN 266. C. M.

Good Hope.

- 1 MY soul, hast thou a gospel hope
Of everlasting joy?
Thou canst not sink with such a prop,
Though foes, and fiends annoy.
- 2 Hope is the offspring of a King,
Akin to faith and love;
It stoops, and on its heavenly wing,
Wafts trembling souls above.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Christ is its strength, its object heaven,
Its fruit is holiness:
By sov'reign grace alone, 'tis given
To sinners in distress.
- 4 With such a hope, from such a source,
And founded on a rock,
Thro' this vain world, I'll speed my course,
Nor dread the heaviest shock.

HYMN 267. C. M.

Love.

- 1 WHAT air is that which saints inhale,
And angels feel above?
Jehovah breathes the sacred gale;
'Tis his own essence love.
- 2 What holy bond will best unite
The Church of God in one,
And fill believers with delight?
'Tis love and that alone.
- 3 What gentle power constrains our souls
In wisdom's ways to move,
And all our enmity controuls?
The Bible says 'tis love.
- 4 What fire is that which warms the heart,
And can't destructive prove;
But life and comfort does impart?
'Tis the sweet flame of love.
- 5 O! that this God-like grace may fill
My soul, while here below,
And guide me safe to Zion's hill,
Its noblest charms to know.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 268. L. M.

The same.

- 1 **WHEN** saints below, like those above,
Dwell in the bonds of peace and love,
Their happiness is near akin,
And heavenly joys on earth begin.
- 2 Hereby they know their souls have pass'd
From death to life—and hence are class'd
With all the ransom'd sons of God,
Whom Jesus purchas'd with his blood.
- 3 By love we Christ's command obey,
And help each other on the way ;
Thus we our love to Jesus show,
By loving all his brethren too.
- 4 Hereby the saints to all men prove
They are disciples, by their love ;
Uniting all their hearts in one,
And heaven the sacred bond shall own.

HYMN 269. 7s.

Love to God's Word.

- 1 **PRECIOUS** Bible, what a store
For the sons of men t' explore ;
Precious Christ, it speaks of thee ;
Gives us eyes thyself to see.
- 2 Precious Bible, what a friend,
All my footsteps to attend ;
All my wants it can supply ;
For it brings the Saviour nigh.
- 3 Precious Bible, what a field !
Precious fruits its furrows yield ;
Wide extent, and fertile ground,
Verdant pastures here are found.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Precious Bible, what a mine;
Full of promises divine:
I would all thy wealth explore,
And thy author, God, adore.

HYMN 270. C. M.

The same.

- 1 FATHER, we love thy holy word,
For there our souls behold
Wealth, life, and endless glory stor'd,
More choice than mines of gold.
- 2 We love the doctrines there reveal'd,
To all thy chosen race;
But from the carnal world conceal'd,
The myst'ries of thy grace.
- 3 We love thy promises as food,
Both nourishing, and sweet:
Earth no provision has so good,
So pleasant and complete.
- 4 Thy sacred precepts, Lord, we love,
And fain would love them more;
We hope to reach the realms above,
To love thee, and adore.

HYMN 271. L. M.

Love to God's House.

- 1 THE saints all love the house of prayer,
Because they meet their Saviour there;
To him they send their fervent cries;
From him they all receive supplies.
- 2 On him they cannot wait in vain;
For, while they at his feet remain,
Their wants and sorrows disappear,
And faith supplants each groundless fear.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Nor earth, nor time, nor sensual toys,
Attract their minds from nobler joys ;
These husks they cannot will not taste ;
While on the Saviour's love they feast.
- 4 Within his temple they would stay,
And all their woes before him lay ;
Receiving tokens of his love,
As pledges of the joys above.

HYMN 272. C. M.

"Seek ye my face." Ps. xxvii. 8.

- 1 LET Zion's sons and daughters hear,
While Zion's Monarch speaks ;
Eternal life and bliss, are near
The soul that Jesus seeks.
- 2 A kingdom, and a righteousness,
All glorious and divine :
Yea, all that can a sinner bless,
In Jesus meet and shine.
- 3 His righteousness is found complete,
His kingdom can't remove ;
I'll seek him, prostrate at his feet,
And hope t' enjoy his love.
- 4 He bids poor sinners seek his face,
He taught my soul to pray ;
And while I plead for quick'ning grace,
He will not say me nay.

HYMN 273. C. M.

We would see Jesus. JOHN xii. 21.

- 1 WHEN Sinai's law the soul alarms,
And bids the sinner flee ;
When Zion tells of Jesus' charms,
He fain would Jesus see.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 The wonders of his person told,
His offices, and might,
Th' awaken'd sinner would behold,
And longs to gain the sight.
- 3 While all the saints on earth agree,
His glory to declare,
They all desire their Lord to see,
And in his love to share.
- 4 When they, by faith, obtain this sight,
They must adore and love;
But they expect still more delight,
In seeing him above.

HYMN 274. L. M.

The same.

- 1 WHEN grace subdues a sinner's mind,
And bids the rebel bow his knee,
No peace nor comfort can he find,
Till he by faith can Jesus see.
- 2 He turns from Sinai terrified,
For none can make his spirit free,
But Jesus Christ the crucified;
He must JEHOVAH JESUS see.
- 3 To cheer this dreary desert land,
And make the king of terrors flee:—
Before the judge with joy to stand,
My helpless soul would Jesus see.
- 4 Within thy house, within thy word,
Dear Saviour, deign to meet with me;
For earth and heaven no bliss afford,
Until I can my Jesus see.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 275. C. M.

That I may know him. PHIL. iii. 10.

- 1 **DIVINE** Preceptor, now reveal
A precious Christ to me ;
That I may know, and taste, and feel
His grace, divinely free.
- 2 O, may I know him as my God,
To bow, adore, and love ;
Know him my Surety, trust his blood,
And all its virtues prove.
- 3 To know him as my cov'nant Head,
My Brother and my Friend ;
To know him as my living Bread,
And on him still depend.
- 4 O, precious Christ ! I long to know
And trust thee more and more ;
Fain would I part with all below,
Thy glories to explore.
- 5 Thanks to thy name for what I know,
By sitting at thy feet ;
Go on to teach me, till I go
Where knowledge is complete.

HYMN 276. C. M.

To know the love of Christ. EPH. iii. 19.

- 1 **BLEST** souls, who know the boundless love,
Which mov'd the Saviour's heart,
To undertake their cause above,
And endless life impart.
- 2 Its length and breadth, its depth, and height,
Surpass all human thought ;
Its sov'reign acts, its conquering might,
Are by his Spirit taught.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

3 Go forth, my soul, go forth to know
Thy dear Redeemer's love;
In cov'nant bonds—his work below,
And acts of grace above.

4 O, 'tis eternal, matchless, free,
Immutable and strong:
I know it, for it conquer'd me,
And is become my song!!

HYMN 277. C. M.

Self Examination.

1 LORD, I desire to ascertain,
With evidence more bright,
That I by grace, am born again,
And darkness chang'd for light.

2 I look on those who have believ'd,
And thine own image bear;
But often fear I am deceiv'd,
When I with them compare.

3 I turn, and look within my heart,
Alas! what do I see,
But sin and shame in every part?
Ah! whither can I flee?

4 Desires, and duties I survey;
All is impure within;
Yet I delight to read and pray,
And fain would hate all sin.

5 I love to walk, and talk with saints,
And join in Zion's song;
My longing soul for Jesus faints;—
Do I to him belong?

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 6 Sure these are marks of saving grace,
Which none but christians have;
Awake, my soul, in songs of praise,
For Jesus Christ will save.

HYMN 278. S. M.

The same.

- 1 O LORD, when I retire,
Far from the world alone;
And of my state, and growth enquire,
I find my heart like stone.
- 2 But still, I feel inclin'd
To look within again:
Though by each search still more I find,
Of evils that remain.
- 3 Sometimes, I hope, I feel
A hatred to all sin;
I mourn a heart, like stone or steel,
And sigh for life within.
- 4 Sure I should not lament
My barrenness and woe,
If Jesus had not said, repent,
And made repentance flow.
- 5 I'll claim this evidence,
If I have none beside;
And draw some humble hope from thence,
That Christ for me has died.

HYMN 279. C. M.

Pardon sought. PSALM xxv. 11.

- 1 O, THOU who art the God of love,
Still ready to forgive;
Seal now my pardon from above,
And bid a rebel live.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 See, my iniquity is great,
But greater still thy grace;
O, pardon, Lord, the sins I hate,
And show thy smiling face.
- 3 I plead thy great and glorious name,
In Jesus Christ reveal'd;
Tell me he bore my guilt and shame,
That pardon may be seal'd.
- 4 My crimes are great, let grace abound,
To meet my wretched case;
Then on my harp thy name shall sound,
Through heaven's unmeasur'd space.
- 5 Lord, can a soul thus plead in vain,
For pardon at thy feet?
No! Jesus bled, and I shall gain
A harp, and glorious seat.

HYMN 280. C. M.

Looking up.

- 1 LOOK up, my soul, to yonder throne,
Where Jesus undertook
T' obey, and suffer, for his own,
And wrote them in his book.
- 2 Look up, my soul, to yonder cross,
Where Jesus groan'd and bled;
For him consider all things loss,
He suffer'd in thy stead.
- 3 Look up, my soul, where Jesus stands,
And daily intercedes;
See, how he shows his side and hands,
And for his people pleads.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Look up, my soul, where Jesus waits,
To welcome thee to bliss:
Soon I shall pass the pearly gates,
And see him as he is.

HYMN 281. L. M.

Inward Conflict. ROM. vii.

- 1 WHAT means this conflict in my heart?
In which, both grace and sin take part:
Both seem resolv'd in me to reign,
And thus a daily war maintain.
- 2 Grace bids me seek the LORD by prayer—
Sin almost drives me to despair,—
Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth,—
Sin drags me downward to the earth.
- 3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,
His house, his service and his word;
But sin, in every place, has tried
To turn my wand'ring heart aside.
- 4 Grace gives me drops of heavenly joys,
But sin my happiness annoys;
Sin is resolv'd to hold me fast,
But grace shall conquer sin at last.

HYMN 282. P. M.

The same. CANT. vi. 13.

- 1 IN yonder Shulamite
What wonders do I see;—
The same which, day and night,
Disturb the peace in me;
Two armies meet, and each can boast,
The conquest of a num'rous host.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Troops of corruptions strong,
Claim thousands as their prey,
And o'er the captive throng,
Their cruel sceptre sway;
Till heavenly graces enter in,
And take the prey from hell and sin.
- 3 The conflict thus begun,
Will every day increase,
Till victory is won,—
Till sin, and sorrow cease;
Our inbred sins will give us pain,
But graces shall triumphant reign.
- 4 The struggle, though severe,
Cannot continue long;
Ye saints, dismiss your fear,
Begin the conqu'ror's song;
Our hosts of sin shall all be slain,
And Christ in us for ever reign.

HYMN 283. P. M.

The same.

- 1 LORD, the conflict grows severer,
Yet I cannot quit the field:
Gracious Captain, be thou nearer,
Teach me how thy sword to wield:
By thy Spirit
All my inbred foes shall yield.
- 2 Earth and hell are now uniting,
To obstruct my journey home;
Thus I'm call'd to daily fighting,
O, let thy salvation come:
By thy Spirit
I shall more than overcome.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Thou hast all my armour given;
Thou hast plac'd my crown in view;
All my strength must come from heaven,
While such potent foes pursue;
By thy Spirit
I shall every sin subdue.
- 4 Though surrounded with temptation,
And a trait'rous host annoy;
Yet the Captain of salvation,
Will, *his* foes and *mine* destroy;
By his Spirit
I shall gain the victor's joy.

HYMN 284. Ss.

Discovery.

- 1 ALAS! what a dream I was in,
When thinking the conflict was o'er,
Supposing that crucified sin
Would struggle and plague me no more.
- 2 How soon I awoke in alarm,
And saw myself wholly deprav'd;
I fled to my Saviour's strong arm,
He pitied, deliver'd, and sav'd.
- 3 The more my corruptions annoy,
The more I solicit his aid;
And nothing can lessen my joy,
While on him by faith I am stay'd.
- 4 My ruin, endears him to me—
When empty, his fulness I prize—
My danger, to him makes me flee—
When hungry, my want he supplies.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 All over defil'd and undone,
At Jesus' dear feet I now fall,
And trust in his merits alone,
My Surety, my life, and my all.

HYMN 285. C. M.

Esther's Resolution.

- 1 WHEN Esther saw destruction near,
She hasten'd to the throne:
My soul, when overcome with fear,
Shall make her plan my own.
- 2 Sin, like a Haman false and vile,
My soul's destruction sought:
And, by its treachery and guile,
Death's gloomy sentence brought.
- 3 From the abyss of endless woe,
The King alone can save;
Then I'll approach him, for I know
He will do all I crave.
- 4 I'll hasten near his gracious throne:
I cannot perish there:
Some sov'reign favour will be shown,
In which my soul shall share.
- 5 I'll press through every fear and doubt,
In Jesus I'll believe;
I see he holds his sceptre out,
That I may touch and live.
- 6 Before his throne I'll prostrate fall,
And wait, and hope, and cry:
The King of Kings, the Lord of all,
Will never let me die.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 286. C. M.

Healing Touch. MARK v. 28.

- 1 SIN, like a raging plague impure,
Has spread through all my soul;
No mortal can effect a cure,
Nor this disease controul.
- 2 Saviour, behold my helpless case,
Though wretched, poor and mean:—
Behold! I rest upon thy grace;
For thou canst make me clean.
- 3 Thy precious blood was shed for such;
Apply it to my soul;
And grant me now that healing touch,
Which makes a sinner whole.
- 4 All human power and skill is vain,
In such a case of woe;—
And will the “good Physican” deign,
His virtue to bestow?
- 5 I’ll boldly hasten through the throng,
Though doubts and fears oppose:
Jesus will make me whole ere long,
May I but touch his clothes.

HYMN 287. S. M.

Regeneration.

- 1 YE sons of Adam’s race,
A ruin’d helpless train,
Thus saith the God of sov’rign grace;
“Ye must be born again.”
- 2 The rites that men have taught,
And legal hopes are vain;
Mere works, and services are nought,
“Ye must be born again.”

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 To flee to Sinai's hill,
Will but increase your pain ;
You can't perform Jehovah's will,
" Except you 're born again."
- 4 Would you escape from hell,
Pardon and peace obtain ?
Would you with God and angels dwell ?
" You must be born again."
- 5 The sons of God alone,
Shall in his presence reign ;
Their shouts shall echo round his throne,
For they are born again.

HYMN 288. 7s.

Mercy obtained.

- 1 SINNERS, ruin'd by the fall,
Listen to the words of Paul ;
He, whose life with blood was stain'd,
Pard'ning mercy has obtain'd.
- 2 Mercy met me in the way,
Mercy taught my soul to pray,
Mercy shone around me bright,
And when blind, restor'd my sight.
- 3 I, to endless death drew near,
Mercy stopp'd my mad career ;
Mercy, stooping from the throne,
Broke, and chang'd my heart of stone.
- 4 Mercy, sov'reign, rich, and free,
Made the Saviour known to me ;
Bid me trust in Jesus' name,
And his dying love proclaim.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Mercy taught a Saul to preach;
None are out of mercy's reach,
Who their guilt and sin deplore,
And who wait at mercy's door.

HYMN 289. L. M.

The same. 1 TIM. i. 13.

- 1 YE saints assist my soul, to sing
The love of my Almighty King:
I strove against his fix'd decree,
Yet "I obtained mercy" free.
- 2 Exceeding mad against his grace,
I ran a most rebellious race;
Resolving Jesus should not reign,
Yet "I obtained mercy" then.
- 3 Self-righteous—ignorant of God,
But cleans'd, and sav'd by Jesus' blood;
No ruin'd sinner could be worse,
Yet "I obtained mercy" thus.
- 4 Awaken'd sinner! don't despair,
To Calv'ry haste—and tarry there;
My glorious Surety's merit view,
And you'll obtain his mercy too.

HYMN 290. C. M.

Sight restored. JOHN ix. 25.

- 1 I SING the matchless work of grace,
Which Jesus wrought on me;
I was born blind of Adam's race,
But he has made me see.
- 2 Born blind to wretched self, and sin,
And blind to danger too;
But now I see the path I'm in,
And wisdom's ways pursue.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Born blind to Jesus Christ my Lord,
He had no charms to me;
But now I see him in his word,
And to his bosom flee.
- 4 Born blind to every sweet delight,
The gospel has to give;
But now I have receiv'd my sight,
On gospel grace I live.
- 5 I cannot tell the time, nor place,
Nor what the means could be:
But this I know, by Jesus' grace,
Though blind I was, I see.

HYMN 291. C. M.

One Thing Needful. LUKE x. 42.

- 1 CUMBER'D with transitory cares,
Martha confus'd remains;
Mary at Jesus' feet appears,
And "one thing needful" gains.
- 2 She tastes his love, and sees his face,
He makes her wiser grow;
I too, would sit in Mary's place,
And "one thing needful" know.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let me hear thy voice,
While at thy feet I lie;
The "one thing needful" is my choice,
I must have Christ, or die.
- 4 This sacred boon is all I crave,
Nor would I dare repine;
Let Martha all her dainties have,
Be "one thing needful" mine.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 This portion by the Saviour given,
Which none can take away ;
Shall ever be possess'd in heaven,
When all things else decay.

HYMN 292. S. M.

Recovering Grace.

- 1 LET Saints, who love the Lord,
Their joyful tribute bring ;
The wonders of his love record,
And Hallelujahs sing.
- 2 Uncircumcis'd, and dead,
With Adam's race we lay,
Descendants from a fallen head,
Fond of his wand'ring way.
- 3 But Jesus saw our state,
And from his lovely face,
Pity beam'd forth, divinely great,
In rays of pard'ning grace.
- 4 He all our sins forgives ;
His voice the dead can raise ;
'Tis by his touch the sinner lives,
And, his shall be the praise.
- 5 He quickens whom he will,
For he has life to give ;
And whom he quickens none can kill ;
They shall for ever live.

HYMN 293. C. M.

Satan Dispossessed. MARK V. 15.

- 1 AMONG the tombs of old was found,
A man, by fiends possess'd ;
Who neither could be tam'd, nor bound,
And knew no place of rest.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 A striking emblem of my heart,
Where Satan held his seat,
Till Jesus did his grace impart,
And bid the foe retreat.
- 3 Behold his love, and pity rise ;
Through seas and storms he comes :
The legion at his presence flies ;
The man forsakes the tombs.
- 4 When he the sov'reign mandate gives,
The victim is resign'd ;
At Jesus' feet behold he lives,
Cloth'd, and in his right mind.

HYMN 294. S. M.

The same. LUKE xi. 21.

- 1 THE strong man arm'd once held,
Possession of my heart ;
False peace through all my powers prevail'd,
And death in every part.
- 2 Jesus, my God alone,
Could break the tyrant's chain ;
He drove th' usurper from the throne,
Ne'er to return again.
- 3 He took his reigning power,
And armour both away ;
And, from that soul-transforming hour,
Doth his own sceptre sway.
- 4 The stronger than the strong,
Is my protector now ;
And I shall see his face ere long,
And in his presence bow.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 295. L. M.

Marred Vessel. JEREMIAH xviii. 4.

- 1 BEHOLD, the heavenly potter takes
A lump of lifeless clay, and makes
A vessel by his power and skill,
Perfect in nature, free of will.
- 2 Alas! this vessel, made so grand,
Is quickly "marred in the hand;"
Perverted, broken, and unclean;
Marr'd by the cruel hand of sin.
- 3 But, O, what love does God display!
The vessel is not cast away;
'Tis in his hand, and by him made
"Another vessel," without aid.
- 4 He purifies the marred clay,
And takes sin's hideous form away;
A vessel in his likeness moulds,
Which in his hand he ever holds.
- 5 Fill'd with the incense of his love,
'Twill offer praise to him above;
It shall no more be marr'd by sin,
For heav'n's pure gates shall shut it in.

HYMN 296. C. M.

Purified Vessel. PROVERBS xxv. 4.

- 1 THE silver ore in nature's mine,
Is mingled with the dross;
It must be melted to refine,
But it sustains no loss.
- 2 Thus sin is mingled in my heart,
And makes the whole impure:
Dear Lord, perform the finer's part,
And help me to endure.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Melt me, and try me as thou wilt,
Only my dross remove;
Make me a vessel free from guilt,
And fill me with thy love.
- 4 With heavenly lustre make me shine,
Like those around thy throne;
Make it appear that I am thine,
Renew'd by grace alone.
- 5 Employ me, while on earth I live,
To testify thy grace:
Then in thy heavenly temple give
To me a vessel's place.

HYMN 297. C. M.

A Brand Pluck'd out of the Fire. ZECH. iii. 2.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, the grace admire
That view'd my state of woe,
That pluck'd me from eternal fire,
Eternal joys to know.
- 2 I was a wither'd useless brand,
Cast out in sin, and shame;
But Jesus Christ stretch'd forth his hand,
And pluck'd me from the flame.
- 3 Now, though the world presents its snares,
And flesh and sin conspire,
Jesus, my dearest Lord, declares,
He'll save me from the fire.
- 4 Satan himself shall feel dismay,
And disappointed stand,
While all his legions hear him say,
"This is a rescu'd brand."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 This theme shall tune my harp of gold,
When I to heaven aspire:
While angels shout, and say, "behold
A brand pluck'd from the fire!"

HYMN 298. L. M.

The pardoned Debtor. LUKE vii. 42.

- 1 A GUILTY debtor, mean and poor,
I owed five hundred pence, and more,
And having nothing left to pay,
I fear'd I should be cast away.
- 2 But Jesus all my debt forgave,
My nature took, and died to save;
And though I nothing had to pay,
He would not cast my soul away.
- 3 His sov'reign grace shall be my boast,
For I am bound to love him most;
Because when I had nought to pay,
He took my debt of sin away.
- 4 I'll triumph in forgiving love,
When I ascend to heaven above,
And sing, in realms of endless day,
I'm here! though I had nought to pay.

HYMN 299. C. M.

Time of Love. EZEKIEL xvi. 8.

- 1 OUTCASTS from Paradise and God,
We wretched sinners lie,
Beneath our guilt, and in our blood,
Till Jesus passes by.
- 2 He, as an act of sov'reign grace,
Bids dying sinners live;
One powerful look from Jesus' face,
Will life and vigour give.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 See, dearest Lord, how cold I lie ;
How helpless I remain ;
Now, in the means of grace pass by,
And let me life obtain.
- 4 O, let this prove a time of love,
While thou art passing by ;
Send down a blessing from above,
Nor let a sinner die.
- 5 Pass by, and look upon me, Lord,
And bid my soul revive ;
Then shall my grateful songs record,
The grace by which I live.

HYMN 300. C. M.

Zaccheus. LUKE xix.

- 1 ZACCHEUS fain would Jesus see,
When passing Jericho ;
He ran before, and climb'd a tree,
But Jesus brought him low.
- 2 'Twas thus I clim'b mount Sinai's height,
And thought to gain a crown ;
But when the Saviour came in sight,
He quickly brought me down.
- 3 My legal hopes, and tow'ring pride,
Could not escape his view :
" Make haste, come down, to-day," he cried,
" I must abide with you."
- 4 " I have salvation to bestow,
" And will not pass you by :
" But grace first brings the sinner low,
" Then raises him on high."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 One sov'reign look, one potent word,
Brings lofty sinners down :
The smiles of Jesus joy afford ;
His hand bestows a crown.

HYMN 301. L. M.

Saul's Conversion. Acts ix.

- 1 WHEN Saul with priestly letters sent,
Madly towards Damascus went,
The Saviour met him in the way,
And made the stubborn rebel pray.
- 2 "Trembling, astonish'd," lo! he lies ;
"What wilt thou have me do," he cries :
The Saviour lifts him from the earth,
A subject of the second birth.
- 3 Thus, when the Lord arrests the heart,
His Holy Spirit to impart,
Th' astonish'd sinner trembling lies,
Till Jesus his own blood applies.
- 4 Then, rising from the ground of fear,
His wounded spirit lives to hear
The joyful news of pard'ning love :
And takes the blessing from above.

HYMN 302. C. M.

Peter's Fall.

- 1 DID Simon Peter Christ deny,
Before the Jewish race ?
Alas ! my Saviour, so shall I,
If thou withhold thy grace.
- 2 Peter, who lov'd his Lord so well,
That he would with him die!—
In Peter's case, O, who can tell,
But I should Christ deny ?

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 I, oft, like him, with coward's pace
Do follow, but not near;
And, oft, before the worldling's face,
Like him, I yield to fear.
- 4 O, that, like him, I now could weep,
And still more watchful grow:
My soul, dear Saviour, deign to keep,
Or I shall from thee go.
- 5 If I to treach'rous shame incline,
When I should Jesus own,
Give me that piercing look of thine,
Which melted Peter down.

HYMN 303. L. M.

The Contrast. PROVERBS xxvii. 7.

- 1 FULL souls, that live on earthly toys,
Loath, and refuse celestial joys;
But hungry souls would fain be fed,
With new supplies of heavenly bread.
- 2 Full souls the gospel honey leave,
And grasp at objects that deceive;
The hungry soul, from bitter things,
Sweet food and med'cine often brings.
- 3 Full souls do all their substance waste,
And solid pleasures never taste:
But every hungry soul, though poor,
Shall find in Jesus boundless store.
- 4 Full souls no room for Jesus find,
To all his beauties they are blind;
The hungry soul on Jesus lives,
Nor loathes the sacred food he gives.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Lord, empty me of self and sin ;
Bring Christ with all his fulness in ;
O ! make me hunger more and more,
And live on Christ, and Christ adore.

HYMN 304. C. M.

Black, yet Comely. CANT. 1. 5.

- 1 MYSTERIOUS truth, the Saints are all
Both black and comely too ;
Black and polluted through the fall,
Comely in Jesus' view.
- 2 Black as the tents of Kedar's race,
They own themselves most vile ;
But comely through their Surety's grace,
And favor'd with his smile.
- 3 I'll own my blackness till I lie,
Abas'd at Jesus' feet ;
I'll claim my comeliness, and cry,
" Lord take me to thy seat."

HYMN 305. C. M.

The Paradox. 2 COR vi. 10.

- 1 MY soul, by Moses' standard tried,
Is helpless mean and poor ;—
But found in Jesus crucified,
Possesses boundless store.
- 2 " As having nothing" pure or good,
In nature's ruin'd frame ;—
" Possessing all things" through the blood,
Of Christ the slaughter'd Lamb.
- 3 " As having nothing" now to plead,
Of nothing I can boast ;—
In Christ " possessing all I need,"
I'll love and praise him most.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 "As having nothing," I'll record
The riches Christ has given ;
Possessing all things in my Lord,
I'll claim both earth and heaven.

HYMN 306. L. M.

Mind of Christ. PHIL. ii. 5.

- 1 WHEN I with God and self retire,
And of my growth in grace enquire,
With grief and shame, in me I find,
But little of my Saviour's mind.
- 2 Holy and harmless Jesus stood,
In me I find there's nothing good :
Compassion in his count'nance shone,
My heart is still as hard as stone.
- 3 Zealous, and stable was his mind,
Aspiring, humble, patient, kind ;
When others cursed he would bless :
Lord, let me more thy mind possess.
- 4 With holy zeal, and love divine,
And humble patience such as thine,
My carnal, barren mind endow,
That like my Saviour I may grow.
- 5 Let the same mind that was in thee,
Like the Sun's rays reflect on me :
Till near thy throne, on thee I gaze,
Absorb'd in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 307. S. M.

Spiritual Mindedness. ROM. viii. 6.

- 1 O ! HAPPY soul, that knows
And mourns its carnal state ;
On whom the God of love bestows
His grace to new create.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 O ! happy soul, that's taught
Carnality to dread ;
Who loves the heaven-aspiring thought,
In sweet communion led.
- 3 He shuns the toys of time,
And spurns them from his sight :
While holy things, and joys sublime,
His heaven-born soul delight.
- 4 His faith expands her wings,
And longs to fly away,
Beyond the reach of earthly things,
And leave his clog of clay.
- 5 Eternal life, and peace,
Through grace to him belong ;
This sacred portion shall increase,
Till glory tunes his song.

HYMN 308. C. M.

The same.

- 1 THE objects of Jehovah's love,
Renew'd by sov'reign grace,
Fix their desires on things above,
And Jesus' footsteps trace.
- 2 They leave the worldling with his toys,
To grovel here below,
And rise to taste the sacred joys,
Which none but saints can know.
- 3 The very air their souls inhale,
Is purity and love ;
Their portion lies within the veil,
Their prospect is above.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 O, may this life to me be given,
And every day increase;
I would on earth begin my heaven,
In Christ my life and peace.

HYMN 309. L. M.

The same.

- 1 THE life of God within the soul,
Will sinful, earthly life controul,
Raise the affections up to God,
And joys the most refin'd afford.
- 2 Commencing with a heavenly birth,
It cannot be confin'd to earth;
But soaring to its native skies,
Lives on new covenant supplies.
- 3 Tho' clogg'd with earth, annoy'd with sin;
It is to Christ and heaven akin;
And all its life, its strength and food,
Are Jesus' flesh, and Jesus' blood.
- 4 This life is hid from mortal view,
Its peace the worldling never knew;
O, may I all its sweetness prove,
As flowing from eternal love.

HYMN 310. P. M.

Happy Moments.

- 1 O! THE happiness, arising
From the life of grace within,
When the soul is realizing
Conquests over hell and sin;
Happy moments!
Heavenly joys on earth begin.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 On the Saviour's fulness living,
All his saints obtain delight :
With the strength which he is giving,
They can wrestle, they can fight ;
Happy moments !
When King Jesus is in sight.
- 3 Nearer ! nearer ! to him clinging,
Let my helpless soul be found ;
All my sorrows to him bringing,
May his grace in me abound ;
Happy moments !
With new cov'nant blessings crown'd.
- 4 All the world has nothing charming ;
Foes and sorrows flee away ;
Nor is death itself alarming,
Jesus took its sting away :
Happy moments !
Dawning of eternal day.

HYMN 311. L. M.

The Lord direct your Heart into the Love of God.

2 THESS. iii. 5.

- 1 O, HOLY Ghost, thy grace impart,
Direct each broken seeking heart,
Into that vast abyss of love,
For ever flowing from above.
- 2 Sov'reign, invincible, and free,
A constant spring, a boundless sea ;
The grand first cause of all the grace,
Which saves the worst of Adam's race.
- 3 Eternal, and unchanging love,
My bulwark of defence shall prove :
Here I can live—here I can rest—
And here be now, and ever blest.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Here, Lord, direct my wand'ring heart ;
Nor let it ever hence depart,
And when I reach the realms above,
I'll sing of free eternal love.

HYMN 312. P. M.

Panting after God:

- 1 O, FOR a heart to love my Saviour more—
O, for a mind his fulness to explore—
O, for strong faith to trust him with my all—
O, for the power to preach him like a Paul.
- 2 Fain would I keep the world beneath my feet,
To hasten upwards to my Saviour's seat,
Proclaiming all his glories as I go,
And leave some savour of his name below.
- 3 I'm by my own corruptions most annoy'd,
I long for grace to reign till sin's destroy'd ;
My sins are pardon'd, for my Surety bled ;
But still I cannot rest till they are dead.
- 4 Rejoice my soul, this also is decreed,
My cov'nant God will blot them out I read ;
I'll trust him, praise him, & proclaim his love,
Till I'm absorb'd in Jesus' charms above.

HYMN 313. P. M.

Aspiration.

- 1 O, WHAT stupendous grace !
My soul to Christ is given,
And with his chosen race,
I'm on my way to heaven ;
And shall I loiter in the road ?
Forgetful of my blest abode ?

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, I pray,
Constrain me to press on,
To realms of endless day,
A mansion and a crown ;
Regardless of the worldlings' toys,
And reaching forth to endless joys.
- 3 Abstracted from the world,
Kept close to Jesus' side ;
Though fiery darts are hurl'd,
In safety I abide,
And run with joy my heavenly race,
Supported by Almighty grace.
- 4 Advancing every hour,
In knowledge, peace, and love ;
Kept by my Father's power,
Till glorified above.
I would be dead to things terrene,
And live, alone, on things unseen.

HYMN 314. C. M.

The same.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, by second birth,
Redeem'd with precious blood ;
Why should my spirit cleave to earth ?
And live so far from God ?
- 2 See how my longing soul aspires,
To breathe my native air ;
Access to heaven my heart desires,
Because my God is there.
- 3 I cannot live on sensual toys,
Since thou hast given me grace
I thirst for those celestial joys,
Which shine in Jesus' face.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 O, draw me nearer—nearer still!
In fellowship with thee,
Until I stand on Zion's hill,
And all thy glory see.

HYMN 315. L. M.

At Jesus' Feet. DEUT. xxxiii. 3.

- 1 O, HAPPY day! O, solemn hour,
When first I felt Jehovah's power;
Struck by his grace, condemn'd I lay,
Till Jesus bid me rise and pray.
- 2 Encourag'd by his word I went,
And cried, Lord help me to repent;
I sat enquiring at his feet,
Receiv'd his word, and found it sweet.
- 3 Nor was I willing to depart;
His loving-kindness won my heart:
Nor will he frown my soul away,
Though at his feet I constant stay.
- 4 There I my num'rous wants perceive,
There, Jesus does my soul relieve;
And pride, and unbelief retreat,
While I am sitting at his feet.
- 5 Here, then, I'll sit, and still receive
His word, and in his name believe;
Nor leave my dear Redeemer's feet,
Until he takes me to his seat.

HYMN 316. C. M.

In Jesus' Hand.

- 1 THE Saints, whom God the Father lov'd,
Are plac'd in Jesus' hand:
From thence they cannot be remov'd;
For by his grace they stand.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 In Jesus' hand their cause was laid;
He bore their pond'rous load :
'Tis by his hand their debts are paid,
And every gift bestow'd.
- 3 In Jesus' hand they dwell secure,
And there they often prove,
The sweetness of those joys most pure,
Which flow from sov'reign love.
- 4 In Jesus' hand I'm well preserv'd;
No foe can hurt me there;
And though I have his wrath deserv'd,
His hand delights to spare.
- 5 In Jesus' hand ; O, pleasing thought !
Then Jesus is my guide ;
With all his saints I shall be brought !
To heaven, and there abide.

HYMN 317. L. M.

The same. JOHN x. 28.

- 1 ERE time began, Jehovah saw
My ruin, by his righteous law ;
His love, a full salvation plann'd,
Which plac'd my soul in Jesus' hand.
- 2 Oft have I wonder'd, I was found
Secure, with foes and fiends around ;—
Now, I the secret understand,
I'm in th' almighty Saviour's hand.
- 3 No sinner ever perish'd there,
While clinging fast by faith and prayer ;
Fiends may assault, and foes withstand,
But none can pluck from Jesus' hand.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Come, humble, souls assist my praise,
We shall not perish, Jesus says !
He'll bring us to the promis'd land,
For none can pluck us from his hand.

HYMN 318. L. M.

Following Christ.

- 1 JESUS, the heavenly Shepherd's voice,
Makes all his timid sheep rejoice ;
To pastures green his flock he leads,
And with celestial pleasure feeds.
- 2 They follow him where'er he goes,
And take the food his hand bestows ;
They hear his voice,—his love record,
And follow their incarnate God.
- 3 They follow him in acts of love,
Engaging for their souls above ;
They follow where he lives and dies,
And own him as their sacrifice.
- 4 They follow him in means of grace,
And there they often see his face ;
From him receiving rich supplies,
And follow him up to the skies.
- 5 Then, where celestial glory reigns,
They follow Christ o'er blissful plains ;
His footsteps trace around the throne,
While everlasting years roll on.

HYMN 319. S. M.

Christ's Presence.

- 1 WHEN Jesus deigns to smile
On souls oppress'd with grief,
Though sorrow's flood prevail awhile;
They shall obtain relief.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 The shinings of his face,
 Beam from his loving heart;
His countenance will darkness chase,
 And joy and peace impart.
- 3 One look from that dear Lord,
 Whose brow compassion wears,
Will much of heavenly bliss afford,
 E'en in this vale of tears.
- 4 Our Jesus' smiles reflect
 The glories felt above:
The highest bliss I here expect,
 Is, feasting on his love.
- 5 O, that my soul may live
 Beneath his smiling face!
And from his fulness, still receive
 Supplies of gospel grace.

HYMN 320. 7s.

The same.

- 1 SWEET the moments, when my soul
Sits beside the gospel pool;
When my Jesus comes and heals;
When my soul his presence feels.
- 2 When he shows his lovely face,
Then I feast upon his grace;
Sacred scenes my soul employ,
Near akin to heavenly joy.
- 3 Now repeat these visits, Lord,
Cov'nant blessings now afford;
Conquer, comfort, wound, or heal,
Let me but thy presence feel.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 See I wait, and look, and sigh ;
Raise my languid soul on high ;
Precious Jesus deign to bless,
With thy strength and righteousness.

HYMN 321. P. M.

Glorifying Christ.

- 1 WHEN truth and grace conspire
To bring salvation nigh,
The angels all desire
Their Lord to glorify ;
Amen, the heavenly hosts exclaim,
And glory hang on Jesus' name.
- 2 The Church on earth unite,
The Saviour's praise to sing,
And ransom'd souls delight
Their grateful songs to bring ;
Amen they shout, in praise and prayer,
Our Jesus shall the glory wear.
- 3 I too, will take my part,
In this divine employ ;
Christ dwells within my heart,
The pledge of endless joy ;
Amen I'll cry, and glory bring
To Christ my everlasting King.
- 4 Amidst the glorious throng,
Before Jehovah's throne,
Christ is their joy and song,
His glorious name they own ;
Amen I'll cry, when standing there,
And Jesus shall the glory bear.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 322. L. M.

The same.

- 1 WHEN Christ's ambassadors proclaim
The honors of their Master's name,
We love to hear the charming theme,
The glory of the gospel scheme.
- 2 'Tis heavenly music to our ears,
It calms our sorrow, quells our fears;
And while his glories they unfold,
We cry, "the half has not been told."
- 3 Each sentence, sprinkled with his blood,
Distils like rain, and does us good;
His fulness, open'd to the mind,
Gives joy and peace the most refin'd.
- 4 Where Christ is preach'd we must abide,
Our souls can live on nought beside;
On him we'll feast, and sing, and pray,
Till we commence eternal day.
- 5 Then, near his throne, O may we dwell,
And of his loving-kindness tell;
When doubts, and fears shall all be gone,
Exchang'd for glories here unknown.

HYMN 323. P. M.

Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 LET worldlings count their store,
And warriors thirst for fame,
The Saviour I adore,
And triumph in his name;
I'll glory in the blood-stain'd cross,
All else is vanity and dross.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Here hope obtains her birth,—
Here faith her vigour gains,
To conquer hell and earth,
And range yon blissful plains;
Hence I must glory in the cross,
This is my gain, all else is loss.
- 3 Here love and justice meet,—
Mercy expands her wings,—
Salvation is complete,
In Christ the King of Kings.
My soul shall glory in the cross,
No longer charm'd with earth's vain gloss.
- 4 I'll visit Calv'ry's hill,
To view the blood-stain'd tree;
And bid my fears be still,
Since Jesus died for me:
The triumphs of his cross will prove,
My glory, in the realms above.

HYMN 324. L. M.

The same.

- 1 AS on my Saviour's cross I gaze,
His precious name I'll try to praise;
'Twas there he paid my dreadful debt,
And my poor soul at freedom set.
- 2 There Jesus shed his precious blood,
To bring his wand'ers back to God;
And there he vanquish'd death and hell,
That I might ever with him dwell.
- 3 The doctrines of the cross I love,
Because they all my fears remove:
For in a dying Christ I see,
Salvation, perfect, full and free.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 The cross may carnal minds offend;
I'll glory in it to the end;
There pardon, peace and life I gain,
And hope with Jesus soon to reign.

HYMN 325. C. M.

The same.

- 1 JESUS, thy name, thy love, thy cross,
Are precious themes to me;
All else is vanity and dross,
When once compar'd with thee.
- 2 Eternal power and God-head shine,
In my Redeemer's face,
And through his cross I see him mine,
My source of life and grace.
- 3 Hard by the cross my soul would dwell,
To view my bleeding Lord;
There fight and conquer sin and hell,
And conqu'ring grace record.

HYMN 326. C. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 I'M not asham'd of Jesus' name,
He's my Redeemer, GOD;
He bore my guilt, and took my shame,
And sav'd me with his blood.
- 2 I'm not asham'd of gospel news,
The records of his grace;
Which saves the Gentiles, and the Jews,
And meets my ruin'd case.
- 3 I'm not asham'd to tell his love,
To Adam's fallen race;
He's not asham'd of me above,
For there he pleads my case.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 I'm not asham'd to bear the cross,
While men and devils rage;
Since Christ is mine all else is dross,
He lives from age to age.

HYMN 327. P. M.

Bethel's Pledge.

- 1 YE saints, who travel Zion's road,
Leaning upon your Saviour God,
His promises believe:
He has engaged our souls to keep,
Abroad, at home, awake, asleep,
He says "he'll never leave."
- 2 All he has spoken he'll fulfil,
For every want, it is his will
To grant us rich supplies;
In floods, and flames and deep distress,
Through all this dreary wilderness,
"I'll never leave" he cries.
- 3 "I'll never leave!" O, gracious word!
What joy this promise does afford
To helpless souls like me:
When creature comforts all depart,
And sorrows overwhelm my heart,
I'll to this promise flee.
- 4 Be gone, ye doubts, be still ye fears,
A voice divine salutes my ears,
"Jesus will never leave;"
His promise cannot fail I know;
He'll keep me while I'm here below,
And then to heaven receive.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 328. S. M.

Adoption. 1 JOHN iii. 1.

- 1 O! MATCHLESS, boundless love,
That makes us sons of God,
Let saints on earth and all above
Strike ev'ry tuneful chord.
- 2 O! matchless, sov'reign grace,
That sanctifies us here,
And will bestow, in heaven, a place,
When Jesus shall appear.
- 3 O! soul-transporting thought,
To see him as he is,
And, with the sons of God, be brought
To taste eternal bliss.
- 4 O! happy, joyful state,
Beneath a father's care,
Glory, which Jesus' smiles create,
Shall fill each spirit there.

HYMN 329. P. M.

Adoption.

- 1 AMAZING grace! a worm of earth
Ennobled by a second birth,
And own'd Jehovah's child!
An object of eternal love—
An heir to all the joys above,
Who cannot be exiled.
- 2 Come, heaven-born soul, your sonship view,
The grace which forms your heart anew,
Calls forth the filial claim;
My Father, doubtless thou art mine,
For thou hast given me life divine,
And I must own thy name.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 My Father, O, delightful sound!
I'm with paternal kindness crown'd,
By God my Father's hand:
O, how I long to love him more,
Obey him, trust him, and adore,
Till near his throne I stand.
- 4 My Father, draw my heart away,
From earth, and sin, and self I pray,
Let me thine image bear:
Feed, clothe, and teach me every day,
Till I arrive at home, and say
Thou art my Father there.

HYMN 330. L. M.

The humble exalted. PSALM cxiii. 7.

- 1 RICH grace, free grace, my soul adore,
Which saves the needy, and the poor;
Which lifts the guilty from the dust,
And sets them high among the just.
- 2 He found my soul thus low and base,
He sav'd a dunghill worm by grace;
And gave a priestly seat and dress,
A throne, and spotless righteousness.
- 3 Akin to Christ, the Prince of Peace,
My joy shall never, never cease;
I'll on his grace and love rely,
Until I sit with him on high.
- 4 Such grace my cov'nant God bestows,
On all the needy souls he chose;
Such grace in God my Saviour dwells,
Which God the Holy Ghost reveals.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 331. C. M.

We love him, because he first loved us. 1 JOHN iv. 19.

- 1 THE love I have to Jesus' name,
I know is all his own ;
No floods can quench the holy flame,
It rises to his throne.
- 2 I love because he loved me,
His love preserves me well,
From sin, and self, it sets me free,
With Christ my Lord to dwell.
- 3 He lov'd from all eternity,
And made my cause his own ;
He shed abroad his love in me,
From his exalted throne.
- 4 Hence I must love his precious name,
And publish his free grace ;
He will not put my soul to shame,
But I shall see his face.

HYMN 332. P. M.

Jesus loves me.

- 1 O MY soul ! why art thou grieving ?
Why disquiet and cast down ?
Why so fretful, unbelieving,
Or afraid of mortal's frown ?
Jesus loves me,
And he will send comforts down.
- 2 What though waves of sorrow, rolling,
Daily threaten to destroy ;
Is not this sweet truth consoling,
Though ten thousand foes annoy ?
Jesus loves me,
What should interrupt my joy ?

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Conflicts, trials, and temptation,
Are the lot of all the saints;
But let covenant relation,
Banish all my sad complaints,
Jesus loves me,
He's a friend that never faints.
- 4 Hence, be gone, ye doubts and sadness,
Here my troubled soul shall rest;
Changing all my grief for gladness,
In my dear Redeemer blest;
Jesus loves me,
And whate'er he does is best.

HYMN 333. C. M.

Confidence in the divine Word.

- 1 ALL glory to the sacred name
Of Israel's God and King;
Let us his faithfulness proclaim,
His truth and mercy sing.
- 2 He spoke, in love, ere time began,
The purposes of grace,
Which form'd the glorious gospel plan,
To save his chosen race.
- 3 He spoke the promises, which shine,
Upon th' inspir'd page;
Each promise rests on power divine,
Secure from age to age.
- 4 On this grand truth my soul shall build,
Jehovah cannot lie;
All he has said shall be fulfill'd,
And here I must rely.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 334. L. M.

Assurance. DEUT. xxxiii. 12.

- 1 SAFE in thy hand, my cov'nant God,
Belov'd, and cleans'd with precious blood,
I trust thy faithfulness and care,
When dangers, foes, and fiends are near.
- 2 Cover'd with thy Almighty hand,
Secure in life and death I stand;
And wait to dwell with thee above,
Beneath the canopy of love.
- 3 Under the shadow of thy wing,
All the day long I'd sit and sing:
And life, and death, and heaven shall prove,
I'm cover'd with eternal love.

HYMN 335. C. M.

The same. 2 TIM. i. 12.

- 1 JESUS, my God, I know thy name,
With thee I trust my all;
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
Nor ever let me fall.
- 2 I know thy power to hold that fast,
Which faith commits to thee;
Presenting all thy saints at last,
Before th' eternal Three.
- 3 I know, by witness from above,
In whom I have believ'd;
He loves me with eternal love,
I cannot be deceiv'd.
- 4 Safe in thy hand, O let me live,
To make thy glory known;
Grace from thy fulness daily give,
And glory near thy throne.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 In that great day when thou shalt come,
With majesty divine,
To fetch thy blood-bought children home,
I know I shall be thine.

HYMN 336. S. M.

Happy People. DEUT. xxxiii. 29.

- 1 **THRICE** happy souls, who know,
And worship Jacob's God:
Who pour contempt on things below,
And sound his praise abroad.
- 2 Happy art thou on earth;
Who shall with thee compare?
O, people sav'd, of heavenly birth,
Who heavenly blessings share.
- 3 Happy art thou in death,
More than the sons of men;
Fear not that Jordan, Jesus saith,
He will be with you then.
- 4 O, Israel, happy race!
To whom the promise given,
Secures before Jehovah's face,
The happiness of heaven.

HYMN 337. S. M.

Congratulation.

- 1 **HAIL!** favour'd saints of God,
Chosen in Christ your Head;
His constant care and love record,
In all the steps you tread.
- 2 The Saviour saw you lie,
O'erwhelm'd in guilt and sin,
Pitied your state, and deign'd to die,
To make you pure and clean.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 In him you stood belov'd,
Before the world was made—
In him your souls shall stand unmov'd,
'Midst worlds in ruin laid.
- 4 Call'd by his sov'reign grace,
And blest with life divine,
To you belong both grace and peace—
You shall in glory shine.
- 5 Nor time, nor death, can hurt
The objects of his love,
His arm shall every ill avert,
And lead his saints above.

HYMN 338. 7s.

Christian Soldiers.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the cross renown'd,
Hark! the Gospel Trumpet's sound
Calls to arms, the foe is nigh,
You must overcome, or die.
- 2 You must meet a num'rous host,
Who their many conquests boast:
Take the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
And attend your Captain's word.
- 3 See, he holds a crown in view;
O, ye conqu'rors, 'tis for you;
All your sins shall soon be slain,
And you shall the vict'ry gain.
- 4 "Him that overcomes, shall stand
"As a pillar at my hand;
"And, with marks of honour grac'd,
"In my temple shall be plac'd."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 339. S. M.

The same.

- 1 YE soldiers of the cross,
Whom Jesus deigns to own :
Fight on, and conquer in his cause,
And take the promis'd crown.
- 2 Fear not, you will o'ercome
Your foes, by blood divine,
Then march in holy triumph home,
And there in glory shine.
- 3 Sin, earth, and hell withstand,
But Jesus' power alone,
Gives vict'ry to his chosen band,
And brings them to his throne.
- 4 With him they shall sit down,
Upon his glories gaze,
Before him cast each blood-bought crown,
And sing his endless praise.

HYMN 340. C. M.

Warfare.

- 1 RISE, rise, my soul, pursue thy foes,
The victory is won ;
Through all thy warfare Jesus shows,
The conflict is his own.
- 2 He, armour, strength, and food provides,
For all he calls to fight ;
His army in his power confides,
And conquers in his might.
- 3 My soul shall never go to war,
At my own charge and cost,
I'll from my Captain's fulness draw,
And then I can't be lost.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Let fiends, and foes, and sins assail,
And in-bred traitors move;
In Jesus' strength I shall prevail,
And more than conqu'ror prove.

HYMN 341. C. M.

Conqueror.

- 1 YES, I shall stand, and conquer too,
Though earth and hell oppose;
My Captain's arm shall bring me through,
And conquer all my foes.
- 2 Yes, I shall be with vict'ry crown'd,
Through Jesus' precious blood;
And make his precious name resound,
Before the throne of God.
- 3 Yes, I shall more than conqu'ror be,
And heavenly glory gain;
Th' Almighty Jesus fights for me,
And with him I shall reign.
- 4 And shall I ever yield to fear?
From conflict e'er withdraw?
Forbid it Lord—be ever near,
Support me through the war.

HYMN 342. C. M.

The Gospel Trumpet's certain Sound. 1 COR. xiv. 8.

- 1 LET Zion's soldiers muster, round
The cross, to meet the foe;
The trumpet gives a certain sound,
Go on to conquer go.
- 2 The trumpet says the Lord is nigh,
Your strength in him is found;
He reigns victorious on high,
This is the certain sound.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 The trumpet says the victory's won,
For all the chosen race,
Go on to glory and renown,
And shout victorious grace.

HYMN 343. C. M.

"Faint yet Pursuing." JUD. viii. 4.

- 1 YE faithful souls, belov'd of God,
Chosen by sov'reign grace,
Call'd by his Spirit, and his word,
Arise your foes to chase.
- 2 Pursue with vengeance every sin,
Jehovah gives command;
The victory is your's to win;
'Tis in your Captain's hand.
- 3 Though faint, like Gideon's men, pursue,
And trample down your foes,
Since Jesus says he will subdue,
Whatever may oppose.
- 4 The conquest gained by the faint,
Will yield the more renown;
And Gideon's God is with each saint,
With victory to crown.
- 5 Jesus, your Captain, bids you shout,
The triumph of his sword:
His potent arm, you need not doubt,
Salvation will afford.

HYMN 344. C. M.

"Is it well with Thee?"

- 1 JESUS, my God, has stoop'd from heaven,
To save my soul from hell;
And since he has his Spirit given,
With me it must be well.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Why then, my soul, art thou cast down?
Why murmur and rebel?
Friends may desert, and foes may frown,
But still with saints 'tis well.
- 3 Though keen temptations oft invade;
And doubts and fears repel;
The cov'nant is so firmly made,
It cannot but be well.
- 4 If in this covenant I share,
Where'er I move or dwell,
Though crosses, foes, and fiends be there,
I'm sure it must be well.
- 5 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
This sacred truth I'll tell;
And when my Lord demands my breath,
I'll answer "it is well."
- 6 And when I reach yon blissful shore,
The heavenly choir I'll swell,
With this sweet theme for evermore,
All things with me are well.

HYMN 345. L. M.

Resignation.

- 1 **PEACE**, my tumultuous thoughts, be still,
For God performs his righteous will;
Though storms and clouds surround his feet,
He sits upon a mercy seat.
- 2 His ways are hid from mortal sight,
But all his steps are just and right;
To his decrees all worlds must bow,
And none may say, "what doest thou?"

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 One thing I know, and that's enough,
In every path, though dark and rough,
Goodness and mercy shall attend
My footsteps daily to the end.

HYMN 346. 7s.

The same.

- 1 LORD, I would no more repine,
Though thy will should frustrate mine;
What thou doest must be right,
Though conceal'd from mortal sight.
- 2 All thy works were plann'd above,
All thy steps are steps of love;
Do thy will—it must be best,
Let me be with patience blest.
- 3 Though I cannot understand
All the myst'ries of thy hand;
This shall satisfy my mind,
God is faithful, just, and kind.
- 4 Thou shalt lead me safely on,
Through this desert to thy throne;
There I shall for ever dwell,
Singing, "Christ did all things well."

HYMN 347. C. M.

Entering into Rest. HEB. iv. 3.

- 1 LORD, how thy chosen tribes are blest,
When drawn by sov'reign love,
To enter into gospel rest,
The pledge of joys above.
- 2 Jehovah's purpose, work, and grace,
Reveal'd, applied, receiv'd,
Afford a glorious resting place,
To all who have believ'd.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Safe in the ark amidst the flood,
In peace while war goes on;
Redeem'd and sav'd by precious blood,
To rest upon a throne.

HYMN 348. P. M.

Gratitude.

- 1 O, MY Lord, how great the wonders
Thy rich grace has wrought for me!
On thy love my spirit ponders,
Praising, magnifying thee;
Hallelujah!
To the great ETERNAL THREE.
- 2 I was once far off—a stranger—
Guilty, helpless, deaf and blind;
Jesus rescued me from danger,
And renew'd my heart and mind:
Precious Saviour!
How compassionate and kind.
- 3 Quicken'd by his Holy Spirit—
Cover'd with his righteousness;
He has said I shall inherit
Everlasting life and bliss:
Blessed Jesus!
How my soul exults in this:
- 4 He has all my sins forgiven,
Paid my debt, and set me free—
Vanquish'd hell, and open'd heaven,
And prepar'd a place for me:
My Redeemer
Lov'd me from eternity.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Yea, he says he'll never leave me,
But, when all his will is done,
To his bosom he'll receive me,
As the partner of his throne ;
Then I'll praise him,
While eternity rolls on !!!

HYMN 349. C. M.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 BLESS, O, my soul, thy Father's name—
Exalt the Son of God—
The Holy Spirit's work proclaim,
And cov'nant love record.
- 2 Guilty, deprav'd, and vile I stood,
Yea, sunk in deep distress ;
But now redeem'd by precious blood,
And cloth'd with righteousness.
- 3 My God prepar'd, reveals, and gives
This precious wedding dress ;
Hence I shall live, for Jesus lives,
The Lord my righteousness.
- 4 The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST
Unite, the church to bless ;
Henceforth my soul shall make her boast,
In Christ my righteousness.

HYMN 350. C. M.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 REJOICE, my soul, thou hast a right,
Thy Father is a King ;
And thou art precious in his sight,
Of him, and to him sing.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Rejoice, my soul, for thou art blest,
In Jesus' cov'nant love;
And in him, with him, thou shalt rest,
In endless bliss above.
- 3 Rejoice, my soul, in every state,
Defying earth and hell;
Trust cov'nant love, and daily wait,
Thou shalt with Jesus dwell.
- 4 Rejoice, my soul, and prize thy lot,
Though trials should abound;
Thy Father's purpose changes not,
And he will have thee crown'd.

HYMN 351. 7s.

Perfect Peace. ISAII. xxvi. 3.

- 1 IS my soul on Jesus stay'd?
Then I'll never be afraid;
Foes and sorrows may increase,
But I'm kept in perfect peace.
- 2 Is my soul on Jesus stay'd?
He of God to me is made,
Righteousness, and life divine,
Perfect peace shall now be mine.
- 3 Is my soul on Jesus stay'd?
Trusting in his promis'd aid?
Doubts and fears must all subside,
I in perfect peace abide.
- 4 Is my soul on Jesus stay'd?
Let the world and flesh upbraid;
While upon my Lord I live,
Perfect peace his smiles shall give.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Is my soul on Jesus stay'd ?
He will do as he hath said ;
I shall enter when I die,
Perfect peace with Christ on high.

HYMN 352. L. M.

Peace be unto you.

- 1 PEACE be to every contrite soul,
Where floods of Godly sorrow roll ;
A peace which only comes from God,
Secur'd and seal'd with precious blood.
- 2 Peace be to humble broken hearts,
The peace which cov'nant love imparts ;
That holy calm, that sacred rest,
Which grace creates within the breast.
- 3 This peace will slavish fears controul,
'Tis Jesus reigning in the soul,
By God himself most freely given,
Maintain'd on earth, complete in heaven.

HYMN 353. C. M.

Canaanites in the Land. JOSHUA xvii. 12.

- 1 JEHOVAH'S tribes, redeem'd by might,
In cov'nant with him stand,
But still the cursed Canaanite
Will dwell within their land.
- 2 In God's own house they dare intrude,
And with his saints resort ;
But in his strength they are subdued,
And under tribute brought.
- 3 What comfort, confidence, delights,
Would christians daily share ;
But for their in-bred Canaanites,
Alas ! they still are there.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Where'er they turn within the land,
They meet the Canaanite;
But still, led on by Jesus' hand,
With sin and hell they fight.
- 5 Almighty Joshua, make me strong,
My Canaanites destroy;
Give vict'ry, and the victors' song
Shall endless years employ.

HYMN 354. C. M.

Work of Grace.

- 1 ON us Jehovah's love was set,
Before the world began;
In us he works, and none can let,
Or interrupt his plan.
- 2 His work begun by sov'reign grace,
Upon the sinner's heart,
The powers of hell can ne'er deface,
By malice, nor by art.
- 3 This work the sinner's heart concerns,
It gives him life divine;
And, when creation's fabric burns,
'Twill in perfection shine.
- 4 The plan was drawn by cov'nant love,
The structure cannot fall;
God has enroll'd each saint above,
And he will save them all.

HYMN 355. C. M.

Freedom. 1 PET. ii. 16.

- 1 ETERNAL praise to Jesus' name,
Who makes a sinner free;
Let saints his sov'reign grace proclaim,
To all eternity.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 As free from wrath and hell, we'll sing,
No condemnation now ;
As free to love and serve our King,
We'll to his sceptre bow.
- 3 As free to walk, and work, and fight,
And take what grace bestows ;
We'll use our freedom with delight,
And every sin oppose.

HYMN 356. C. M.

Justification. ROM. viii. 1.

- 1 THRICE happy souls, in Jesus found,
And freely justified :
They shall with endless life be crown'd,
By him they crucified.
- 2 The law on them has no demand,
Yet they his precepts love ;
For, justified by grace they stand,
And wait for joys above.
- 3 No condemnation is proclaim'd,
Against this chosen race ;
Nor shall they ever be asham'd,
Before Jehovah's face.
- 4 They, by the Holy Spirit taught,
Both live and walk by faith ;
Till home to glory they are brought,
As God's own promise saith.
- 5 Nor curse, nor wrath, nor death, nor hell,
Can their blest souls destroy ;
With Christ, their Surety, they shall dwell
In everlasting joy.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 357. 7s.

Trusting the Promises.

- 1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord,
Jesus speaks, attend his word;
Full of promises divine,
Suited to such wants as thine.
- 2 Precious promises and great,
He has giv'n for every state,—
Can I doubt his truth and grace?
Or dispute what Jesus says?
- 3 He who promiseth is God,
O, what joy should this afford;
Holy Ghost, thy power impart,
And apply them to my heart.
- 4 Not one promise can be broke,
Which my dear Redeemer spoke;
I must on his word rely,
While I live, and when I die.

HYMN 358. C. M.

Living and dying in faith.

- 1 O, SACRED life! to live by faith
In him who reigns on high:—
O, happy man! who dies the death
Which all believers die.
- 2 The man that lives by faith beholds
Each promise as his own:—
He dies in faith, and heaven unfolds
The bliss of Jesus' throne.
- 3 To live by faith is heaven begun,
Embracing Christ the Lord:
To die in faith is vict'ry won,
By Jesus' two-edg'd sword.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 O, may I live by faith each day,
While through the earth I roam :
Then, die in faith, and wing my way
To my eternal home.

HYMN 359. C. M.

To live is Christ—To die is gain. PHIL. i. 21.

- 1 "TO live is Christ," the christian cries,
While living high by faith :
"To die is gain," his heart replies,
For glory follows death.
- 2 "To live is Christ," believers sing—
From him their life must come :
"To die is gain," for that shall bring
The ransom'd spirit home.
- 3 "To live is Christ"—a life divine,
Descending from above :
"To die is gain"—then heaven is mine,
And stores of cov'nant love.
- 4 "To live is Christ," when life and breath
Are spent in his employ :
"To die is gain"—then welcome death,
And everlasting joy.

HYMN 360. C. M.

Sovereign Grace. TITUS iii. 3 to 5.

- 1 YE heaven-born souls, look back, behold
Our nature all deprav'd—
Then let your songs of praise unfold
The grace by which we're sav'd.
- 2 'Tis sov'reign—rich—eternal—free,
And shines in Jesus' face ;
For ever fix'd on you and me,
With all his chosen race.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 We strove—we sinn'd—rebell'd and stray'd:
We said to Christ, "depart;"
But after that our God display'd,
His grace to change the heart.
- 4 Sin, earth, and hell, each day conspire,
To rob our souls of heaven;
But sov'reign grace and love require,
That glory shall be given.
- 5 No works but bad ones, could we bring
Before our cov'nant God:
We will of sov'reign mercy sing,
And Jesus' precious blood.

HYMN 361. C. M.

Shew me thy glory. EXODUS xxxiii. 18.

- 1 SHEW me thy glory," dearest Lord,
Which shines in Jesus' face;
A view of cov'nant love afford,
To subjects of thy grace.
- 2 "Shew me thy glory," in the plan
Which makes salvation free;
"Shew me thy glory," in the man
Who liv'd and died for me.
- 3 Within that rock where thou art seen,
Thy glory, Lord, unfold,
Until without a cloud between,
Thy glory I behold.

HYMN 362. C. M.

"I will declare what he hath done for my Soul. Ps. lxxvi. 16.

- 1 MY soul shall Jesus' love proclaim,
To all his chosen race;
I'll sing the Mediator's name,
And triumph in his grace.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 He kindly interpos'd for me,
When I rebell'd and fell ;
Obey'd and suffer'd on the tree,
To rescue me from hell.
- 3 He stopp'd my wand'rings—broke my heart,
And cleans'd my soul with blood ;
Yea, he will endless life impart,
Before the throne of God.
- 4 He took my nature—gave me his,
We are for ever one ;
He daily trains me up for bliss,
And he will claim his own.

HYMN 363. C. M.

Comfort for tried Souls.

- 1 BELOVED souls, God's own elect,
Most precious in his sight ;
Fear not, his hand shall well protect
His people, day and night.
- 2 'Midst fiery trials—furious foes—
Calamities and snares ;
Your deep distresses Jesus knows,
On him cast all your cares.
- 3 'Tis no strange thing, the saints of old
Pass'd through the fire to God ;
'Tis the right way, as we are told,
The consecrated road.
- 4 Go on, the prize is just in view,
The struggle can't be long ;
Almighty grace shall bring you through,
To join the ransom'd throng.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 364. L. M.

The tried soul encouraging himself in God:

- 1 LORD, when my cruel foes assail,
When sorrows rise, and fears prevail,
To thee I look, on thee I stay,
For safety in the evil day.
- 2 Thy cov'nant love, thy faithful word,
My best encouragement afford;
Earth, hell and sin, in vain combine,
Lord, I am safe, because I'm thine.
- 3 Dangers distresses, grief and care,
Call up my faith, and drive to prayer,
Then I can wield the conqu'ring sword,
Encourag'd by the Lord my God.
- 4 My God! this soul-reviving claim,
Puts all my slavish fears to shame;
By thee encourag'd I'll go on,
To chase my foes, and reach my crown.

HYMN 365. L. M.

Good Fruit from a good Tree. MAT. vii. 17.

- 1 O LORD, before thy face I lie,
And for thy quick'ning grace I cry;
Renew my heart, and from above,
Send down the treasures of thy love.
- 2 Within my heaven-born spirit place,
The riches of thy sov'reign grace,
Th' abundance of thy cov'nant store,
Then I am rich, and can't be poor.
- 3 Then shall I bring forth all good things,
To glorify the King of Kings;
Faith, hope, and love, with joy divine,
In words and works shall daily shine.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 The Tree made good by thine own hand,
Must bring forth fruit at thy command ;
O, let thy treasures dwell in me,
And I'll give all the praise to thee.

HYMN 366. C. M.

Despondency forbidden. Ps. xl. 2.

- 1 DESPONDING saint, whose drooping mind,
To grief becomes a prey,
As in some horrid pit confin'd,
Or sunk in miry clay.
- 2 To David's God send up your cry,
And wait his promis'd aid :
A praying soul can never die :—
Then why art thou afraid ?
- 3 Is light withdrawn, and comfort fled ?
Does unbelief prevail ?
Still credit what thy God hath said :
His promise cannot fail.
- 4 Bid unbelief now blush for shame ;
Raise to the Lord thy cry ;
Ask what thou wilt in Jesus' name,
And he will not deny.

HYMN 367. S. M.

Job's Complaint. JOB. xxiii.

- 1 O ! THAT I knew the place,
Where I my God could find :
Before him I would spread my case,
The sorrows of my mind.
- 2 I'd fill my mouth with words,
And thus approach his seat,
Using the plea his love affords,
While prostrate at his feet.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 But ah ! he hides his face,
And darkness veils my mind ;
Yet he is, still, a God of grace,
And cannot be unkind.
- 4 The tempter's arts assail,
My spirit to affright,
While unbelief and fear prevail,
And Christ is out of sight.
- 5 Lord, bid these clouds remove ;
Some ray of joy impart :
Give me a sense of pard'ning love,
To cheer my fainting heart.

HYMN 368. C. M.

Light in Darkness.

- 1 A DEEPER gloom than Egypt's night,
The sinner's mind o'erspreads,
Till Jesus Christ, the source of light,
His heavenly influence sheds.
- 2 The powerful entrance of his word,
The darkest shade breaks through ;
His sun-like rays, new light afford,
And bring new scenes to view.
- 3 The secret haunts where sin has lain,
Are by his light made known :
Nor can they undisturb'd remain,
Where Christ, our light has shone.
- 4 Dear Saviour, deign to shine on me,
Chase all my doubts away,
And in thy light, O ! let me see
The light of endless day.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 369. C. M.

Believer's Walk.

- 1 O, HAPPY souls, who have receiv'd
The Saviour, Christ the Lord,
Who walk as those that have believ'd,
Whose faith and works accord.
- 2 Their life, like Enoch's, is approv'd,
Like him they live on high :
By Enoch's God they are belov'd,
Nor can they ever die.
- 3 They walk by faith the narrow road ;
In Christ their souls abide :
And till they reach his blest abode,
He will for them provide.
- 4 They walk with cheerful active zeal,
In wisdom's narrow ways,
Until they reach at Zion's hill,
And end their toil in praise.

HYMN 370. C. M.

"Hinder me not."

- 1 AROUS'D from nature's awful sleep,
By Jesus' quick'ning grace,
From Satan's bond's I fain would leap,
And run the christian race.
- 2 When foes without, and foes within,
Their power and malice try
To hold me in the arms of sin,
"Hinder me not," I cry.
- 3 Heav'n is in view, and Christ invites,
'Tis vain to urge my stay ;
In sacred things my soul delights,
"Hinder me not," I pray.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Should hell alarm, and earth allure,
Since Jesus speeds my way,
I'll all forego, and all endure,
"Hinder me not," I'll say.
- 5 When call'd to tread death's gloomy way,
While friends around me cling,
Still looking forth to realms of day,
"Hinder me not," I'll sing.

HYNN 371. C. M.

David's Men.

- 1 WHEN David to Adullam's cave
Had fled, for fear of Saul,
He form'd a band of soldiers brave,
Who felt themselves in thrall.
- 2 Debtors, distress'd, and discontent,
O'erwhelm'd with want and shame,
To David in the hold they went,
Their Captain he became.
- 3 Thus David's Lord enlists a host,
Of debtors, mean and vile ;
And even those who owe him most,
He welcomes with a smile.
- 4 Their debt, distress, and discontent,
No fatal barriers prove ;
He is on their salvation bent,
And nothing damps his love.
- 5 He arms them from his sacred store,
Trains them with skilful hand ;
Their war with sin shall soon be o'er,
And they victorious stand.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 372. L. M.

Primitive Examples. HEB. vi. 12.

- 1 THE saints of old on Christ relied,
On him they liv'd, in him they died;
They knew his promises were sure,
And their inheritance secure.
- 2 Their faith confided in his blood;
Their patience ran the heavenly road;
Jesus, my God, enable me
To follow them who follow'd thee.
- 2 Increase my faith, my patience prove,
Warm me with everlasting love:—
Still foll'wing those whom thou hast blest,
With them, with thee, O, may I rest.
- 4 Destroy my sloth, new vigour give,
My faith and patience, Lord, revive;
With holy fervour make me run,
To win the prize, and wear the crown.

HYMN 373. C.M.

Confidence.

- 1 SINCE God protects his feeble sheep,
From all surrounding foes;
My soul shall close to Jesus keep,
And follow where he goes.
- 2 For who shall hurt the Saviour's friends,
Who lean upon his breast?
To heaven their daily progress tends,
And with him they shall rest.
- 3 There they'll survey the road they trod,
And dangers they have pass'd;
Kept by the mighty power of God,
And brought to heaven at last.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 374. L. M.

The same. ZEPH. iii. 17.

- 1 COME, saints, a grateful tribute bring,
To Zion's everlasting King,
Who rules below, and reigns above,
And rests in his unchanging love.
- 2 Amidst his saints he loves to dwell,
Employs his might their foes to quell;
And though they every day offend,
He loves them freely to the end.
- 3 Within the soul adorn'd with grace,
Jehovah has his resting place;
And from the objects of his love,
He never, never will remove.
- 4 "Mighty to save," or to destroy,
Saints are the objects of his joy;
To heaven he will his children bring,
And o'er them bid his angels sing.

HYMN 375. C. M.

Divine Convoy. EXODUS xxiii. 20.

- 1 WHEN Israel pass'd the desert o'er,
To Canaan's blest abode,
Jehovah's angel went before,
To mark the winding road.
- 2 Thus when my soul left Satan's ground,
And upwards sped its way,
My Jesus stood engag'd, I found,
To guide me night and day.
- 3 O'er hills of guilt, through hosts of foes,
I press towards the crown;
No thorns can hurt, for Jesus goes
Before, to tread them down.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Not Sinai's height nor Jordan's deeps,
My soul shall terrify,
"The angel of the cov'nant" keeps
His saints, with watchful eye.
- 5 With such a Convoy, such a Friend,
And such a crown in view,
Though foes and fiends, the road attend,
My journey I'll pursue.
- 6 Jehovah-Jesus has declar'd
Of all his chosen race,
He'll bring them to the place prepar'd,
To see his lovely face.

HYMN 376. C. M.

The same.

- 1 ISRAEL, the people of the Lord,
Travell'd the desert o'er,
And pass'd through Jordan's mighty flood,
To Canaan's happy shore.
- 2 So christians travel through this world,
With heavenly joys in view:
Though fiery darts are at them hurl'd,
Their journey they pursue.
- 3 Not Bashan's king, nor Am'lek's son,
Their march can intercept;
Jehovah will avenge their wrongs,
They, by his power are kept.
- 4 Streams from the rock, and heavenly bread,
Their God will still afford;
And all the enemies they dread,
Shall fall before his sword.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 And while they pass through Jordan's tide,
The Ark protects them there ;
• Safely they reach to Canaan's side,
And all its blessings share.

HYMN 377. C. M.

The Christian's Lamp.

- 1 YE trav'lers weak, in Israel's camp,
Who are to Canaan bound,
God has prepar'd for you a lamp,
Which spreads its light around.
- 2 Ye pass through deserts dark as night,
And num'rous dangers meet ;
But God's own word affords a light,
To guide the trav'ler's feet.
- 3 It shines from heaven, and still bestows
Reviving, quick'ning rays ;
Attends the saint where'er he goes,
And cheers his gloomy days.
- 4 It marks the dangers of the road,
And shows the narrow way
That leads to Canaan's blest abode,
And shines to perfect day.

HYMN 378. C. M.

"An Old Disciple." ACTS xxi. 16.

- 1 "AN old disciple" went with Paul,
And his companions too,
And in his house he lodg'd them all,
For he their Master knew.
- 2 "An old disciple" is a name
Which all the saints revere :
He bears the cross, and scorns the shame,
And shall in heaven appear.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 "An old disciple" knows the wiles
Of Satan and the world ;
He has withstood their frowns, and smiles,
And all the darts they've hurl'd.
- 4 "An old disciple" views the prize,
And longs to take his seat,
With glory sparkling in his eyes,
And earth beneath his feet.
- 5 "An old disciple" learns to live
By faith in Jesus name ;
His life will bright examples give,
And others catch the flame.
- 6 "An old disciple" daily waits
Till Jesus shall invite ;
Then, thro' heaven's wide expanding gates,
He speeds his joyful flight.

HYMN 379. L. M.

The Pilgrim. CANT. viii. 5.

- 1 ON yonder barren, rugged ground,
Behold a trav'ller upward bound ;
And as she leaves this wilderness,
The wond'ring world says, "who is this ?"
- 2 Fatigued with hills, and foes, and thorns ;
The desert's husks her spirit scorns ;
She treads on worlds, leaves sin's abyss,
And angry fiends say, "who is this ?"
- 3 She leans upon the Prince of grace,
And, as she moves with steady pace,
Through worlds of light, to heavenly bliss,
Angelic hosts say, "who is this ?"

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 With heaven-born hope she still aspires,
Leaning on Christ, whom she admires ;
And while to heaven she claims access,
Her smiling God says, " who is this ?"
- 5 Jehovah ask'd, and then replied,
" This is my jewel, temple, bride ;
" She bears my image, is my own,
" And shall be partner of my throne."

HYMN 380. S. M.

The same. Ps. cxix. 54.

- 1 THIS world's a wilderness,
And I'm a Pilgrim here :
Hence I must daily onward press,
Till I in heaven appear.
- 2 My sorrows, toils, and pains,
Shall but improve my pace ;
But turning back my soul disdains,
And trusts in Jesus' grace.
- 3 Though Sihon dare oppose,
And Amaleck withstand,
Onward my soul undaunted goes,
For Jesus gives command.
- 4 His grace inspires a song,
In this my pilgrimage ;
And, when I reach the heavenly throng,
I'll in their songs engage.
- 5 Jesus the King of Kings,
The pledge of life has given ;
I will not stay for meaner things,
But urge my way to heaven.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 381. C. M.

The same.

- 1 LORD, hast thou not in cov'nant sworn,
To all thy feeble saints ;
And promis'd, when they sigh and mourn,
To answer their complaints ?
- 2 Behold this fainting heart of mine,
Sinking beneath its load ;
Upon a weary pilgrim shine,
And cheer this tiresome road.
- 3 My foes with constant rage assail,
My strength and courage flee ;
My spirit faints, my eye-lids fail ;
But still I hope in thee.
- 4 Almost consum'd with grief and fear,
Still by free grace I live ;
O ! that my Saviour would appear,
His quick'ning grace to give.

HYMN 382. C. M.

The same.

- 1 FATHER, I ask supporting grace,
While in this desert land,
To keep me in my Christian race,
Till brought to thy right hand.
- 2 True 'tis a rugged, thorny road,
A wilderness indeed ;
But I am bound for thine abode,
Give grace for every need.
- 3 Thou art the same, thy love the same,
And I have felt its power ;
Appear, to honor thy great name,
In every trying hour.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

4 Though dark and painful is my way,
 'Tis short, and rest is nigh;
Lord give me strength to suit my day,
 And guide me till I die.

5 Each myst'ry solve, each burden take,
 Each foe and sin subdue,—
My spirit more than conqu'ror make,
 Triumphant, bring me through.

HYMN 383. L. M.

Divine strength promised. DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 COME, happy souls, of Asher's tribe,
To Jesus' faithfulness subscribe;
Sing of this glorious truth with me,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 Is it a day of power divine,
Which breaks and melts that heart of thine?
Just as thou art to Jesus flee,
Then, "as thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Is it a day of inward war?
Does sin alarm, and peace withdraw?—
Fear not—fight on—shout victory;
For "as thy days thy strength shall be."
- 4 Is it a day as dark as night?—
Is thy beloved out of sight?—
Must Satan triumph over thee?
No! "as thy days thy strength shall be."
- 5 Is it a day of grief and care?
Come, bring it all to Christ by prayer;
He kindly says "cast all on me,"
And "as thy days thy strength shall be."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 6 Is it a day of deep distress,
Too keen for language to express ?
It can't revoke this fix'd decree,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."
- 7 Be gone ye unbelieving fears ;
Awake ye saints, restrain those tears ;
'Tis sworn by the **ETERNAL THREE**,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

HYMN 384. C. M.

Perseverance. ISAIAH xl. 29.

- 1 **WHY**, O my soul, why thus cast down ?
Why fainting in dismay ?
Thy God has promis'd (foes may frown)
Strength equal to thy day.
- 2 He gives, sweet truth, I cannot buy,
He gives, and I receive,—
New power, fresh strength, are always nigh,
The moment I believe.
- 3 He gives, to those who have no might,
His power to overcome :
His saints are precious in his sight,
And he will bring them home.
- 4 Hence all the saints must persevere,
For power divine is given ;
Though faint, and weak, and full of fear,
They shall arrive in heaven.

HYMN 385. L. M.

Perseverance. JOB xvii. 9.

- 1 **HAIL** ! ransom'd souls, belov'd of God,
Redeem'd and cleans'd with precious blood ;
Our Father condescends to say,
"The righteous shall hold on his way."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 We first set out at his command,
To reach Emmanuel's promis'd land ;
Strength is proportion'd to our day,
"The righteous shall hold on his way."
- 3 Complete in Christ, renew'd by grace,
We run a sacred certain race ;
Though death, and hell, and sin dismay,
"The righteous shall hold on his way."
- 4 The Father's love, and Saviour's death,
The Spirit's work, as scripture saith,
This soul reviving truth display,
"The righteous shall hold on his way."

HYMN 386. C. M.

The same.

- 1 YE heaven-born souls, who stand complete,
In Christ your righteousness :
Your Father's hand shall guide your feet
To everlasting bliss.
- 2 Weakness itself is found in you,
And darkness when you pray ;
But fear not, christian, God is true,
You shall hold on your way.
- 3 Let earth molest, and Satan rage,
And troubles crowd each day ;
Fear not, your Father does engage,
You shall hold on your way.
- 4 The oath of God, and cov'nant love,
And Jesus' blood, all say,
You shall his Spirit's influence prove,
And still hold on your way.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Till sin is slain, and death o'ercome,
Till everlasting day;
Till you arrive in heaven your home,
You shall hold on your way.

HYMN 387. L. M.

The End.

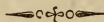
- 1 HAVE I by grace set out for heaven?
Has life divine to me been given?
Then Jesus, as my constant Friend,
Will guard and guide me to the end.
- 2 My toils and conflicts soon shall cease,
The end is everlasting peace;
Sorrows and sighs shall flee away,
The end is bliss—eternal day!
- 3 My path is rough—and foes assail,
But I shall over all prevail;
For Jesus, my almighty Friend,
Is with me always to the end.
- 4 The road is safe—the journey short,
And Jesus says, I shall be brought,
Through floods and flames, to heav'nly rest,
And in the end with him be blest.
- 5 Grace, mercy, life, and righteousness,
I have in him, and shall possess,
All that in cov'nant love is stor'd,
All that is promis'd in his word.
- 6 All that my highest hopes expect,
All that 's prepar'd for God's elect,
And more than thought can comprehend,
Is waiting for me at THE END.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 388. L. M.

The persecuted Christian's Soliloquy.

- 1 BE still my soul, repine no more,
Though serpents hiss and lions roar;
Go tell thy Father thy complaints,
For he avengeth all his saints.
- 2 My foes from me may hidden lie,
But can't escape his piercing eye:
And though they may excite alarm,
He will not let them do me harm.
- 3 Weapons, though form'd with hellish skill,
And tongues, which asp-like poison fill,
Though rais'd and pointed at my soul,
My Father can and will controul.
- 4 I'll imitate the Saviour still,
And pray for those who wish me ill;
Father, forgiveness on them send,
And grant me patience to the end.



WORSHIP.



HYMN 389. C. M.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the breath of new born souls,
The messenger of saints,
The channel through which mercy rolls,
To answer our complaints.
- 2 The saints of God this priv'lege prize,
And seek his throne by prayer;
Because they often realize,
The choicest comforts there.

WORSHIP.

- 3 'Tis there they tell their num'rous wants,
And num'rous sins confess ;
And, while they pray, their Father grants
Supplies of strength and grace.
- 4 He listens to their broken sighs ;
Before they call, he hears ;
And, while they speak, their God replies,
And silences their fears.
- 5 All their petitions he inspires,
For all their wants he sees ;
Their very feelings and desires,
Are mark'd in his decrees.

HYMN 390. P. M.

The power of Prayer.

- 1 WHO knows the power of prayer,
But he that learns to pray !
Who can its strength declare,
Or who its conquests stay ?
Heav'n earth, and hell have felt its force,
Nor foes, nor fiends obstruct its course.
- 2 When Jacob's tribes would flee,—
Shut in on every hand,
Before a dreadful sea,
And Pharoah's host on land,
No way was found till Moses cried,
The power of prayer could seas divide.
- 3 See Israel vict'ries gain,
When Moses intercedes,
And Israel's God gives rain,
When old Elijah pleads ;
Famine and war, distress, and care,
All flee before the power of prayer.

WORSHIP.

- 4 How oft have drooping saints,
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow's flood,
 Unbosom'd their complaints,
 Before their cov'nant God ;
 "Th' effectual fervent prayer" of such,
 Jehovah says "availeth much."
- 5 Dark clouds and storms disperse,
 And foes are put to flight—
 Blessings preclude the curse,
 And burdens all grow light—
 When saints approach their God by prayer :
 O, may my soul be often there.

HYMN 391. C. M.

The same. MAT. xviii. 19.

- 1 WHEN two of Jesus' saints agree,
 Some heavenly good to crave,
 He has declar'd by fix'd decree,
 They shall the blessing have.
- 2 What more can Christ's disciples need,
 'Tis only ask and have ;
 Ye heaven-born souls unite to plead,
 With him who died to save.
- 3 "Ask any thing," the Saviour cries,
 "All things are mine to give,
 "My fulness shall afford supplies,
 "To those who near me live."
- 4 Come saints, agree t'approach the throne,
 And plead the promise there ;
 "Ask any thing, it shall be done :"
 Your Father hears your prayer.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 392. S. M.

The same.

- 1 SAINTS, to their Father pray,
And tell him of their wants,
His love attends to all they say,
And all they need he grants.
- 2 The prayer, that faith presents,
Stronger than Sampson proves;
And while each child his sorrows vents,
The Father's pity moves.
- 3 They wrestle hard with cries,
Nor is their wrestling vain;
For their petitions pierce the skies,
And prove they're born again.
- 4 Prayer makes our burdens light,
Inflames our zeal and love;
Bids fears depart, puts foes to flight,
And lifts the soul above.
- 5 I'll give myself to prayer,
Through my remaining days,
And hope with praying souls to share
In endless songs of praise.

HYMN 393. C. M.

Jabez's Prayer. 1 CHRON. iv. 10.

- 1 THUS Jabez pray'd to Israel's God:
"O bless my soul indeed;
"Enlarge my coast, thy hand afford,
"My wand'ring feet to lead."
- 2 "Keep me from evil, night and day,
"Lest grief should break my rest:"
Jehovah heard his servant pray,
And granted his request.

WORSHIP.

- 3 This character he still sustains,
“A God that heareth prayer ;”
And every soul that seeks him, gains
Relief from every care.
- 4 Ye saints, who mourn with inward grief,
The evils of your hearts ;
Like Jabez, seek the kind relief
That Israel's God imparts.
- 5 Nor dangers, fear, nor wants forebode,
While such a Friend is nigh ;
For he who praying breath bestow'd,
Will all your wants supply.

HYMN 394. L. M.

Female Wrestlers.

- 1 WHEN Esther to the King drew near,
His golden sceptre quell'd her fear ;
Thus Jesus graciously approves,
The soul that seeks him, prays, and loves.
- 2 The Grecian woman once applied,
“Have mercy on me Lord,” she cried :
“Give me what falls to dogs,” she said,—
And Jesus gave her “children's bread.”
- 3 See, Martha mourns when Laz'rus dies,
And thus to Jesus Christ she cries,
“I know if thou wilt ask he'll live,
“For all thou askest God will give.”
- 4 See Mary waits at Jesus' feet,
His presence makes her joys complete ;—
So Lydia, at the place of prayer,
Met Jesus, and he blest her there.

WORSHIP.

- 5 Daughters of Zion join the train
Of wrestlers, and the prize obtain;
Pour out your souls before the Lord,
Nor doubt the promise of his word.

HYMN 395. 7s.

Pleading with the Sinner's Friend.

- 1 LORD, behold a sinner poor
Comes, and knocks at mercy's door;
Friend of Sinners, view my case,
And display thy sov'reign grace.
- 2 Sin has robb'd me of my wealth,
Stripp'd me, and destroy'd my health;
On thy bounty I depend,
For thou art the sinner's Friend.
- 3 Thousands now in glory vie,
Who were once as poor as I:
Let me in thy friendship share
And thy praises I'll declare.
- 4 Med'cine, food, and clothes I need,
Friend of sinners, hear me plead:
From thy fulness now supply
All my wants, or I must die.
- 5 Thou hast taught my soul to pray;
Canst thou turn thine ear away?
No, thy promise cannot fail,
I must plead till I prevail.

HYMN 396. S. M.

Filial Pleading.

- 1 I AM thy servant, Lord,
To thee I give my heart;
The sacred treasures of thy word,
My constant food impart.

WORSHIP.

- 2 But, O, how short my sight,
How little do I know
Of those sweet joys, and that delight,
Which from thy presence flow.
- 3 O, make me understand
The doctrines of thy word;
And from thy kind and lib'ral hand,
Thy choicest gifts afford.
- 4 Not gems, nor glitt'ring gold,
Delight my soul so well,
As when my Saviour I behold,
And in his presence dwell.

HYMN 397. L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 HAIL! sacred morn, when Christ arose,
And triumph'd o'er his mighty foes;
Hail! sacred day, when he appears
In Zion's courts, and Zion cheers.
- 2 Entomb'd in doubts and fears we lie,
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Rolls unbelief (that stone) away,
And bids us rise to gospel day.
- 3 Come, O thou cov'nant angel, come,
Roll back the stone, our souls untomb,
The beams of thy bright count'nance shed,
Revive the drooping, raise the dead.
- 4 All the grave-clothes of sensual care,
From off our fetter'd spirits tear;
On wings of faith, O, make us rise,
To taste the joys of paradise.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 398. C. M.

Going to Worship.

- 1 I'LL to the house of God repair,
Where saints delight to meet,
And hope to see my Jesus there,
To worship at his feet.
- 2 'Tis heaven to gaze upon his face,
To feel his sov'reign love,
Receive supplies of special grace,
And soar by faith above.
- 3 He knows my wants, and rich supplies,
His hand will there afford;
Up to his throne I'll send my cries,
And listen to his word.
- 4 Lord, meet me there, and feast my soul
With comfort and delight :
My sins, and fears, and foes controul,
Bid darkness yield to light.

HYMN 399. C. M.

The place of Jehovah's Feet. ISA. lx. 13.

- 1 O! GLORIOUS place, where Jesus' feet
Among his saints are seen :
Hither my soul would oft retreat,
To pastures fresh and green.
- 2 Here gospel glories, all divine,
Strike my astonish'd view :
In Jesus' countenance they shine,
With lustre ever new.
- 3 Oft has my spirit here been fill'd
With rapture and delight,
When my REDEEMER-GOD has smil'd ;
O ! captivating sight.

WORSHIP.

- 4 If such the glories of his feet,
Where clouds may intervene ;
What are the glories of his seat,
Where not one cloud is seen ?
- 5 There golden harps melodious sound,
Through all the realms on high ;
Among that throng may I be found,
And with them ever vie.

HYMN 400. L. M.

Jehovah Shammah. EZEK. xlviii. 35.

- 1 WHAT treasures are in Zion found ;
What bulwarks compass her around ;
What glories all her temples wear ;
JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH, God is there.
- 2 In vain do earth and hell engage,
Against the church with cruel rage,
All worlds shall see and own her fame,
JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH is her name.
- 3 Ye saints unbosom every care,
Nor doubt relief, for God is there ;
Let Zion of her monarch sing,
JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH is her King.
- 4 His sov'reign mercy shall prepare
Our souls for heaven, and bring them there ;
In him we must and will confide,
JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH is our guide.

HYMN 401. P. M.

Temple's Glory.

- 1 HARK ! the King of glory speaking,
To the objects of his love,
Bids them, (in his temple seeking,)
Wait his presence from above :
“ Here I'll meet you,
“ And your load of guilt remove.”

WORSHIP.

- 2 Lo! he comes his word fulfilling,
Bringing blessings from the skies,
Like the gentle rain distilling;
Hence the seed of truth shall rise:
“Here I’ll meet you,
“Here I’ll bless you,” Jesus cries.
- 3 Now perform what thou hast spoken,
Let us hear thy Spirit’s voice,—
Let some sinner’s heart be broken,—
Bid thy saints in thee rejoice:
Meet us here, Lord,
As the people of thy choice.
- 4 Smile upon the place erected
For thine honour, in thy fear;—
Grant us more than we expected,
While we wait upon thee here;
Thus Lord meet us,
Till our Saviour shall appear.

HYMN 402. L. M.

The same. 1 KINGS ix. 3.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, ye saints rejoice,
And listen to your Father’s voice;
“Zion is my perpetual care,
“Mine eyes and heart are always there.
- 2 “Mine eyes shall view it with delight,
“And o’er it watch by day and night;
“Mine heart shall there with pity move,
“To shed abroad my sov’reign love.
- 3 “Mine eyes shall secret thoughts disclose,
“And well distinguish friends from foes;
“Mine heart is set on Zion’s good,
“I’ll hear her cries, and bless her food.”

WORSHIP.

- 4 Dear Lord, we now thy promise claim,—
Within this house record thy name :
Let conqu'ring, pard'ning, quick'ning grace,
Descend in showers within this place.
- 5 Our eyes and hearts ascend to thee ;
Dwell with us, O, thou SACRED THREE ;—
Here let conversion work go on,
And take the glory as thy own.

HYMN 403. C. M.

Temple Dedication.

- 1 THOU great Jehovah, Zion's King,
Assist our feeble lays ;
Thy glory, and thy grace we sing,
Accept our humble praise.
- 2 This house is built, O Lord, for thee,
Now make it thine abode ;
Here let thy saints thy glory see,
In thy best gifts bestow'd.
- 3 Here let thy glorious gospel break,
The sinner's heart of stone,—
Here let thy Holy Spirit make
The Saviour's fulness known.
- 4 Here, daily, let thy church increase,
And all thy truth maintain ;—
Here, precious Jesus, Prince of Peace,
Among thy people reign.
- 5 Here, while the world and Satan rage,
Let souls be born of God ;—
Here, carry on from age to age,
The vict'ries of thy word.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 404. L. M.

Waiting for God.

- 1 WITH one consent of heart and voice,
Let all the saints in Christ rejoice ;
His perfect righteousness proclaim,
And triumph in his holy name.
- 2 Assembled in his house of prayer,
Expecting Jesus' presence here ;
We wait to see Jehovah's face,
And gain supplies of special grace.
- 3 All Jacob's tents he deigns to own,
But 'tis in Zion he makes known
The wonders of redeeming love,
In show'rs of blessings from above.
- 4 Here then we'll wait, to hear his word,
And sing the praises of the Lord ;
Receive the treasures God hath given,
And go from strength to strength to heaven.

HYMN 405. L. M.

The same.

- 1 BY thy appointment, Lord, we wait,
With Israel's tribes in Zion's gate,
Expecting Jesus to appear,
And meet his saints in mercy here.
- 2 We sing thy everlasting love,
And wait to feel it from above ;
We hear of Jesus crucified,
And long to see his hands and side.
- 3 The promise of our cov'nant God—
The merit of our Surety's blood—
The Holy Spirit's pledge of grace,
Encourage us to seek his face.

WORSHIP.

- 4 And can we wait on thee in vain ?
No, Lord, we do expect to gain
Supplies of blessings from above,
Thy constant faithfulness to prove.

HYMN 406. P. M.

The same.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's throne,
We come again to bow,
To make our wishes known,
And hope to meet him now:
Lord condescend to shew thy face,
In thine appointed means of grace.
- 2 Attend thy people's cry,
Thy promises fulfil,
Thy precious truth apply,
And bid our fears be still ;
Now let the Saviour be reveal'd,
And every broken heart be heal'd.
- 3 Gird on thy conqu'ring sword ;
Ride forth as Zion's King ;
The conquests of thy word,
Ten thousand saints shall sing ;
For all that God the Father gave
To Christ, he will for ever save.
- 4 Within thy courts appear,
To call thy straying sheep ;
Make known thy glory here,
And thy redeemed keep,
Till all shall bow before thy throne,
And thy eternal mercy own.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 407. P.M.

The same.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, thou hast appointed,
Here to meet thy chosen race ;
Let our souls be now annointed,
With the unction of thy grace ;
Let thy glory
Now descend, and fill this place.
- 2 By the gospel proclamation,
Let conversion work go on ;
Give the heirs of thy salvation,
Special blessings from thy throne ;
Let thy glory
Be amidst thy people, known.
- 3 While thy servant is addressing
Us, the people of his care,
Grant to him, and us a blessing,
Such as worldlings never share :
Let thy glory
Shine within this house of prayer.
- 4 On thy faithfulness depending,
We within thy courts appear ;
May thy Spirit's grace descending,
Magnify the Saviour here :
Let thy glory
All our journey homeward cheer.

HYMN 408. S.M.

The same.

- 1 BEHOLD thy servants Lord,
Assembled waiting here ;
Some special blessings now afford,
Thy family to cheer.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Do thou our hearts engage,
A precious Christ reveal,
Increase our faith—our fears assuage,
And wounded spirits heal.
- 3 Thy hungry children feed;
Thy wanderers restore;
Give grace to help in time of need,
From thy exhaustless store.
- 4 Assist the preacher, Lord,
Salvation to proclaim;
Some blessing to our souls afford,
And glorify thy name.

HYMN 409. 7s.

The Trinity.

- 1 HOLY FATHER, let thy love
Rest upon us from above;
All thy children deign to own,
Teach them to approach thy throne.
- 2 PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, Zion's King,
Of thy glorious work we sing;
Reign amidst thy chosen race,
Spread the triumphs of thy grace.
- 3 KIND PRECEPTOR, we expect
Promis'd grace for God's elect;
Make the Saviour's fulness known;
Sanctify and teach thy own.
- 4 TRIUNE GOD, thy cov'nant love,
Faithful to the end shall prove;
All things rest on thy decree,
Glory to th' ETERNAL THREE.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 410. L. M.

The same.

- 1 FATHER, we glory in thy choice—
SAVIOUR, we in thy work rejoice—
O, HOLY GHOST, thy power we sing ;
Thou, TRIUNE GOD, art Zion's King.
- 2 FATHER, 'tis in thy love we rest—
SAVIOUR, in thee our souls are blest—
O, HOLY GHOST, thy power we own,
Which made Jehovah's glory known.
- 3 The FATHER SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Ador'd by all the heavenly host,
Is Zion's triune GOD and KING ;
Let all the church his glory sing.

HYMN 411. S. M.

The same.

- 1 WE sing the FATHER's love—
We trust the SAVIOUR's grace—
The HOLY SPIRIT's power we prove,
Amidst the chosen race.
- 2 We give the FATHER praise—
We glorify the SON—
We bless the SPIRIT for his grace,
Which makes salvation known.
- 3 'Twas GOD the FATHER chose
Our souls in GOD the SON ;
And GOD the HOLY GHOST, bestows
All blessings from the throne.
- 4 A TRIUNE GOD we own,
In daily songs of praise ;
In *persons* THREE in *essence* ONE,
The God of sov'reign grace.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 412. S. M.

Before Sermon.

- 1 LORD, thou hast bid us pray
To thee for all we need :
We come in thine appointed way,
Upon thy grace to feed.
- 2 Our hungry spirits crave
In children's bread to share ;
Within thy courts a place to have,
And see thy glory here.
- 3 While high seraphic lays
Sound through thy courts above ;
Stoop down, and listen to our praise,
And fill our hearts with love.
- 4 Meet every waiting case,
On every soul now shine ;
Make us the subjects of thy grace ;
And be the glory thine.

HYMN 413. S. M.

The same. Ps. lxxxv. 8.

- 1 SPEAK, Lord, and we will hear,
Speak peace to all thy saints ;
O, let thy voice dismiss our fear,
And banish our complaints.
- 2 We sit at Jesus' feet,
And wait to hear his voice ;
His accents are divinely sweet,
And make his saints rejoice.
- 3 His promise, grace and love,
Give peace when sinners mourn,
O, may our souls this blessing prove,
And ne'er to folly turn.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 414. L. M.

After Sermon.

- 1 TO heaven we would our voices raise,
In grateful songs with prayer and praise,
And with delight, again record,
Thy loving-kindness, gracious Lord.
- 2 We bless thee for thy word of grace,
Proclaim'd within this sacred place ;
O, let thy Spirit now descend,
Thy servant's message to attend.
- 3 Great God this congregation view :
Create some precious souls anew ;
Convey thy truth to every mind,
And cheer thy saints with joys refin'd.

HYMN 415. 7s.

The same.

- 1 FATHER, let thy smiling face,
Cheer the children of thy grace ;
Let thy kind, paternal word,
Peace to all thy sons afford.
- 2 Saviour make thy glories known ;
In each heart erect thy throne ;
Thy salvation now reveal ;
Sinners wound ; the wounded heal.
- 3 Holy Spirit, on us smile,
Stubborn hearts to reconcile ;
Quicken such as still are dead ;
And on saints thy graces shed.

HYMN 416. S. M.

The same.

- 1 DEAR Lord, thy Spirit send,
Like a refreshing shower ;
On thee our waiting souls depend,
To clothe thy word with power.

WORSHIP.

- 2 O may the seed now sown,
Sink deep in every heart ;
Be water'd hourly from thy throne,
And heavenly fruit impart.
- 3 O, hear our songs, and cries ;
And let thy sacred word
Shake the dry bones, bid sinners rise,
And joy to saints afford.

HYMN 417. C. M.

Before, or after Sermon.

- 1 WE bless thee, Lord, for gospel news,
Sent down to Adam's race ;
O, do not let our souls refuse
The blessings of thy grace.
- 2 Since life, or death, thy sacred word
Is destin'd to impart ;
Send down thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
To fix it in each heart.
- 3 Just as the leaven in the meal,
Makes the whole lump to rise ;
So let our souls thy gospel feel,
And all its blessings prize.
- 4 Bid it revive our languid zeal :
The love of sin destroy ;
The Saviour's righteousness reveal,
And thus increase our joy.

HYMN 418. L. M.

Prayer Meeting.

- 1 LORD, while we meet to praise and pray,
Send every sensual care away ;
Melt every heart, meet every case,
And let thy glory fill this place.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Make us all conscious of our need,
Teach us in Jesus' name to plead,
A prayer indite in every breast,
And grant us what our souls request.
- 3 Grace, strength, and comfort we desire ;
For all these things thou say'st enquire ;
With empty vessels we are come,
Lord, send us, richly laden, home.

HYMN 419. 7s.

The same.

- 1 LORD, attend our humble cry :
To thy throne our souls draw nigh ;
Since thou hast a Father's ear,
Listen to our fervent prayer.
- 2 We are an unworthy race,
But we rest upon thy grace ;
Let our supplications rise,
With success before thine eyes.
- 3 Though we disobey thy will,
Are we not thy children still ?
Yes, our cries, our sonship prove ;
Let us taste our Father's love.
- 4 Low before thy face we lie,
Sending our complaints on high ;
Father, hear our Surety plead,
And supply thy children's need.

HYMN 420. C. M.

The same.

- 1 HOW blest are all the chosen race !
By God the Spirit taught,
T' approach Jehovah's throne of grace ;
And to his footstool brought.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Uniting in their fervent cries,
To him they find access ;
They wrestle, and obtain supplies
Of strength and righteousness.
- 3 When two or more, agree in prayer,
And joint requests present ;
Their Intercessor does declare,
An answer shall be sent.
- 4 Lord Jesus, we believe thy word,
And thus approach thy throne ;
Some cov'nant blessings now afford,
To make thy glory known.

HYMN 421. S. M.

The same.

- 1 BEHOLD, dear Lord, we meet,
In thine appointed way,
Around thy sacred mercy seat,
To sing thy praise and pray.
- 2 Send down thy Spirit's grace,
With supplicating power,
To rest upon thy chosen race,
In this devoted hour.
- 3 Engage our hearts with thee—
All hindrances remove—
Let us approach th' ETERNAL THREE,
With holy awe, and love.
- 4 Teach us to ask in faith,
For every promis'd good :
To credit what our Father saith,
And trust in Jesus' blood.

WORSHIP.

- 5 O, let us *pray* in prayer,
Each pouring out his heart ;
That all may say, "the Lord was there,"
When we from hence depart.

HYMN 422. P. M.

Dismission.

- 1 FATHER, send thy holy Spirit,
Some rich blessing to impart :
Let us each thy grace inherit ;
Let thy love fill every heart :
Smile upon us,
While we from thy house depart.
- 2 May thy word we have been hearing,
Pierce the sinners conscience through,
And become the means of cheering,
Doubting, trembling, christians too :
Smile upon us,
Till in heaven thy face we view.

HYMN 423. L. M.

The same.

- 1 LORD, may we each thy blessing share,
Before we leave thy house of prayer ;
Let not our treach'rous hearts forget
The sacred truths before us set.
- 2 Unite us all in christian love,
And seal instruction from above :
Thy constant presence we implore,
Until we meet to part no more.

HYMN 424. C. M.

The same.

- 1 WITHIN thy sacred temple, Lord,
Our willing souls would stay,
To feast upon thy holy word,
And sing thy praise, and pray.

WORSHIP.

- 2 But since we must awhile depart,
Go with us where we go ;
Thy choicest gifts on every heart,
Dear Saviour, now bestow.

HYMN 425. S. M.

Dismission.

- 1 ONCE more we will proclaim,
With gratitude of heart,
The honors of our Saviour's name,
While from his house we part.
- 2 His love shall be our boast,
While we are here below ;
Soon we shall join the heavenly host,
Nor from his presence go.

HYMN 426. C. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun appears,
Chasing the night away !
His shining rays all nature cheers,
And gladdens all the day.
- 2 Thus, O, thou Sun of righteousness,
Arise upon my soul ;
With light, and joy, and comfort bless,
And vivify the whole.
- 3 Chill'd with the shades of gloomy night,
Darken'd with doubts and fears,
Vile unbelief rejects the light,
Till Christ the Sun appears.
- 4 Celestial orb, thy light impart ;
Bestow some quick'ning ray ;
Illume, and warm this frozen heart,
And guide me through the day.

WORSHIP.

- 5 Let thy bright beams my soul adorn,
Make all my graces grow;
And, in the resurrection morn,
Eternal day bestow.

HYMN 427. C. M.

The same.

- 1 GOD of my mercies, through the night,
Thy hand has been my guard;
And with returning morning light,
Thou dost my wants regard.
- 2 Thy constant, kind, paternal care,
My morning song shall own;
Through all this day, O let me share
In blessings from thy throne.
- 3 Close to that Friend who died to save,
Each hour my soul would cling;
Let me my Jesus' presence have,
And of his love I'll sing.
- 4 Nearer, and nearer to his side,
I would be drawn by grace;
Till in his presence I abide,
And gaze upon his face.

HYMN 428. C. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, exert thy powers,
To praise Jehovah's name,
Seasons, and days, and fleeting hours,
My Father's love proclaim.
- 2 Swift as the eagle's hasty flight,
My time still glides away;
But, swifter still, new mercies light
Upon me, all the day.

WORSHIP.

- 3 Unnumber'd snares and dangers stand,
Through all life's rugged road ;
Yet I'm preserved by the hand
Of my indulgent God.
- 4 Alas ! how multiplied my sins ;
How few my thoughts of God :
Folly, with morning light begins,
And evening shades record.
- 5 Dear Lord, protect my hours of sleep,
And through my future days,
Near to thyself my spirit keep,
And order all my ways.

HYMN 429. P.M.

The same.

- 1 TIME'S great wheel is swiftly moving,
Deaf to all who urge its stay ;
O ! my soul, art thou improving
Every hour, and every day ?
Try the question,
Ere thy time all flies away.
- 2 Fast indeed my days are flying,
Scatt'ring mercies as they go !
Mortals all around are dying ;
Yet I cleave to things below :
Sure, such folly
Bids repentance daily flow.
- 3 Of the day that now is closing,
What account does heaven record ?
Grace and sin have been opposing,
Which has wav'd the victor's sword ?
Precious promise !
" Grace shall reign thro' Christ the Lord."

WORSHIP.

- 4 Lord, preserve me while I'm sleeping,
And if spar'd another day,
Let me, by thy Spirit's keeping,
Still pursue the narrow way :
Never let me
From my guide, my Saviour stray.
- 5 Blessed Jesus, on thy merit,
I with confidence depend ;
Let me but thyself inherit,
Till my days and nights shall end :
Then, in triumph,
To thee, as my heaven, ascend.



JUVENILE HYMNS.



HYMN 430. L. M.

God's Claim.

- 1 HARK ! how the God of sov'reign grace,
Calls early to the chosen race ;
To Jesus' arms he them invites,
Because he in their souls delights.
- 2 " Give me thy heart, my son," he says ;
Then takes possession by his grace ;
By this just claim, this kind request,
Thy God designs to make thee blest.
- 3 " Give me, without reserve, thy heart ;
" Give me the whole, not merely part ;
" I'll have no rival on my throne ;
" I must have all thy heart or none."

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 4 " Give me thy heart ; though much deprav'd,
" By me it shall be cleans'd and sav'd ;
" I'll furnish and endow it well,
" And there for ever I will dwell."

HYMN 431. S. M.

Christ's care of his Lambs.

- 1 LET Jesus' lambs rejoice,
Beneath their Shepherd's care:
And while they listen to his voice,
Dismiss their groundless fear.
- 2 Gather'd within his arm,
And in his bosom laid,
Though Satan tries t' excite alarm,
They need not be afraid.
- 3 His arm shall well protect,
When prowling wolves molest :
The weakest lambs he'll not neglect,
But bear them on his breast.
- 4 He feeds them day by day,
From his unchanging love,
Until he carries them away,
Up to his fold above.
- 5 Ye saints of tender age,
On Jesus' love rely ;
Nor fear, though sin and Satan rage ;
Your Shepherd still is nigh.

HYMN 432. C. M.

David.

- 1 WHEN Israel's armies stood defied,
By the Philistine foe,
A sling and stone young David tried,
And brought Goliath low.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 2 Thus in the church, when foes invade,
Young saints like champions stand,
And David's God affords them aid ;
They conquer by his hand.
- 3 Gigantic unbelief defies
The saints from day to day ;
But Jesus bids a stripling rise,
And this Goliath slay.
- 4 His spear, and shield, and warlike look,
Those timid christians dread ;
Faith slings a promise from the book,
And strikes the monster dead.
- 5 The mind renew'd by grace in youth,
Grows strong with growing years ;
Obtains a store of Bible truth,
And bold for God appears.

HYMN 433. P. M.

Samuel.

- 1 WHEN Samuel waited on the Lord,
His service yielded great reward,
In early youthful years :
Jehovah call'd, the youth obey'd,
With cheerful voice the stripling said :
"Speak Lord, thy servant hears."
- 2 Thus, when the word of sacred truth,
Calls, and attracts the lovely youth,
It is Jehovah's voice :
Piercing the shades of nature's night,
It cheers the soul with gospel light,
And heaven and earth rejoice.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 3 Grace makes the tender mind expand,
Presents a scene, sublime and grand,
Which God and man admires ;
It pours contempt on earthly toys ;
To sacred wealth, and heavenly joys
It constantly aspires.
- 4 The firmest stakes in Jacob's tents,
The Church's brightest ornaments
Are youths that love the Lord ;
Just like the op'ning morning flower,
Adorning Zion's sacred bower,
Their fragrance spreads abroad.
- 5 The soul that Jesus calls so soon,
Shall well endure the heat of noon,
And verdant stand at night :
He makes it to perfection rise,
And then transplants to Paradise,
To live before his sight.

HYMN 434. L. M.

1 TIMOTHY iii. 15.

- 1 THE mind of Timothy was stor'd
With treasure, from Jehovah's word,
And, thus enrich'd, his after days
Brought peace to him—to Jesus praise.
- 2 Wise to salvation in his youth,
His life was valiant for the truth :
Up from his childhood taught of God,
And blest with faith in Jesus' blood.
- 3 The truth was to his heart made known,
By unction from Jehovah's throne ;
O, may that soul-transforming grace,
Now rest upon the rising race.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 4 We love to see the ransom'd throng
Awaken'd, and renew'd while young;
Lord condescend to own thy truth,
To call, instruct, and quicken youth.

HYMN 435. C. M.

Josiah. 2 CHRON. xxxiv. 3.

- 1 JOSIAH sought the Lord while young,
Constrain'd by sov'reign grace:
Distinguish'd from the thoughtless throng,
And own'd of heaven-born race.
- 2 Amidst the splendour of a throne,
And vigour of his youth,
Jehovah made his glories known,
And stor'd his mind with truth.
- 3 What condescending grace was this,
From David's cov'nant God!
How early he commenc'd the bliss,
Which wisdom's ways afford.
- 4 Lord make the youths around us now,
Thus happy by thy grace;
Bid them to Jesus' sceptre bow,
And run the christian race.

HYMN 436. C. M.

Obadiah. 1 KINGS xviii. 12.

- 1 THE fear of God is wisdom's dawn,
Which drives sin's night away;
And when receiv'd in youth's fair morn,
It cheers life's tiresome day.
- 2 This fear, young Obadiah sav'd,
In wicked Ahab's reign,
When priests and princes were deprav'd,
And holy prophets slain.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 3 This fear will make the weakest mind,
Invincible to sin,
Impart felicity refin'd,
And heaven on earth begin.
- 4 When early planted in the soul,
'Twill deeper strike its root,
Spread through the mind, engross the whole,
And yield the choicest fruit.
- 5 The youths who fear and love the Lord,
Have nothing else to fear ;
For he who did this fear afford,
Will perfect its career.

HYMN 437. P. M.

Expostulation. JEREMIAH iii. 4.

- 1 HARK how the voice of sov'reign love,
Sounds with compassion from above,
To call the youthful mind :
O, 'tis a Father speaks ! draw near,
Ye heaven-born youths, the accents hear,
So tender and so kind.
- 2 " Wilt thou not own me," saith the Lord,
" And from this time my grace record,
" Your Father and your Guide ?
" Wilt thou not raise the filial cry,
" And prove that I am ever nigh,
" For children to provide ?"
- 3 Yes, Lord, thy love dissolves the heart ;
From thee, O, let us not depart,
But guide us by thy grace ;
All through this dreary wilderness,
Up to the seat of endless bliss,
To see our Father's face.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 4 Guide us from sins, and sorrows free,—
Guide us to Calv'ry's sacred tree,
On Christ our Lord to gaze :
Guide us in youth—in life, and death,
Then let us all employ our breath,
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 438. C. M.

The young Christian.

- 1 BEHOLD the youth, whose tender mind,
To heavenly things aspires :
His taste, by gospel grace refin'd,
Celestial food desires.
- 2 On sensual husks he cannot live,
But leaves such trash to swine ;
The food he craves his God will give,
Substantial and divine.
- 3 He pities all the slaves of sin,
And sons of sensual mirth ;
He feasts on nobler joys within,
Which proves his nobler birth.
- 4 Blest in his youthful days with grace,
He bids the world adieu,
And runs with zeal the christian race,
With glory kept in view.

HYMN 439. C. M.

The same. PROV. viii. 17.

- 1 COME saints, assist our youthful tongues,
To sound Jehovah's praise ;
Join in the chorus of our songs,
While we proclaim his grace.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 2 We love the Lord, and hence we must,
Adore his sacred name ;
For had not Jesus lov'd us first,
Our souls had sunk in shame.
- 3 We sought him early in our youth,
And we have found him too,
Because he sought us by his truth ;
All glory is his due.
- 4 Yes, we have sought and found the Lord,
Fast to his cross we'll cling,
Obtain the life his wounds afford,
And of his triumphs sing.

HYMN 440. P. M.

Gratitude for early Calling.

- 1 O ! THE mercy I've received,
From the covenant of grace ;
Call'd in youth—I have believed,
In the morning of my days,
Jesus owns me,
With his ransom'd chosen race.
- 2 Early rescu'd from temptation ;
Taught to shun the fowler's snare ;
Blest with knowledge of salvation,
And employ'd in praise and prayer :
Jesus owns me,
And his glory I'll declare.
- 3 Early conquer'd—melted—pardon'd,
By my Saviour's powerful voice ;
Not in love with sin and harden'd !
But, as his eternal choice,
Jesus owns me,
And in him I must rejoice.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 4 Far away be gone for ever,
Vain, beguiling, sinful, mirth :
Lord uphold me—let me never
Once degrade my heavenly birth.
Jesus owns me,
Let me honour him on earth.

HYMN 441. P. M.

The young Convert.

- 1 WHEN God bestows his grace
Upon a sinful youth ;
Brings one of chosen race,
And makes him love the truth,
Ten thousand mercies crown his days,
Redounding to Jehovah's praise.
- 2 With mercy satisfied,
Free grace employs his tongue ;
And Jesus crucified,
Becomes his daily song :
The world is conquer'd—sin abhorr'd,
And life is spent to serve the Lord.
- 3 The youthful convert stands
On advantageous ground ;
His growing mind expands,
Till joy and peace abound :
And early cleans'd with precious blood,
He lives and dies a child of God.

HYMN 442. C. M.

The same.

- 1 WHEN Zion's sons are early brought
To bow at Jesus' feet,
By God the Holy Spirit taught,
Their pleasures are most sweet.

JUVENILE HYMNS.

- 2 Awaken'd, as at morning light,
And taught of God in youth;
Life's noon, and evening are made bright;
With rays of gospel truth.
- 3 They early seek, and early find,
More joy than earth can give;
Grace dignifies the tender mind,
On heavenly things to live.
- 4 Admitted early to the feast,
Prepar'd by cov'nant love;
Of joys the most sublime they taste,
And thirst for bliss above.

HYMN 443. P. M.

Young Christians congratulated. Dartford Tune.

- 1 HAIL! ye heirs of glory hail!
So early born of God:
Jesus' promise cannot fail,
'Tis ratified with blood;
Grace divine to you is given,
Pledge of everlasting love,
Urge your way from earth to heaven,
To dwell with Christ above.
- 2 Shun the trifles that beguile,
And drag the mind to earth;
All beside your Father's smile,
Is of but little worth:
You are subjects of his grace,
Soon he'll call your spirits home,
Run with joy your christian race,
Till Christ your life shall come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Blest with life divine in youth,
Your prospect is most bright;
God shall guide you into truth,
And fill you with delight:
Be your journey long or short,
Glory waits for you above;
Safely thither you'll be brought,
And sing redeeming love.



MISCELLANEOUS.



HYMN 444. C. M.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Lord, (my soul attend)
“Consider all thy ways;”
Another year is at an end;
Come view thy fleeting days.
- 2 Twelve months have run their rapid round!
How transient they appear!
How God has made his grace abound!
To crown the rolling year.
- 3 What showers of blessings I've receiv'd
How fruitless I have stood!
But, though I have my Father griev'd,
He views my Surety's blood!
- 4 The voice of Justice says, “cut down
“That barren, wither'd tree:”
But Christ says, “let it still alone,
“Be satisfied in me.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 443. P. M.

The same.

- 1 **NOW** the New Year's Day is dawning,
Rise my soul to new delights ;
From the world of sin, (this morning)
Haste away while Christ invites ;
Nothing earthly,
Can compare with heaven's delights.
- 2 Nature all around is frozen,
Emblem tree of my poor heart ;
But my Jesus, (to his chosen)
Will celestial fire impart ;
O ! to feel it,
Burning as my years depart.
- 3 Should the year which now commences
Teem with sorrows, crosses, woes,
Jesus Christ his grace dispenses,
And his promis'd aid bestows :
Sure his presence
Will defend me from my foes.
- 4 O, for grace, each day increasing,
To pursue my high career,
Trusting, praising, without ceasing,
Through each swift revolving year,
Till in glory,
With my Jesus I appear.

HYMN 446. C. M.

The same.

- 1 **GREAT** King of kings, whose high command,
Time's rapid stream obeys ;
With whom all ages present stand,
Accept our songs of praise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Eternity's vast round, appears
At once before thy view,
With thee our swift revolving years,
Are neither old nor new.
- 3 Thy hand draws back the veil, that hides
Futurity from man;
And all that's done, each year that glides,
Is written in thy plan.
- 4 Years after years their course pursue:
How rapidly they flee!
They haste away from mortal view,
Lost in a boundless sea.
- 5 My God, since time gives but one glance,
May I that glance improve:
Swift as my days may I advance,
Upward to realms of love.

HYMN 447. P. M.

The same.

- 1 THE year is gone! how quickly past!
And peradventure 'tis the last
That I shall spend on earth:
With swift wing'd flight time flies away,
And shall I spend a New Year's Day
In empty sensual mirth?
- 2 The year is gone! my soul reflect,
On num'rous sins, and sad neglect,
Which in each day appears:
How rich the grace thy God has shown!
Such a vile sinner not cut down,
But spar'd another year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 The year is gone! my soul, record
Unnumber'd mercies from the Lord,
In grateful songs of praise;
While ent'ring on another year,
Increase the speed of thy career,
In wisdom's sacred ways.
- 4 The year is gone! just like a dream,
Or as some rapid flowing stream,
That suffers no delay:
New year is come! Lord give me grace,
To run anew the christian race,
And reach eternal day.

HYMN 448. P. M.

Times of Memorial. EXODUS xii. 14.

- 1 THAT was a memorable night,
When God destroy'd the chief delight
Of Egypt's guilty land:
In which he a memorial gave
To Israel, whom he deign'd to save,
By his almighty hand.
- 2 That was a memorable day,
When justice turn'd his sword away,
To pierce the Saviour's side:
When Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
The sinner's liberty to gain,
And glory to provide.
- 3 That was a memorable morn,
When watchmen fled, and seals were torn,
And Jesus left the tomb:
Each sabbath a memorial brings
Of the triumphant King of Kings,
Till he again shall come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 That was a memorable hour,
When first I felt the Spirit's power,
Transforming all my mind;
The constant favours of his hand,
Constant memorials demand,
For he is ever kind.

HYMN 449. L. M.

The same.

- 1 WHEN Israel was from Egypt freed :
Thus their indulgent God decreed :
"This day shall a memorial stand,
"To mark the wonders of my hand."
- 2 'Tis thus my soul, with joy surveys
Returning, memorable days,
Of mercies, personal, and such
As brought deliv'rance to the church.
- 3 The day when Christ subdu'd my foes,
The morning when the Conqu'ror rose,
The hour when I was born again,
Standing memorials remain.
- 4 The days when I his cause espouse,
By public acts and solemn vows,
And days when I his kindness prove,
All are memorials of his love.

HYMN 450. C. M.

Providence a Wheel.

- 1 O! WONDROUS wheel of providence,
Held in Jehovah's hand;
Mysterious to the sons of sense,
Mov'd by divine command.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Each of time's changes, like a spoke,
Proceeds from God, its source;
Each fills its station : none are broke :
All aid its wondrous course.
- 3 Its circle reaches earth's wide bound,
Its axis is God's will :
On his decrees it must go round,
Till he shall say, be still.
- 4 Let Atheists vainly talk of chance :
I would this wheel adore,
Which rules and guides each circumstance,
Which angels can't explore.
- 5 Through seas, o'er hills, it makes its way,
Though earth and hell oppose :
'Tis hast'ning on the last great day,
Its wonders to disclose.

HYMN 451. C. M.

Providence Mystrious.

- 1 THE ways of God are in the deep,
His footsteps are not known :
For clouds and darkness clothe his feet,
But mercy is his throne.
- 2 All myst'ries lie before his face ;
He knows his purpose well :
He sets the bounds of time and place,
Where all his children dwell.
- 3 Infinite wisdom cannot err ;
Love cannot be unkind :
However dark his dealings are,
His saints should be resign'd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 If our short-sighted minds could know,
Our Father's great design,
In all he does, our souls would bow,
And never more repine.
- 5 Saints live by faith, and not by sense :
Faith unseen things explores,
Trusts in a God of providence,
And his rich grace adores.

HYMN 452. L. M.

Equity of Providence.

- 1 LET saints proclaim Jehovah's praise,
And acquiesce in all his ways :
He keeps eternity in sight,
And what his hand performs, is right.
- 2 " By the right way," his saints are led,
Which none but holy souls can tread :
The way that carnal reason hates,
Although it leads to heaven's bright gates.
- 3 " Tis the right way," tho' dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough :
And we, when faith is chang'd to sight,
Shall know " the ways of God were right."
- 4 " Tis the right way," when pain and loss
Our flatt'ring expectations cross :
And, if our souls the end could view,
We should approve the path-way too.
- 5 " 'Tis the right way : " Lord lead me on,
Through this vain world, up to thy throne :
Where reason fails, may faith approve,
And wait till all's explain'd above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 453. C. M.

Jacob's Ladder. GEN. xxviii. 12.

- 1 WHEN God, to Jacob, would renew
The promise he had given,
He placed a ladder in his view,
Which reach'd from earth to heaven.
- 2 There Jacob saw, and there I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
By whom all blessings come to me,
Which cov'nant love bestow'd.
- 3 By him angelic hosts descend,
To do his Father's will;
On him my spirit shall ascend,
Up to his holy hill.
- 4 In Christ, my God and I can meet,
Through him my soul shall rise,
From step to step, and gain a seat
With him above the skies.
- 5 Jesus, by thee my soul would climb,
Still clinging to thy side;
O, bear me up to joys sublime,
And let me there abide.

HYMN 454. C. M.

Old Store. LEVIT. xxvi. 10.

- 1 HOW rich the feast that God provides,
To feed his hungry poor,
With cov'nant love, and Christ presides,
O'er all the sacred store.
- 2 Here mortals get their wants supplied,
With all they ask, and more;
No seeking sinner is denied,
A share in this old store.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Here finest wheat, and heavenly bread,
Will life and health restore;
With milk and honey souls are fed,
Who come to this old store.
- 4 Each heaven-born soul this food shall eat,
Who fed on husks before;
No food, to them, is half so sweet,
As Jesus' good old store.
- 5 On him my soul would daily live,
And him I must adore,
For heaven no better food can give,
Than this divine old store.

HYMN 455. L. M.

"Who is on the Lord's Side." EXODUS xxxii. 26.

- 1 WHEN Aaron made a calf of gold,
And Israel worshipp'd it of old,
Moses with holy anger cried:
"Who is there on Jehovah's side?"
- 2 Thus christians, fired with holy zeal,
To foes, and neutralists appeal:
"Who will espouse the Saviour's cause,
"And thus forego the world's applause?"
- 3 Pride, and hypocrisy, and shame,
Like traitors, disavow his name;
Free-will, and carnal reason join,
And call their golden calf divine.
- 4 But yonder stands a zealous youth,
Who loves the cause of God and truth;
Though fiends oppose, and fools deride,
He firmly stands on Jesus' side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 'Tis grace has made his heart so bold;
Through grace he on his way shall hold;
And on Jehovah's side be found,
When the archangel's trump shall sound.
- 6 Then, while creation groans, and dies,
And nature's wreck around him lies;
When sinners from the saints divide,
He'll stand in heaven on Jesus' side.

HYMN 456. S. M.

"What think ye of Christ." MAT. xxii. 42.

- 1 CHRIST in the temple stood,
And ask'd the Jewish race;
What think ye of the Christ of God?
His person, work, and grace?
- 2 Right thoughts of Jesus, make
The soul on him rely;
While such as Christ the Lord mistake,
Deceive themselves and die.
- 3 The highest thoughts they can,
Angels on him employ;
And those who think him only Man,
He will at last destroy.
- 4 But if the saints be ask'd,
What they of Jesus, think?
They all exclaim with creed unmask'd,
"He is our meat and drink?"
- 5 "He is our God, and King,
"Our Surety, Guide, and Friend;
"Him we adore, of him we sing,
"On him we will depend."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 457. S. M.

Efficacious Grace.

- 1 ARISE my soul and sing,
In sweet harmonious sounds,
The praise of Christ, our God and King,
Whose sov'reign grace abounds.
- 2 His grace beheld my state,
And undertook my cause ;
Grace unexampled, rich and great,
My soul to Jesus draws.
- 3 Grace paid my dreadful debt,
And took away my chains ;
Through grace I daily pardon get ;
And grace within me reigns.
- 4 Grace stopp'd my roving feet :
Bid me repent and pray ;
And grace will its own work complete,
Nor let me fall away.
- 5 Grace made the Saviour known,
And purifies my heart ;
Grace will conduct me to his throne,
And endless life impart.
- 6 Free grace from first to last,
Redemption's scheme displays ;
Grace ever holds its subjects fast,
And shall have all the praise.

HYMN 458. L. M.

Shall and Will.

- 1 AMIDST the wealth of Bible stores,
And gems the eye of faith explores,
None with such joy and comfort fill,
As Jesus' cov'nant *shall* and *will*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Delightful words ! the King's decrees !
Which rule all heaven, and earth and seas ;
All things in time, till time shall end,
Upon his *shalls* and *wills* depend.
- 3 Why are not feeble saints destroy'd ?
Why are not promises made void,
And sin my utter ruin prov'd ?
His *shalls* and *wills* remain unmov'd.
- 4 The weak become both strong and bold,
While on these words faith keeps her hold ;
Mountains must melt, and waves be still,
Obeying Jesus' *shall* and *will*.
- 5 These potent words subdued my heart,
And made the love of sin depart,—
Christ said, “ my purpose I'll fulfil,
“ You *shall* submit, and reign I *will*.”
- 6 These words a sov'reign power convey'd,
Confirm'd each promise he had made ;
My *ifs* and *buts* I laid aside,
And now in *shalls* and *wills* confide.

HYMN 459. C.M.

The same.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, to all his saints,
Who on his grace rely,
“ I *will* attend to your complaints,
And all your wants supply.
- 2 I *will* in providence appear,
Crosses *shall* blessings prove ;
And you *shall* find me ever near,
The objects of my love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 I *will* your num'rous sins forgive,
And keep you day and night;—
You *shall* upon my fulness live,
And in your God delight.

4 I *will* complete what I begin,
My work I'll not forsake;—
You *shall* the prize of glory win,
And of my bliss partake.

HYMN 460. 7s.

Scarlet colored Sinners invited. ISAIAH i. 18.

- 1 COME, ye scarlet sinners, now,
At Jehovah's footstool bow;
“Let us reason, saith the Lord,
“By the doctrines of my word.
- 2 “I have long in mercy spar'd;
“You have oft my gospel heard;
“I have often ask'd your heart;
“You have often said depart.”
- 3 Mercy still bids Justice spare,
Though your sins like crimson glare;
See the precious fountain flow,
That will make you white as snow.
- 4 All objections you can form,
Reasons urge why you should come;
Grace has taught your soul to pray,
Christ will wash your sins away.

HYMN 461. C.M.

Rest in Christ.

- 1 “THUS saith the Lord, ye heralds go,
“And tell that lab'ring soul,
“Not to expect a rest below,
“For sin disturbs the whole.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 'Tis vain to seek for creature's aid,
To calm the troubled mind :
But when on Christ our sins are laid,
What sacred rest we find.
- 3 "Come, learn of me," the Saviour cries,
"I give the weary rest ;
"The soul that on my grace relies,
"Shall be for ever blest."
- 4 I come, dear Jesus, yes, I come
To lean on thee my Friend :
O, give me strength to travel home,
And all my steps attend.
- 5 I'm safe within thy sacred side,
Though sins, and fears molest :
And in thy promise I'll confide,
To gain eternal rest.

HYMN 462. C. M.

Joseph a Type of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD in Jacob's darling son,
What wonders are reveal'd ;—
In him the great Redeemer shone,
Whom God the Father seal'd.
- 2 His brethren hate without a cause,
And seek to shed his blood :
But he obeys his father's laws,
And does his murd'ers good.
- 3 See ! he is sold just like a slave,
And into prison cast,—
He rises to the throne, to save
All Jacob's sons at last.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Hungry and anxious, lo ! they come
To buy of him they sold ;
He sends them richly laden home,
And will not take their gold.
- 5 His answers rough, and angry tone,
Their deep repentance prove—
But when he makes his person known,
He melts their hearts with love.
- 6 In Goshen's land of gospel light,
He gives their souls a place,
Till Canaan opens to their sight,
And glory perfects grace.

HYMN 463. C. M.

Harvest Hymn. RUTH. ii. 8.

- 1 WHEN Boaz to his reapers came,
And in the Field drew nigh,
He bless'd them in Jehovah's name :
They bless'd him in reply.
- 2 He look'd around with graceful mien,
Upon the Moabite ;
And Ruth who thither came to glean,
Found favour in his sight.
- 3 Thus Jesus in his field the Church,
By saints is often seen :
And pours his choicest gifts on such
As humbly stoop to glean.
- 4 Within this field I would abide,
And feast upon his word :
For sure I am, no field beside,
Such feasting can afford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 I'll glean amongst the gospel sheaves ;
My kinsman, Christ will come ;
And since my soul in him believes,
He'll take me to his home.

HYMN 464. L. M.

Divine Commission.

- 1 WHEN Jesus left the world below,
He bid his willing heralds go,
And preach the gospel of his grace,
To every soul, in every place.
- 2 "Go," saith the Lord, "like feeble sheep
" 'Mongst rav'ning wolves ; I'll safely keep ;
" By me you shall on scorpions tread,
" And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 3 "Go, ye ambassadors of peace ;
" By you my kingdom shall increase ;
" Upon my promise still depend ;
" Lo ! I am with you to the end.
- 4 "Idols before my name shall fall ;
" I'll be acknowledg'd Lord of all ;
" All knees shall bow, all tongues confess,
" I am the Lord your righteousness."

HYMN 465. C. M.

Ordination. MARK V. 19.

- 1 GO, heaven-taught herald, tell around
What Christ has done for you,
Proclaim the mercy you have found,
Till others find him too.
- 2 Go, own his peace, and preach his love,
Assert his right to reign :
He'll send his Spirit from above,
Nor let you preach in vain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Great things he has engag'd to do,
Great things his power has done;
Proud hearts he'll humble, and subdue,
And thus maintain his throne.
- 4 Great is the work, to dispossess
Old Satan of his prey;
Yet Jesus' blood and righteousness
Effects it day by day.

HYMN 466. L. M.

The Gospel.

- 1 NO news can suit a ruin'd race,
But sov'reign, free, eternal grace:
No other gospel can impart
Joy, peace, and comfort to the heart.
- 2 But those are tidings good indeed,
Which tell me Jesus deign'd to bleed,
To vanquish Satan, cancel sin,
And bring eternal glory in.
- 3 The only gospel we can own,
Sets Jesus Christ upon his throne;
Preclaims salvation full and free,
Obtain'd on Calv'ry's rugged tree.
- 4 The gospel is the news from heaven,
Of grace bestow'd and sins forgiven—
Redeeming blood—electing love—
Of quick'ning grace—and joys above.
- 5 Lord write this gospel in my heart,
And in its blessings give me part;
Until I see my Saviour's face,
And sing, "I'm sav'd by gospel grace."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 467. C. M.

The Gospel Report. ISAIAH liii. 1.

- 1 **GOOD** news, good news, to Adam's race,
By man proclaim'd to man ;
'Tis the report of sov'reign grace,
Throughout salvation's plan.
- 2 Atoning blood, and pard'ning love,
This grand report makes known ;
It tells how guilt and wrath remove,
And sinners gain a crown.
- 3 Who then hath our report believ'd,
As suited to his case ?
Who then hath Jesus Christ receiv'd,
And felt his saving grace ?
- 4 Such, are by God the Spirit taught,
By Jesus' arm o'ercome ;
And such shall finally be brought,
To glory as their home.

HYMN 468. C. M.

Wonders of Grace. ISAIAH xlii. 16.

- 1 **HOW** kind are all Jehovah's ways !
How wonderful his love !
Awake, ye saints, and sing his praise ;
For you his kindness prove.
- 2 He brings the blind by paths unknown,
Up from the gates of hell ;
And leads them to his heavenly throne,
Before his face to dwell.
- 3 Their crooked things, and crooked minds,
His grace makes plain and straight ;
Their souls he oft in darkness finds,
But he can light create.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 These things he promises to do,
And says, he'll ne'er forsake :
Ye saints, your God is just and true,
His word he will not break.
- 5 All things are working for your good,
Tho' dark, and crooked now ;
Strength is deriv'd from bitter food,
Then with submission bow.

HYMN 469. C. M.

The spiritual Mariner.

- 1 BACKWARD I look and bless the day,
When call'd by sov'reign grace,
My soul embark'd at carnal bay,
My wretched native place.
- 2 I came, by Christ my Captain led,
On board electing love ;
He took the helm, and smiling, said,
" I will your Pilot prove."
- 3 At his command a heavenly wind,
Blew a delightful gale ;
No longer to the shore confin'd,
We hoisted every sail.
- 4 Bound for the land of heavenly bliss,
In life's fair book insur'd ;
Truth is our chart, we cannot miss
The port, with Christ on board.
- 5 The winds and waves his word obey,
When he says " peace, be still ;"
We never can be cast away,
'Tis not our Captain's will.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 470. P. M.

Anticipation. Dartford Tune.

- 1 LOOK, my soul, look forth with joy,
To thy eternal home;
Think of that divine employ,
To which thou soon shalt come.
Look, beyond thy house of clay,
Look, for glory, here unknown,
Look, my soul, to endless day,
Thy mansion and thy crown.
- 2 What though foes and sins molest,
Soon all their rage will cease:
When thou shalt obtain thy rest,
And live in endless peace:
See, thy crown is held in view;
Bliss and glory are at hand;
Thou shalt bid the world adieu,
And gain the promis'd land.
- 3 All Jehovah's chosen race,
Redeem'd with precious blood,
Sanctified by sov'reign grace,
Shall be brought home to God.
Tried and tempted on their way,
As to glory they proceed,
Strength is suited to their day,
And grace for every need.
- 4 Love divine will have its choice,
Though earth and hell withstand;
O, my soul, again rejoice!
Thou art in Jesus' hand:
He will have his ransom'd bride,
See his glory on his throne;
All for whom the Saviour died,
He claims, and calls his own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 471. 11s.

Salvation.

SALVATION in Christ, for a poor guilty race,
Contrived by wisdom—accomplish'd by grace;
The gift of my Father—the purchase of blood,
Imparts all my comfort, and honours my God.

SALVATION revealed, just suiting my state,
Complete in its nature—eternal in date:
Election, Redemption, and Glory I sing,
The purpose, the gift, and the work of my King.

SALVATION bestow'd, without money or price,
The poorest, and vilest herein may rejoice,
For pardon, acceptance, and life are so free,
They came to Manasseh, and Mary, and ME.

SALVATION! O, joyful, heart-gladdening sound,
The church is redeemed, and Jesus is crown'd:
Ye heralds, proclaim it to Adam's lost race,
SALVATION, of free and unmerited grace!!!

HYMN 472. P. M.

Coronation.

1 SHOUT for joy, exalted nation,
Cæsar's due to Cæsar give—
Bow to Christ in adoration,
And beneath his sceptre live.
Crown your Saviour,
Ye who in his name believe.

2 Once by stooping—toiling—bleeding
He redeem'd your souls from hell;
Now he lives, O! hear him pleading,
That his saints may with him dwell:
Crown your Saviour,
And his glorious triumph swell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 On his Father's throne now seated,
Heaven and earth shall own him King;
His designs must be completed,
Now ye saints your tribute bring.
Crown your Saviour,
And his endless honours sing.
- 4 Woe to those who now abuse him,
And his deity deny;
All the traitors who refuse him,
Shall beneath his vengeance die.
Crown the Saviour,
And you'll reign with him on high.
- 5 All his subjects shall assemble,
Round his throne in bright array;
But his enemies shall tremble,
On his coronation day.
Crown'd with glory,
Jesus shall his sceptre sway.

HYMN 473. C.M. *Hallelujah.*

- 1 HARK! how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King!
They drink full draughts of bliss unknown,
And Hallelujah sing.
- 2 They range thro' heaven's unmeasur'd plain,
And find new cause for praise;
See more of Jesus, and again
Loud Hallelujahs raise.
- 3 Anon, the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And Hallelujah cry.
- 4 Another sinner born of God,
Makes heaven's vast concave ring,
Again they Jesus' love record,
And Hallelujah sing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 At last the ransom'd throng, complete,
Is glorified throughout :
Again they bow at Jesus' feet,
And Hallelujah shout.
- 6 Ere long I hope to join the throng,
Who bow before the King ;
And in one everlasting song,
My Hallelujah bring.

HYMN 474. L. M.

Our Father.

- 1 O, COULD I Abba Father say !
How would my soul delight to pray !
Then would I dwell on this dear name,
Until my soul with love should flame.
- 2 Delightful name for worms to use ;
Our Father ! shall my soul refuse
To claim a privilege so high ?
No ! I must Abba Father cry.
- 3 He owns me by his sov'reign grace—
I'll own him too and seek his face ;
My dear Redeemer says I may,
As often as I come to pray.
- 4 And am I by his Spirit taught,
To say " Our Father ? " precious thought !
Then pardon, peace, and bliss above,
Depend on his paternal love.

HYMN 475. C. M.

Thy Will be done.

- 1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown ;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry " thy will be done."

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path ;
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still in the exercise of faith,
I'll cry " thy will be done."
- 3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sov'reignty I'll own ;
And as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry " thy will be done."
- 4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne ;
Concerning every thing to cry,
My Father's will be done.

HYMN 476. C. M.

For ever.

- 1 FOR ever ! O delightful word !
My God for ever lives :
For ever shall my song record,
The blessings which he gives.
- 2 For ever firm his cov'nant stands,
For ever sure his oath ;
For ever safe in Jesus' hands,
My soul and body both.
- 3 For ever justified by grace,
For ever lov'd of God ;
For ever blest in Christ's embrace,
For ever with the Lord.
- 4 For ever singing Jesus' love,
For ever own'd as his ;
For ever triumphing above,
For ever crown'd with bliss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 477. C. M.

Death Approaching.

- 1 AND must the gloomy sentence come!
Must mortals all obey?
Must hoary heads, and youthful bloom,
By death be snatch'd away?
- 2 Then, dearest Lord, let grace prepare
Our souls to dwell on high;
In life divine, O, let us share,
Before our bodies die.
- 3 Each weeping friend, each op'ning grave,
Reminds us death is near;
O, may that Friend who died to save,
Our dying moments cheer.
- 4 In youth, and age, in life and death,
O, make us wholly thine,
That when we yield our fleeting breath,
We may in glory shine.

HYMN 478. C. M.

Jonah's Gourd.

- 1 WHY, O, my soul, should earthly charms
Win thy affections so?
'Tis painted bliss, and fading palms,
That in this desert grow.
- 2 Its pleasing gourds spring up and shoot,
And spread their boughs on high;
But ah! they have a worm at root,
And in a night they die.
- 3 Our youths, like plants of some repute,
Spring up, look green and gay;—
A worm unseen lies at their root,
And lo! they fade away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Nor youth, nor health, nor friendly care,
Can save the with'ring gourd;
The worm at root will never spare,
Nor respite once afford.
- 5 O, Lord, my frailty I confess,
I too, may die to-day,
Make me a plant of righteousness,
That shall not fade away.

HYMN 479. P. M.

"Be ye also ready." MAT. xxiv. 44.

- 1 O, WHEN my dying hour arrives,
And God the solemn summons gives,
To call my soul away;
Shall I be ready to appear,
Before his bar, his sentence hear,
And stand without dismay?
- 2 Yes, if my soul and Christ are one,
He will my ransom'd spirit own,
Made ready as his bride:
Cloth'd with the robe of righteousness,
The King will then approve my dress,
And place me by his side.
- 3 Let Death on his pale horse draw near,
My spirit shall not yield to fear,
I'm ready to depart;
I'll turn, and bid the world farewell,
And go, with that dear Lord to dwell,
Who dwells within my heart.
- 4 Nor earth, nor time, nor sensual things,
Shall force my stay, nor clog my wings,
When Christ says come away:
Made ready by his sov'reign grace,
I'll upward fly to his embrace,
And dwell in endless day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 480. P. M.

Anticipation. JER. xxix. 11.

- 1 HOW safe the state of God's elect !
Taught, by Jehovah to expect,
The glory he prepares ;
In Christ they live, in him they die,
And harps, and crowns, and bliss on high,
Shall be for ever theirs.
- 2 This is their long expected end,
The king of terrors is their friend,
For Christ remov'd his sting—
Deliver'd from this vale of tears,
Rais'd up where Christ himself appears,
They shall in glory sing.
- 3 The church laments a brother gone,
While he appears before the throne,
Made white by precious blood :
No more with sin and sorrow pain'd,
All he expected here is gain'd,
In glory with his God.
- 4 By faith we would his mansion view,
And still our heaven-bound course pursue
In spite of earth and hell ;
Expecting to be welcom'd home,
Where sins, and foes can never come,
And there in glory dwell.

HYMN 481. C. M.

What is your Life. JAMES iv. 14.

- 1 WHY should I love this desert land,
Or think myself at home,
'Till I arrive at God's right hand,
And to my mansion come ?

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 This mortal life is short and frail,
A vapour at the best :
Dear Lord, when heart and flesh shall fail,
Be thou my glorious rest!
- 3 False hopes, and fair delusive schemes,
Beguile the youthful mind ;
'Till grace awakes them from their dreams,
And gives them bliss refin'd.
- 4 The firmest bonds affection make,
Chill death will soon remove ;
But there is one it cannot break—
The bond of cov'nant love.
- 5 Must Abraham for Sarah weep ?
Must Jacob's Rachel die ?
Fond nature cease!—they only sleep,
Their souls are safe on high.
- 6 Let life's poor vapour just appear,
To vanish and expire :
O, Jesus ! be thou ever near,
'Tis all that I desire.

HYMN 482. L. M.

" Lord Jesus receive my Spirit. ACTS vii. 59.

- 1 **THUS** Stephen once devoutly cried,
As in a shower of stones he died ;
" Lord Jesus, take my spirit home,
" For I am thine, to thee I come."
- 2 And thus my heaven-born soul would pray,
In prospect of my dying day ;
Assur'd that Christ receives his own,
To make them partners of his throne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Delightful prospect! Jesus waits,
To bear my soul to heaven's bright gates;
Up to his Father's smiling face,
A monument of sov'reign grace.

4 Why should I tremble to depart?
Christ has receiv'd me to his heart;
In life and death he holds me fast,
And will receive my soul at last.

HYMN 483. L. M.

The Dying Saint. GEN. xlix. 18.

- 1 THE dying Saint, with fixed eyes,
Surveys his mansion in the skies:
"I've waited," says his dying word,
"For thy salvation, gracious Lord."
- 2 Wearied of earth, he takes his flight,
Through death's cold region, gloomy night;
His high-born soul no longer waits,
But speeds his course to heavenly gates.
- 3 In cov'nant love he richly shar'd,
And waited, till, by grace, prepar'd:
Then came the summons, "come away
"From earth, to dwell in endless day."
- 4 Obedient to his Father's call,
He bids farewell to sin and thrall;
And shouts while joining heaven's high song,
"For this, O Lord, I've waited long."
- 5 "I saw thee waiting;" God replies,
"Thy waiting soul shall realize
"All my salvation can bestow,
"And everlasting glory know."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 484. C. M.

A peaceful End. PSALM xxxvii. 37.

- 1 THE saint compos'd in death's cold night,
Is freed from toils and pains ;
His happy spirit takes its flight,
And heaven's high summit gains.
- 2 He leaves his clog of cumb'rous clay,
To crumble in the dust ;
To Paradise he wings his way,
And joins the perfect just.
- 3 In vain his kindred urge his stay,
And earth allures in vain ;
Celestial joys, and endless day,
He hastens to obtain.
- 4 Perfect in Jesus Christ, his Friend,
And upright in his days ;
Peaceful, and happy is his end,
And his employment praise.
- 5 Securely sleeping in the ground,
His flesh remains awhile,
Till the last trumpet's welcome sound,
Awakes him with a smile.

HYMN 485. P. M.

On retiring from the Death-Bed of a Believer.

- 1 IS he now gone ! from pains and woes ?
From all that did his joys oppose ?
To Join the company of those,
In glory ?
- 2 Yes, he is gone ! by grace prepar'd,
To know the bliss in which he shar'd,
And prove what Jesus had declar'd,*
In glory.

* John xiv. 3.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Yes, he is gone to endless rest,
Nor sighs, nor sorrows heave his breast ;
He is with Christ completely blest,
In glory.
- 4 Yes, he is gone to bliss divine,
Nor would I at the stroke repine,
Because his lot will soon be mine,
In glory.
- 5 Yes, he is gone ! his work is done !
His conflicts o'er—his vict'ry's won,
And now he bows before the throne,
In glory.
- 6 Yes, he his gone, from means of grace,
To gaze upon his Saviour's face, .
And sing his everlasting praise,
In glory.
- 7 Yes, he is gone, and I'm left here,
Grace sings—while nature drops a tear,
For I shall also soon appear,
In glory.

HYMN 486. P. M.

The same.

- 1 YES, she is gone ! and gone to be
For ever with th' ETERNAL THREE :
Her mansion is above ;
Chosen—redeem'd—and sanctified,
She dwells with Jesus crucified,
Absorb'd in cov'nant love.
- 2 Her flesh and spirit war no more,
The conflict is for ever o'er,
Exchang'd for endless rest ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nor doubts, nor fears, nor sins annoy,
Wrapt up in everlasting joy,
She is with Jesus blest.

- 3 My soul, art thou prepar'd for death ?
Dost thou now live a life of faith,
In Christ's atoning blood ?
Art thou in spirit born again ?
Then death will be eternal gain,
And thou shalt live with God.

HYMN 487. C. M.

Death contemplated.

- 1 THE day is fix'd the hour will come,
To bring us to the grave ;
To waft the happy spirits home,
Whom Jesus died to save.
- 2 My soul, no more repine at death,
No more the message dread ;
His sting is gone, as scripture saith,
Lost in my cov'nant Head.
- 3 He hath abolish'd death for me,
And though I pass its gates ;
Beyond the gloomy vale I see,
My crown of glory waits.
- 4 I've pass'd from death to life, by grace,
And thus the pledge is given :
Then I shall see my Father's face,
Beyond the grave in heaven.

HYMN 488. C. M.

Christ's Resurrection.

- 1 JESUS, who died my soul to save,
Death's royal pris'ner lay,
Entomb'd in Joseph's rocky cave,
Until th' appointed day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 The morning comes : the seal and stone,
And watchful guards are vain ;
He, for his church, his life laid down,
And took it up again.
- 3 No longer held in death's cold shade,
Behold the conqu'ror rise ;
His work is done, our debt is paid,
And he ascends the skies.
- 4 " Come, see the place where Jesus lay,"
And then dismiss your fears ;
Our Friend and Surety rose to-day,
And now in heaven appears.
- 5 Satan is conquer'd, sin subdu'd,
And Justice asks no more ;
Heaven is obtain'd for souls renew'd ;
Ye saints, your Lord adore.

HYMN 489. P. M.

The same.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and go with Mary,
To the dear Redeemer's grave ;
He, whose promise cannot vary,
Rose this morning, strong to save :
Mighty Conqu'ror,
He shall endless honours have.
- 2 Earth and hell their strength united,
Our great Surety to detain ;—
See ! their guards are all affrighted,
All their power and rage is vain ;
Jesus rises,
And he shall for ever reign.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Lo! he leaves the rocky prison,
And as Mediator lives;
All his saints are with him risen,
By the special grace he gives :
From his fulness,
Every saint his life receives.
- 4 Trembling souls, dismiss your sadness,
Cease ye sinners to despise,
Soon his saints, with joy and gladness,
Shall in Jesus' likeness rise ;
Hallelujah,
We shall meet him in the skies.

HYMN 490. C. M.

Resurrection of Saints. 1 THESS. iv. 16.

- 1 ON that tremendous, solemn day,
When death gives up her host,
The dead in Christ shall lead the way,
And 'in their Saviour boast.
- 2 Nor seas, nor rocks, nor graves, can hold
The sacred sleeping dust ;
The trump shall sound, the tombs unfold,
And all the saints rise first.
- 3 Rise, as the monuments of grace,
Be plac'd in heaven above ;
Rise to behold their Saviour's face,
And live upon his love.
- 4 With Christ, O, may I live and die,
And rise with this first throng,
To meet him joyful in the sky,
And join the endless song.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 491. L. M.

The general Resurrection.

- 1 LIFE is a scene of toils and pains ;
Death is the bed where flesh remains,
Until the solemn trumpet's sound,
Bursts every tomb, shakes all the ground.
- 2 The verdant turf, and massy stone,
Caverns, and seas, and vaults unknown,
Their clay-cold tenants must resign,
Nor darkness hides, nor bars confine.
- 3 The sleeping millions start and rise,
Their mingled voices rend the skies ;
Deep groans are heard from guilty throngs,
While saints arise with rapt'rous songs.
- 4 No veil for cov'ring now is worn,
From every soul disguise is torn ;
Despair beclouds the sinner's face ;
Saints stand as monuments of grace.
- 5 Jesus, my faith on thee relies,
O ! let me in thy image rise ;
And, when I burst my gloomy grave,
Exult in him who died to save.

HYMN 492. P. M.

Christ's second Coming.

- 1 BEHOLD! the Saviour comes,
He comes who once was slain,
Ye saints, approach your homes,
Your heavenly mansions gain ;
Lift up your heads, for this is he,
Who says, "where I am you shall be."

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Behold he comes with power,
To put his foes to flight;
Ye sinners dread the hour,
He'll spurn you from his sight :
But, none can alter his decree,
That where he is his saints shall be."
- 3 Behold he comes in love,
His children to receive,
To seats prepar'd above,
For all who him believe :
He'll call them from the earth and sea,
For "where he is, they all shall be."
- 4 Behold he comes again,
Upon his cloud-built car;
He ever lives to reign,
Where endless glories are :
There we shall all his beauties see,
Where Jesus is, our home shall be.

HYMN 493. L. M.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 HARK how the trumpet's awful sound,
Calls from the earth's remotest bound;
Mortals, long held by death's cold sleep,
And fiends from hell's unfathom'd deep.
- 2 Affrighted spirits start with fear,
While they behold the Judge draw near;
Guilt now assumes its blackest form,
And sinners dread the threat'ning storm.
- 3 The Judge, his awful seat ascends,
And smiling looks on all his friends;
But frowns upon his stubborn foes :
For every heart Jehovah knows.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 He search'd the heart and tried the reigns,
And now to everlasting pains
He spurns his foes, but saints he brings
To heaven, on love's celestial wings.
- 5 Lord search my heart, my sins subdue,
Create my soul entirely new ;
To me thy Holy Spirit give,
And let me in thy presence live.

HYMN 494. P. M.

The same.

- 1 THE day is fix'd! tremendous day!
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
As one wraps up a scroll :
That day, to endless joy assigns,
Or to eternal woe confines,
My sinful, helpless soul.
- 2 The day is fix'd! when secret thoughts,
With mid-day crimes, and midnight faults
Uncover'd must appear:
Ah! solemn day! when Adam's race,
Must stand before their Maker's face,
And his just sentence hear.
- 3 The day is fix'd! the Judge draws nigh,
His lightnings rend the vaulted sky,
And time itself has fled ;
The bursting tombs their prisoners free,
While death, and hell, and earth, and sea,
At once give up their dead.
- 4 The fixed day at length appears;
The christian's hopes, the sinner's fears,
Are fully realiz'd ;
The throng divides ; the sentence given,
Sinks these to hell, takes those to heaven,
And all appear surpris'd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 495. C. M.

The same.

- 1 JESUS ascends his judgment throne,
And bids all worlds draw near;
Creation melts with nature's groan,
And earth, and hell must fear.
- 2 Behold the solemn, open'd books
Disclose the dreadful day;
Jehovah's frowns, and angry looks,
Fill sinners with dismay.
- 3 Omniscience will, with truth, expose
Their secret thoughts to view;
Their crimes, divine remembrance shows,
And conscience owns them true.
- 4 What terror fills the guilty souls
Of unconverted men?
While, law and gospel, written rolls,
Accuse, convict, condemn.
- 5 But, lo! in Jesus' gracious hand,
The book of life is plac'd;
There all the names of christians stand,
Nor can they be eras'd.
- 6 See! he unfolds the sacred lids,
Where God's decrees appear;
Gives the decisive word, and bids
His saints dismiss their fear.

HYMN 496. C. M.

Judgment.

- 1 O! SOLEMN day when Christ shall come,
To judge the human race;
To fetch his ransom'd people home,
As trophies of his grace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 His saints shall meet him in the air,
Clad in his righteousness ;
With him in endless glory share,
Made meet for heavenly bliss.
- 3 Appointed, by free grace, t' obtain
Salvation full and free ;
With Jesus they shall live and reign,
When heaven and earth shall flee.
- 4 Then shall I gaze upon the face,
Of him I trust, and love :
Wrapt up in his divine embrace,
And glorified above.
- 5 My soul, with prospects now so bright,
Dismiss thy slavish fear ;
Gird up thy loins, indulge delight,
Thy Lord will soon appear.

HYMN 497. C. M.

The same.

- 1 WHEN Christ in judgment shall descend,
And bid the world draw nigh,
The saints shall find the Judge their Friend,
And meet their Lord with joy.
- 2 His flaming eyes, his thund'ring voice,
Shall strike the world with dread ;
Then shall his ransom'd ones rejoice,
In Christ their cov'nant Head.
- 3 He'll rend the sky and make a way
To bring his people home ;
And hence his heaven-born follow'rs pray,
Come, dearest Jesus come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 And must my helpless soul appear,
Amidst that countless throng?
I'll plead the blood of Jesus there,
And join the endless song.

HYMN 498. 7s.

Triumph. REV. xix. 6.

- 1 FROM the throne of God, a voice,
Bids the sons of men rejoice,
And their hallelujahs bring;
"God omnipotent is King."
- 2 Jesus Christ his sceptre sways,
Ransom'd sinners sing his praise;
Zion shouts in loftiest strains,
"Hallelujah, Jesus reigns."
- 3 Potent foes before him fall,
God hath made him Lord of all;
Let his church with rapture sing,
"Hallelujah, Christ is King."
- 4 Slaves rejoice to lose their chains,
Jesus the deliv'rer reigns;
Heaven and earth in songs accord,
"Hallelujah to the Lord."
- 5 All his saints this joy partake,
And when earth's huge pillars shake,
They shall sing in heavenly strains,
"Hallelujah, Jesus reigns."

HYMN 499. 8s.

The Song of Heaven. REV. vii. 10.

- 1 HARK! how the glorious hosts above,
Around the great Jehovah's throne,
Enjoying his eternal love,
The Author of their glory own;
Without a jarring note they sing,
"Salvation to our God" and King.

MISCELLANEOUS.

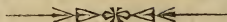
- 2 Brought home, by rich and sov'reign grace,
From every nation, tribe and tongue,
They bow before Jehovah's face,
And join the everlasting song ;
Without a sorrow, fear, or doubt,
" Salvation to our God " they shout.
- 3 Array'd in robes of righteousness,
With glorious crowns, and harps of gold ;
Among them Jesus dwells, to bless ;
His matchless glory they behold ;
And as they gaze, repeat their songs,
" Salvation to our God " belongs.
- 4 O, when shall we among them stand,
In Jesus' righteousness complete,
Obtain our place at his right hand,
And cast our crowns before his feet ?
We'll join the heavenly chorus then,
" Salvation to our God," Amen.

HYMN 500. C. M. *Parting Hymn.*

- 1 WHEN christian friends together meet
With singleness of heart,
And Jesus makes communion sweet,
How loth they are to part.
- 2 Reluctantly they say, farewell,
Their pleasure's mix'd with pain ;
Still in each other's hearts they dwell,
And long to meet again.
- 3 Let this sweet prospect cheer each heart,
The day will soon arrive,
When we shall meet, and never part,
And with our Saviour live.
- 4 There we shall bow before the throne
Of Christ, the Prince of Peace :
There parting scenes shall be unknown,
And worship never cease.



A
PASTORAL VISIT.



Minister.

MY Friend, the object of my care,
I come to ask you how you are !
How fast you run the heavenly race !
And how your spirit grows in grace ?

Hearer.

Your kind enquiries, Sir, are such
As often have concern'd me much :
My progress is so very small,
I fear I have no grace at all.

M.

But, stay, my friend, lest you mistake ;
Such rash conclusions do not make :
This plaintive tone, and mournful sound,
Among the saints is often found.

H.

Sure saints can never feel like me :
No heart, so hard as mine can be ;
Produce its equal, Sir, you can't,
In steel, or stone, or adamant.

M.

Are you, of sinners, then the chief ?
Saul, Magdalene, the dying thief,
Your bold assertion would deny,
And each in turns would say ; " tis I."

H.

No creature knows how much I feel,
Nor can my lab'ring spirit tell ;
How cold, how barren, and how faint
I am, and can I be a saint ?

A PASTORAL VISIT.

M.

Did ever ice, and stone thus feel ?
Or, can you bend the harden'd steel :
Since you this adamant have felt,
It surely has begun to melt.

H.

The want of feeling I bemoan,
'Tis this that makes me sigh and groan :
While others light and joy obtain,
Lifeless and cold I still remain.

M.

How inconsistently you talk ?
I hope you more correctly walk :
You feel too much, yet feelings crave :—
Such feelings, christians often have.

H.

Do christians when they try to pray,
Feel at a loss what they shall say ?
How to address the heavenly King ?
What words to use, what plea to bring ?

M.

Yes: when their humble knees they bend,
Their anxious thoughts to heaven ascend;
Their groans, unutterable, rise,
Like grateful incense, to the skies.

H.

But does not God from heaven declare,
Pollution shall not enter there :
Sin still defiles my holy things,
And must offend the King of Kings.

M.

All that's impure Jehovah hates !
But Christ our Mediator waits,
To cleanse our sinful cries and prayers,
And bear them to the Father's ears.

A PASTORAL VISIT.

H.

The encouragement you give is sweet,
My wretched case it seems to meet :
But ah ! I want a lively faith,
To feast on what the Saviour saith.

M.

I'm glad the want of faith you know,
For Jesus Christ can faith bestow :
He is its author, object, end ;
Come, now, upon his grace depend.

H.

O ! that I could on Christ rely,
I fear to venture, yet I'll try ;
I tremble to approach his throne,
Yet know, without him I'm undone.

M.

Such knowledge and such anxious thought,
Prove that you are by Jesus taught ;
And he who has such knowledge given,
Intends to train you up for heaven.

H.

I read of God's electing love,
And names of saints enroll'd above ;
Fain would I know if mine is there,
Can you this secret now declare ?

M.

Yes, if you will one moment pause,
And trace effects up to their cause :
Where blossom, leaves, and fruit we see,
We say, there stands a living tree.

H.

Alas ! when I my fruits compare,
None but wild grapes on me appear ;
But all the souls Jehovah loves,
Bring forth such fruit as he approves.

A PASTORAL VISIT.

M.

A sight of self, and grief for sin,
A thirst for holiness within,
Soaring to hold converse above,
Are fruits of God's electing love.

H.

Such evidence do I possess,
But still with grief I must confess,
My mind is not well satisfied,
That Jesus Christ for me has died.


M.

Beware of nursing unbelief ;
He, like a noted, artful thief,
Will rob you of your choicest food,
Unless he be by faith withstood.

Firmly believe what Jesus saith,
And cry " dear Lord increase my faith :"
Live near thy God, still trust his love,
And you shall see his face above.



SECOND PASTORAL VISIT.



Minister.

WELL, humble soul belov'd of God,
How go you on in Zion's road ?
I hope our talk the other day
Assisted you to urge your way.

Hearer.

I'm glad to see you, Sir, again,
But, O, it gives me inward pain,
A fact so painful to rehearse.
I think I do grow worse and worse.

M.

Nay, my dear friend, you err I'm sure,
You are not worse, but feel it more :
And when a soul most humble lies,
Christ is most precious in his eyes.

H.

O, could I clearly tell my case,
You would not try to give me peace ;
I fear you are in me deceiv'd,
And I have never yet believ'd.

M.

Cast all your slavish fears away,
For he who taught your soul to pray,
Has said, that, " all who seek shall find,"
And he will never change his mind.

H.

Sure, if I sought the Lord aright,
And found acceptance in his sight,
Foes would retreat, and fears would cease,
Instead of which they both increase.

SECOND VISIT.

M.

Such a conclusion is not fair,
Your war within proves foes are there,
But, all their rage, and all your pain,
Confirm the promise, "grace shall reign."

H.

I cannot doubt what you have said,
Yet to take comfort I'm afraid,
For if I get one moment's joy,
The next my inbred sins annoy.

M.

While frames and feelings are your guide,
Your comforts cannot long abide;
But, O, what joy those souls receive,
Who can by faith on Jesus live.

H.

The life of faith I long to know,
For this I all things would forego:—
Will you this sacred life explain,
And tell me how the prize to gain.

M.

To live by faith, is to depend,
For all things, on the sinner's Friend,
To take him at his word, and view
His life, and death design'd for you.

H.

May such a worthless worm as I,
Upon the Lord of life rely?
May I, without presumption, take
The promises he deigns to make?

M.

What you now feel, and what Christ saith,
Are the best arguments for faith,—
Self-righteousness must be denied,
When faith views Jesus crucified.

SECOND VISIT.

H.

This is the sight I long to gain,
To see him mine, would ease my pain ;
But nothing can remove my woe,
Till I my union with him know.

M.

Why are you on this union bent ?
Once you would not to him consent,—
Delightful change! the work is done!
Since Christ has your affections won.

H.

O! could I love the Saviour more,—
O! would he own a wretch so poor,—
O! might I in his fulness share,
And his celestial likeness wear.

M.

'Tis the new nature thus aspires ;
Jesus created these desires ;
And can you now suspect his love,
While you its holy influence prove ?

H.

Ungrateful creature that I am!
I own my folly, feel my shame :—
Dear Sir, do pray for worthless me,
That I may more of Jesus see.

M.

Go, my dear friend, thyself deny,
No more with unbelief comply,—
Go boldly to the throne of grace,
And wait to see thy Saviour's face.

H.

O, that he would his face reveal!
O, that I could more grateful feel!
Claim all the blessings Jesus brought,
And own the change his grace has wrought.

SECOND VISIT.

M.

Now your aspiring thankful voice
Makes me on your behalf rejoice,—
Now you can Jesus' grace adore,
You may expect he'll give you more.

H.

Thanks to his name the pledge is given,
The pledge of happiness and heaven ;
His hand has conquer'd my proud heart,
And from me he will ne'er depart.

M.

My visit has been long, again,
I trust it has not been in vain :
O may our conversation prove
Like fuel to the flame of love.

Go, own what Christ has done for you,—
Give him all glory,—'tis his due,—
Go to him as you are, and dwell
Close to his blood-stain'd cross,—farewell.



AN
AFFECTIONATE HINT,
RESPECTING
PUBLIC WORSHIP.



Not forsaking the Assembling of ourselves together.

HEBREWS. X. 25.



THE great Jehovah, from his glorious throne,
Stoops down to make his love and mercy known;
And bids the chosen tribes of Israel meet,
Where he reveals the glories of his feet.

He sends his heralds forth, in Jesus' name,
To publish peace, and pard'ning love proclaim;
Yea, he goes with them, and applies his word,
And makes it life, and health, and joy afford.

Where then is that ungrateful sinner found,
Who slights and disregards the gospel sound?
Who, when Jehovah in his courts draws near,
Neglects, within those holy courts t' appear?

Can those who once have tasted Jesus' grace,
Choose to be absent when he shows his face?
Shall a few drops of rain, or dirty road,
Prevent their public intercourse with God?

Shall gossip calls, or some inferior things
Detain, when summon'd by the King of Kings?
Blush! brethren, at the God-insulting thought!
And prove in conduct you are better taught.

AN AFFECTIONATE HINT.

Remember, every time the house of prayer
Is open for the saints, the Lord is there!
To hold communion with the heaven-born race,
And give them, from his fulness, grace for grace.
Let not such sacred seasons be forgot—
Say to each worldly care, “detain me not!”
A feast is held, and I must share a part,
I'll not be robb'd, nor grieve my pastor's heart.
See! Satan's slaves to scenes of riot go,
By day and night, through *rain*, or *hail*, or *snow*!
And shall some visitor, or worldly care,
Detain believers from the house of prayer?
Forbid it Lord! revive thy people's zeal;
The luke-warm plague among thy children heal:
Ye heirs of bliss, whom Jesus often meets,
Whene'er his house is open, fill your seats.
Jehovah loves the temples of his grace,
More than the tents of all his chosen race:
Blest is the man whose seeking spirit waits,
On all the means of grace in Zion's gates.
Bear with me, while I say, the crime is great,
Of those who practice coming very late;
As if God's service was by far too long,
And they omit the *first* and *closing* song.
Shall pew-doors rattle, hats and pattens move,
To show how you the service disapprove?
Disturbing those who come to praise the Lord?
And even while they listen to his word?
A little less indulgence in the bed—
A little more contrivance in the head—
A little more devotion in the mind—
Would quite prevent your being so behind!!!

AN AFFECTIONATE HINT.

Suppose an earthly prince should condescend,
To bid you to his banquet as a friend,
Would you not try all means within your power,
To be in court at the appointed hour?

Shall such attention to a worm be given,
And be refused to the God of heaven?
Who can expect to be by Jesus blest,
If absent when he comes to meet his guests?

O! what a pleasing sight it would afford,
If, when the clerk says, "let us praise the Lord,"
Each seat were occupied, and all the throng
Were waiting, to unite in their first song.

My brethren, this might mostly be the case;
If we were lively in the christian race:
Then every hindrance would be laid aside,
To see and hear of Jesus crucified.

If you complain you have so far to come,
Set out a little sooner from your home;
But those who dwell hard by, have no excuse,
Except in idleness, or sleep, or use.

I grant, lest I should seem to be severe,
There are domestic cases here and there,
Age—illness—service--things quite unforeseen;
To censure which, I surely do not mean.

But such will not (unless I greatly err)
Among the prudent, very oft occur;
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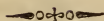
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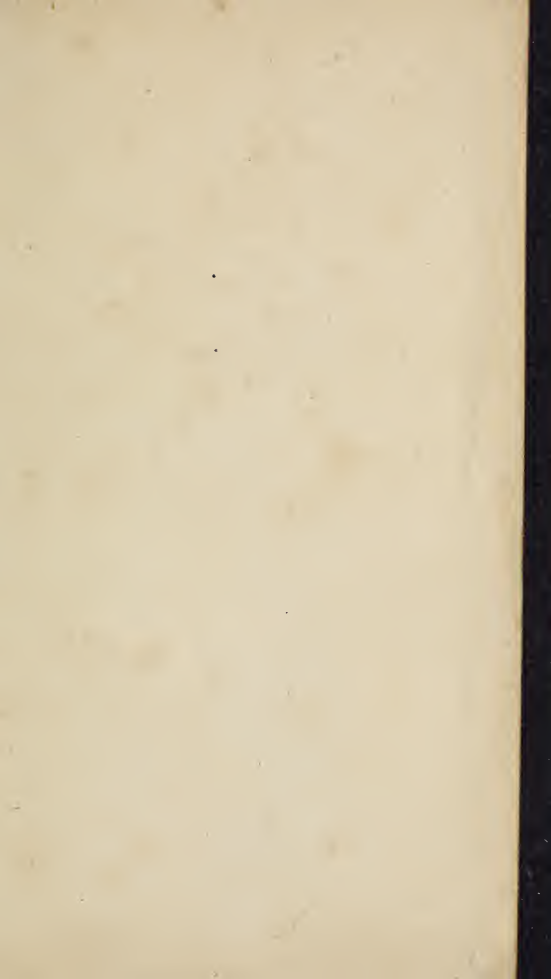
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